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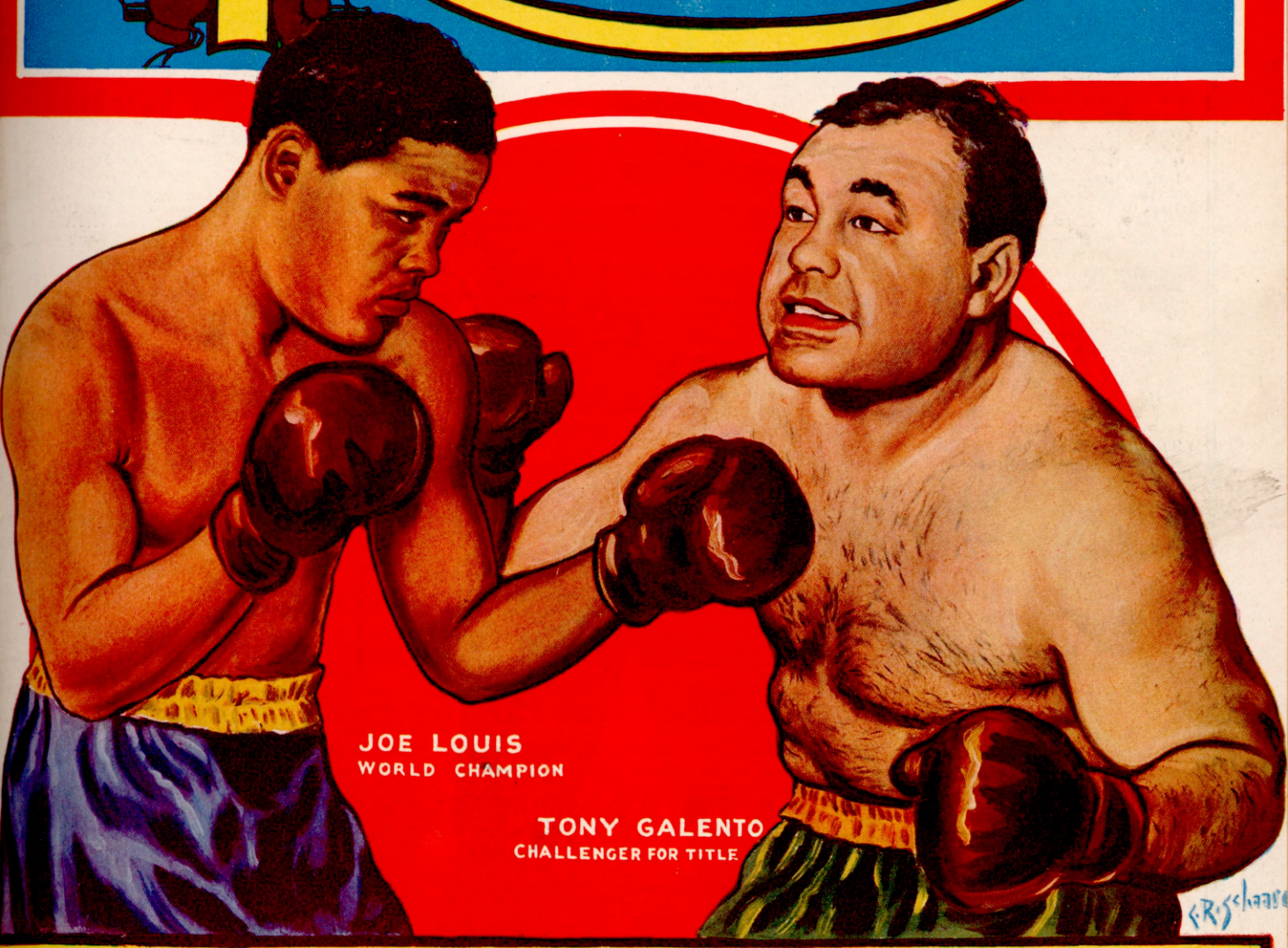
# The RING

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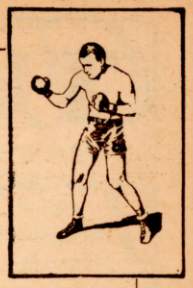


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Vol. XVIII JULY, 1939 No. 6

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

Cable Address—"NATRING"—New York


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## *In Our Next Issue*

**The Nova-Baer battle is over. Another opponent for Joe Louis for a September match has been decided. The high lights of that contest, with pictures taken at the ringside and stories handled by our staff of experts, will be fully covered.**

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The Ring, Inc., 29 Worthington Street, Springfield, Mass.
Subscription Editorial and Executive Offices—Madison Square Garden 307 W. 49th Street, New York City—Telephone Circle 7-3845
Send subscriptions to The Ring, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Sole British Distributors of The Ring Magazine, Atlas Pub. and Distributing Co., Ltd., 18. Bride Lane. Fleet Street. London, E. C. 4, England.

Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor.
A. D. Phillips, Secretary. Advertising Manager, D. P. Riker, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Price—25 cents per copy in United States and Canada. Subscription Price—$2.50 per year in United States and possessions; Canada, Cuba, Panama and Mexico, $3.25, and all other countries, $4.00 in U. S. currency.

Entered as second-class matter January 17, 1933, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Phelps Publishing Co., Springfield, Mass.

# GALENTO FIGHT ONCE

THERE is a trite saying in the ring, "When two heavyweights get to belting at each other you never can tell what will happen." This has been made much of by the pundits of the squared circle. As a matter of fact, you never can tell what will happen anywhere. Else, how could those fortune tellers make a go of it? How could Wall Street exist?

It seems to me that of all the experts in sport, those who concern themselves with fights, surround their predictions with the cagiest phrasings. And in "When two heavyweights, etc." you have all the elements of caginess.

All of which leads me, as you already have suspected, to the Joe Louis-Tony Galento match, which, as I write, impends. I will say, without any trace of originality, that if Galento beats Louis it will not alone be the biggest upset in the history of a sport which long has been famous for its amazing surprises. It will be the largest goshdurned astonishment since Noah discovered he had a skunk on board the ark.

As we approach the Louis-Galento fight, we find that in the records of the socking science, the Jim Braddock world heavyweight championship triumph over Max Baer, in which an old campaigner wrested the title from a stronger and much younger champion, is set down as the biggest upset. Well, if Two-Ton Tony takes the title from Louis, it will be an even greater—oh, greater by far—upset.

Let us gaze back at the Braddock victory over Baer. Baer was bizarre. He had demonstrated tremendous ability. But his out-of-the-ring activities had done him no good. Besides, running into money did not seem to agree with the Livermore socialite.

In between his triumph over Max Schmeling, and his acquisition of the title, and the fight with Braddock, Baer had lost the vital spark.

* * *

BRADDOCK had known hunger. He had gone on relief. He had a family in a basement apartment. He had to do something about it. Nobody bothered much with his chances, though as the Baer training progressed quite a few wise men shifted over to Jim's side.

Braddock was no Galento. He had a fine background as a capable ring campaigner. He had a dandy left hand. He could box. He knew all the tricks, both of force and counter. He knew how to manoeuvre a man, how to feint him, how to make Baer do things he wanted Baer to do.

Braddock was a skilled workman, though not a brilliant one. He was a fighter by instinct, without being a great mentality. And he was desperate.

Let us take a look at Tony Galento. Here is a man who has been fighting for twelve years without having improved one iota in his ring technique. He hasn't the animal reflexes of Louis, the instinctive fight sense of Braddock. He hasn't the fine physical condition which is essential in any class of fighting.

When Louis met Schmeling, he encountered in the German a splendidly prepared fighter, with fine mentality, tremendous determination and gameness—a fighter who already had knocked out the Negro, and who had planned every move of the second encounter.

What happened? In two minutes and four seconds Schmeling was beaten helpless. For the first time in the modern era, a challenger for the heavyweight title was beaten so terribly that he howled in pain and anguish. Remember, please, that this Max man had trained at least as conscientiously as any other heavyweight engaged in a title match.

* * *

GALENTO is not physically the equal of Schmeling, certainly not the approach to the powerful Louis. Galento hasn't the ring know-how of Braddock of the Baer fight; he hasn't the background or success of Schmeling; he has so little that when you begin to analyze the fight you have to laugh and set it down as the greatest triumph of ballyhoo in the history of the heavyweight championship. Publicity alone turned the trick for Tony.

There are fine judges of fighting and fighters who will tell you that Louis is the greatest heavyweight the game has seen.

The Negro is strong physically. His punches are devastating. He is not a mental Gargantua. But he does the right thing once he gets started. His reflexes are those of the panther, who doesn't think, but does things the way Nature wants him to do them. Joe doesn't look the killer, but there is a look in his eye, once the bell sounds, which is more terrible than the killer gestures of our greatest menaces of heavyweight history.

Now and then you hear the silly statement, "If Louis could murder Schmeling the way he did, you've got to give Tony a chance." But where is the equipment, technical and mental, with which Tony could accomplish this tremendous thing in the face of the gods and the tenets of a definite science?

Your old-timer announces, "If Jim Corbett could put down the one and only John L. Sullivan at New Orleans, Galento must be conceded a chance."

Bologna! Corbett was a consummate boxer, with a background of success in California. He was young, strong, mentally equipped if ever a heavyweight was, determined and ambitious, and splendidly conditioned. Sullivan was an old man, bloated with booze, with a paunch that obtruded with the plenties of prosperity.

Sullivan had disdained the young man from beyond the Sierras. The wise men of the betting clans somehow had made the old Boston Strong Boy the favorite. The experts had, somehow, picked Sullivan to stop the upstart. But Corbett should have been 20 to 1. He had everything, starting out on a glorious career. John L. had little left, except his braggadocio, his audacity. Soon Corbett began to cut and wear him down. No, that was no upset.

* * *

CORBETT went along until he was knocked out by Bob Fitzsimmons at Carson City, Nev.—with the much publicized solar-plexus punch. Whether this punch was invented by Ruby Robert or by my friend Bob Davis, who reported the fight, I don't know. I suspect Davis may have had more to do with the inventing than Fitz. But this was no upset. Fitz was a grand fighter.

Jim Jeffries knocked out Fitz to gain the title—and that was no upset. Jeff and his crouch, Jeff and his terrific punches, were formidable. No mental giant, this Jeffries. But one of our great fighters, even if a plodder.

Jack Johnson knocked out Jeffries, and that was no surprise. The surprise there came in Jeffries' temerity in getting into the ring with the Negro. Johnson was one of the finest boxers and hitters in ring annals. Jeffries was, as Bob Edgren finally had to admit, a hollow shell. Jeff never had a chance. This, too, goes down on the list of expected results.

Johnson lost the title to Jess Willard. Surprise? Well, yes. Then—no! Willard was big, strong and young, and had trained. Johnson was old, soft and weak, loaded with fried chicken and biscuits. He hadn't trained.

There always will be discussion about this fight. Some say it was a fake. Some insist Johnson quit for a price. Some insist the younger white man wore him down. I haven't the time, or even the inclination, to discuss the fight here.

My friend Nat Fleischer, editor and publisher of THE RING, has in his possession a letter signed by Johnson, never published, which throws a lot of interesting light on this fight. I have been trying to persuade Nat to print the story. But he is holding it back. Do not be surprised if he gives it to RING readers before the Summer is over.

* * *

AT any rate, Willard's victory can't be put down with Braddock's. Jess was a favorite over Jack Dempsey, but Jack was a terrific hitter, younger, more skilled. Gene Tunney beat Dempsey when Jack was no longer the old fighter he had been. After Tunney we run into a lot of contradictions

# AGAIN TEMPTS EXPERTS

*That Old Sneaking Notion Gets to Work in Louis—Tony Situation, Would Be Greatest Upset*

*By* DANIEL M. DANIEL

of the ring—the era of Jack Sharkey, Schmeling, Carnera, Baer, et al.

Carnera's victory over Sharkey was no surprise. Because Sharkey never liked the ring.

Summed up, our thesis still is that if Galento by some wild chance were to beat Joe, it would be the biggest upset in ring history.

Now, let me show you how a fight discussion progresses the three weeks before two heavyweights meet in a title combat. The match is made. Many experts write, "This is terrible. Galento can't carry Louis's shoes. It is the worst mis-match the game has seen. What are we coming to?

"And so on, ad lib, with divers references to the jeopardy involved for boxing in this and that state.

The two fighters begin heavy training. The experts visit the camps. In the first week some of the nobles of the typewriter think they discern in the sleepy attitude of the Negro a streak of laziness.

The boys start moving in the papers. "Louis not training hard. He is taking this Galento too cheaply. You never can tell what will happen, etc., etc."

A few more days go by and Louis still is not showing enough eagerness in his gestures. He is sleeping long, eating well, listening to the phonograph records made by his friend Cab Calloway, he is doing enough road and ring work. But he is not avid. So the experts say, "Louis cannot stir himself up for this fight. He has a grudge against Galento for having called him a bum. But he is not training with zest.

"Things can happen in the ring. They always have happened. If Tony tags Joe, and Joe goes to the canvas, things won't be so good."

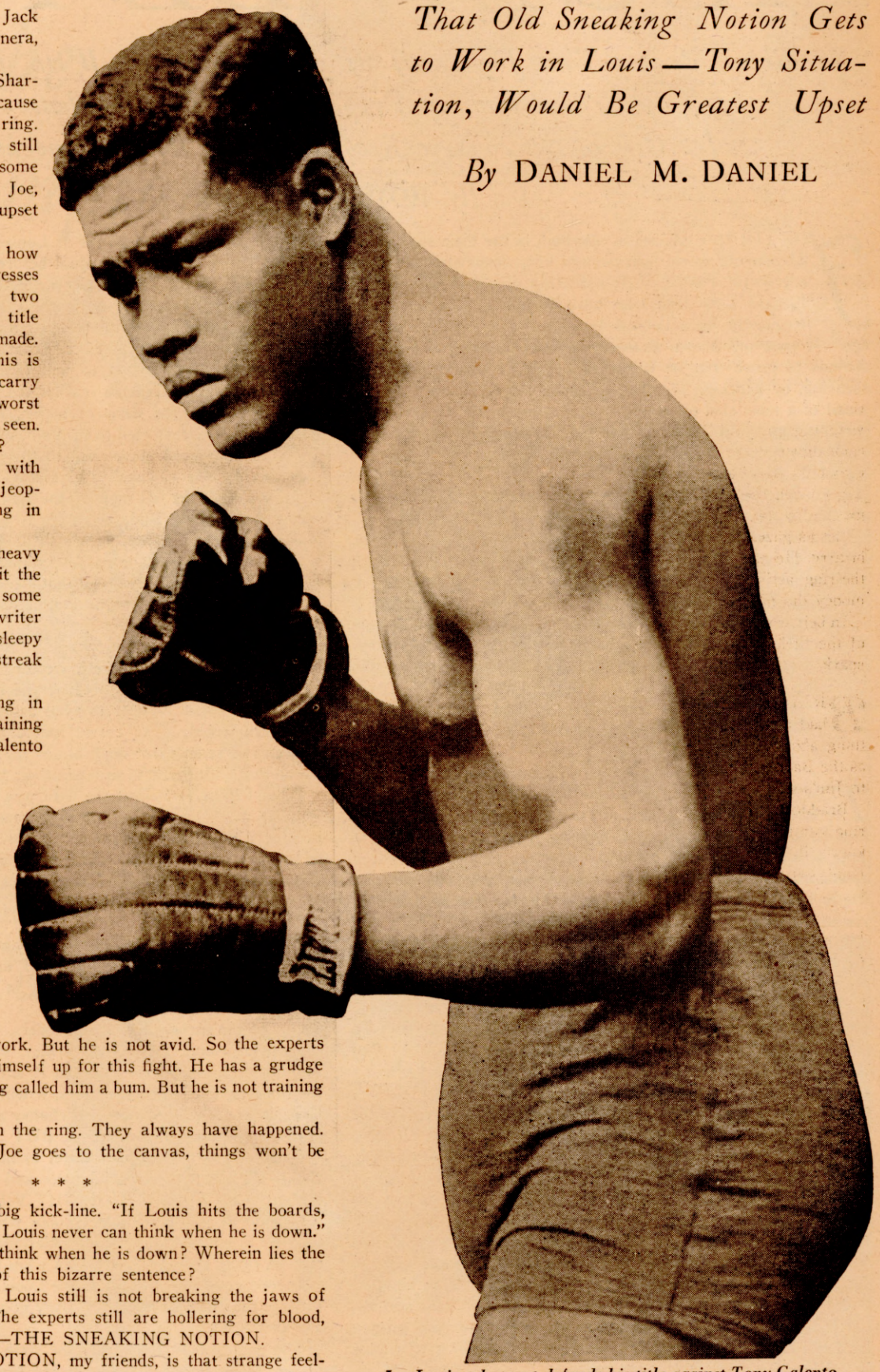
* * *

AND here is the big kick-line. "If Louis hits the boards, he will not think. Louis never can think when he is down."

Now, who in hell can think when he is down? Wherein lies the tremendous philosophy of this bizarre sentence?

Another week passes. Louis still is not breaking the jaws of his sparring partners. The experts still are hollering for blood, and they begin to have—THE SNEAKING NOTION.

The SNEAKING NOTION, my friends, is that strange feeling that comes over a fight expert a week before a heavyweight championship battle. The champion often begins to get smaller in ring stature, and the challenger grows. He grows in the minds of some of the writers because of their fear that they will pick the wrong man.



***Joe Louis, who next defends his title against Tony Galento at the Yankee Stadium on June 28.***

Picking Galento—and seeing Galento win! Why, that would be Nirvannah. Pick Louis, among *(Continued on page 34)*

# HE *CAN* BE HIT

*Roper Proves That Joe Louis Is Not Immune—With Jack Out of the Way Brown Bomber Prepares for Tony Galento—Jolting Joe Out to Set a New Record in One Round Knockouts*

*By* EDDIE BORDEN

JOE LOUIS continues to ride high in the fistic sport. The 23-year-old world heavyweight king demonstrated before a colorful Pacific Coast gathering on April 17 why the Eastern fight fans who have seen him in action quite frequently have dubbed him the "fistic marvel of the age." It took the Brown Bomber only two minutes and twenty seconds to prove that he is master of all he surveys, fistically speaking, by knocking out the aged Jack Roper in less than one round of a scheduled ten-round championship battle. In that short space of time, Jolting Joe, as Nat Fleischer calls him in his book on the life story of the title-holder, administered a severe shellacking to his 36-year-old opponent, had him draped over the ropes, then kneeling on his knees and finally resting face downward for the fatal count.

But it was not as one-sided an affair as the result would indicate, for into those fleeting seconds were crowded several thrills such as were experienced in the two minutes and four seconds that it took Joe to put Max Schmeling out of the picture. In the Schmeling affair, it was Louis who furnished the fireworks by his surprise attack, an assault so unexpected that it took the crowd's breath away. But in the bout in California, it was the veteran Roper who thrilled the fans. For once the dusky champion found himself facing a man who was willing to fight, eager to risk all on one solid shot, and he almost succeeded in gaining his objective.

* * *

IT was the fighting spirit of the loser that enabled the fans to leave the Wrigley Stadium satisfied, despite the short session. In less than two minutes of fighting, they had been treated to more action by champion and challenger than any of the Eastern spectators had witnessed in four of Louis' previous contests. Roper again showed that Louis can be hit, but Joe in turn convinced the fans that he is quick on the recovery.

True to his pre-battle statement that he would come out fighting, Roper sailed into the Bomber at the clang of the gong and the very first punch, a jarring left hook that caught Louis off guard, put the crowd in a state of frenzy. Before the unbelieving eyes of the spectators, Roper handed Joe the closest shave he had since his first contest with Schmeling. It was a blow that almost took Louis off his feet, a punch that sent the gathering screeching in a shrill chorus.

Then came added thrills as the Brown Bomber, angered by the shot that almost floored him, tore into his opponent and cut loose with an avalanche of lefts and rights in an effort to end the fray before another such wallop might upset him. They came out of a furious mid-ring exchange, and as Louis tried to corner his man in Roper's domain, Jack saw an opening and, quick as a flash, let go his Sunday punch, another left-handed haymaker. Fortunately for Louis, it missed. Had it landed, an old man, so far as boxing age goes, might have been crowned new king.

But it missed by a whisker, and as his left went into mid-air, out lashed Louis' left. It caught Jack under the chin, and jerking his head back, straightened the veteran for what was to follow in quick order.

A right that sank almost wrist-deep in his mid-section caused Roper's knees to buckle. Pain was written all over his face. He became ashen white, so powerful a punch was it. As he was about to cave in, four numbing, chopping rights crashed against his head and sent him sprawling to his corner.

THE fight was over so far as Louis was concerned. He knew he had a helpless individual before him and he shuffled off to his corner while Referee George Blake eyed him momentarily before starting the count. As in the case of John Henry Lewis, Roper, eyes staring, bewildered, his mind befuddled, tried desperately to pull himself together. From the waist down, the body was dead. Jack attempted to pull himself from the floor, but fell in a heap as the referee reached ten.

Wrigley Field, the scene of action, was in an uproar. Movie stars, who are accustomed to thrills in which they frequently have personally appeared, gave vent to their feelings with a rousing reception for the vanquished gladiator. They were satisfied that in Jack Roper, the old man of the ring, they had seen a fighter who tossed all fear aside, went out to win with a Sunday punch, took a gamble on a first round fusillade, and met his doom. It was the act of a courageous battler that appealed to the elite of Hollywood, and they rewarded that stand against great odds with a vociferous reception. It was well earned by the loser.

* * *

THOSE who, like myself, were close observers of the rival ringmen, noted the force of the blow that almost floored Louis. The great Bomber swayed as the punch landed and his legs were wobbly. The crowd sensed a surprise and leaped to its feet. It was an exact duplicate of the scene when Louis caught Schmeling with the first punch in their last contest.

What I liked best about the fight was the quick recovery of the Bomber after that T.N.T. wallop caught him. He proved his greatness by rallying his forces and tossing 'em in thick and fast to body and head to prove that he was still the master. It takes a real fighter to do that, and Jolting Joe is that.

* * *

THE bout convinced me more than ever that it will require more than the present crop of mediocre heavyweights to dethrone Louis. There isn't a fighter in the game today who has a chance of whipping the champion.

Out of the present lot of contenders, Galento figures to be the most troublesome. Despite the critics, who say he has a lack of fighting equipment, I contend that if anyone is capable of putting the finishing touches to Joe Louis, it will be the rough and tumble Galento. He is cumbersome and clumsy and cannot box a lick. He is easy to hit and has no defense, BUT . . . .

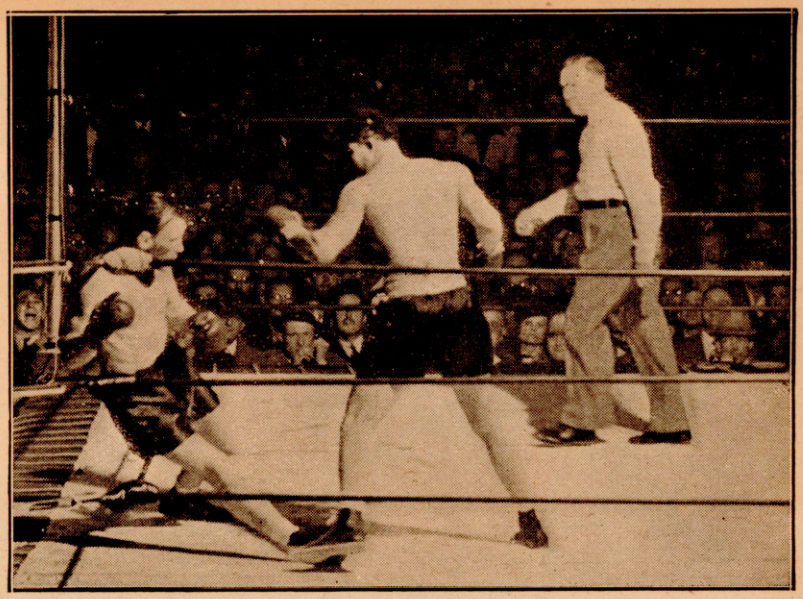
Galento is as murderous a hitter as there is in the heavyweight ranks. He hits with powerful force and if one of his left swings connects with Louis—THE FIGHT WILL BE OVER.

Galento is dead game and I doubt whether he will be worried any. He is endowed with no troublesome imagination and I think that he really believes that he can whip Louis. I don't think there is anyone good enough to beat Joe Louis today, but I contend that Galento must not be sold short. Any good hitter with courage has a chance.

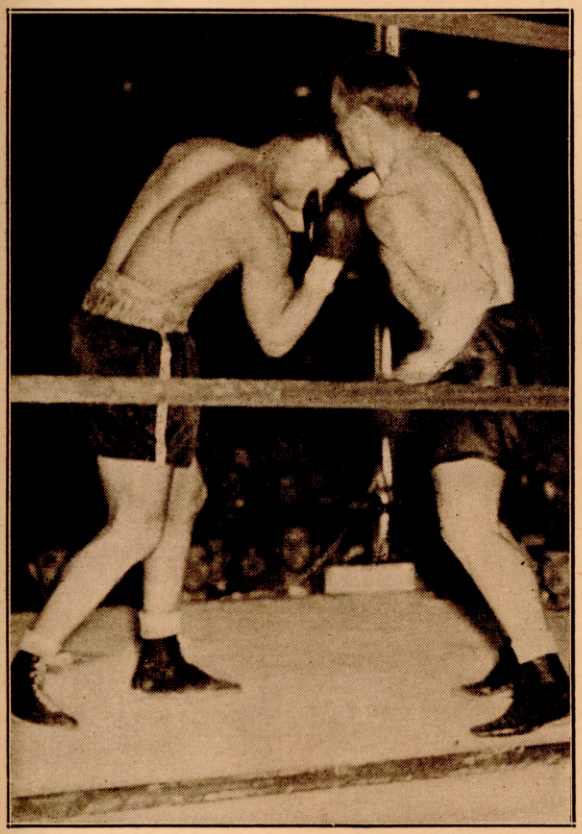
The victory over Roper was the sixth for Joe since he won the crown from Jimmy Braddock. He beat in turn Tommy Farr, Nathan Mann, Harry Thomas, Max Schmeling, John Henry Lewis and Roper. Of his last three bouts, each was ended in the first round. Louis is out to set a record for one-round knockouts in championships, an ill omen for Tony Galento.

The first, the first heavyweight *(Continued on page* 43)

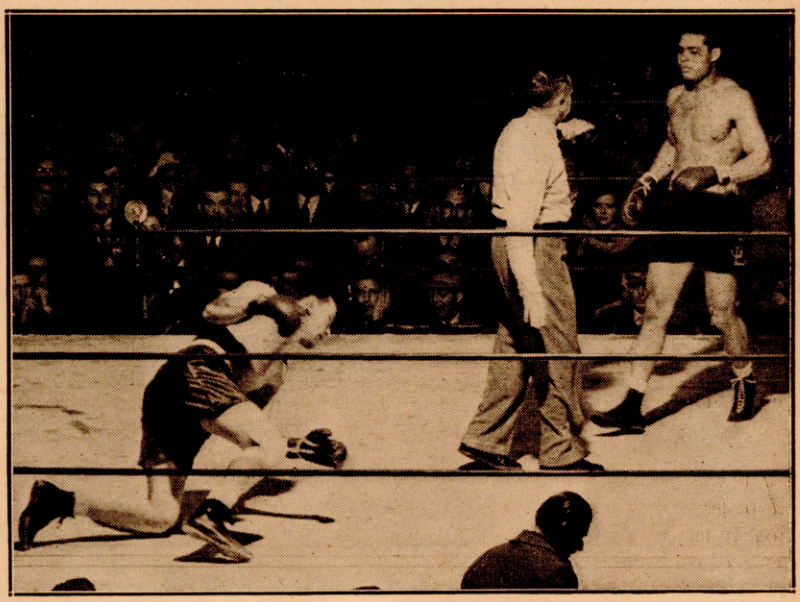
# And Still the Champion



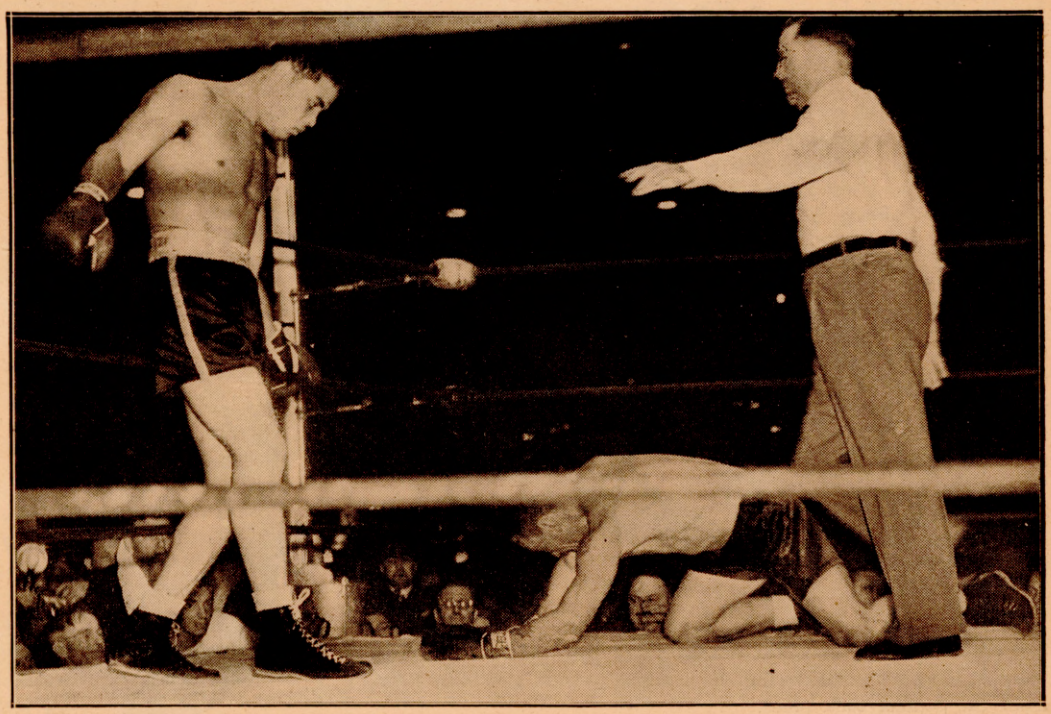
*Louis, taking no chances, the Brown Bomber sailed into his opponent with rights and lefts and here we see the challenger resting against the ropes, a helpless figure, as Joe measures him for a right.*



*Joe Louis, head down, has just been caught by a hard right. A powerful left followed and the champ was staggered.*



*The blow landed and down went the challenger. Referee George Blake orders Louis to a neutral corner before starting the count.*



*"You're out—" waves the hand of Blake as Roper fails to get up before the fatal ten is counted. The Brown Bomber continues to set a record for one round kayos. The time was 2.20 of the first round.*

# FISTIC FEUDS FANNED

By A. D. PHILLIPS

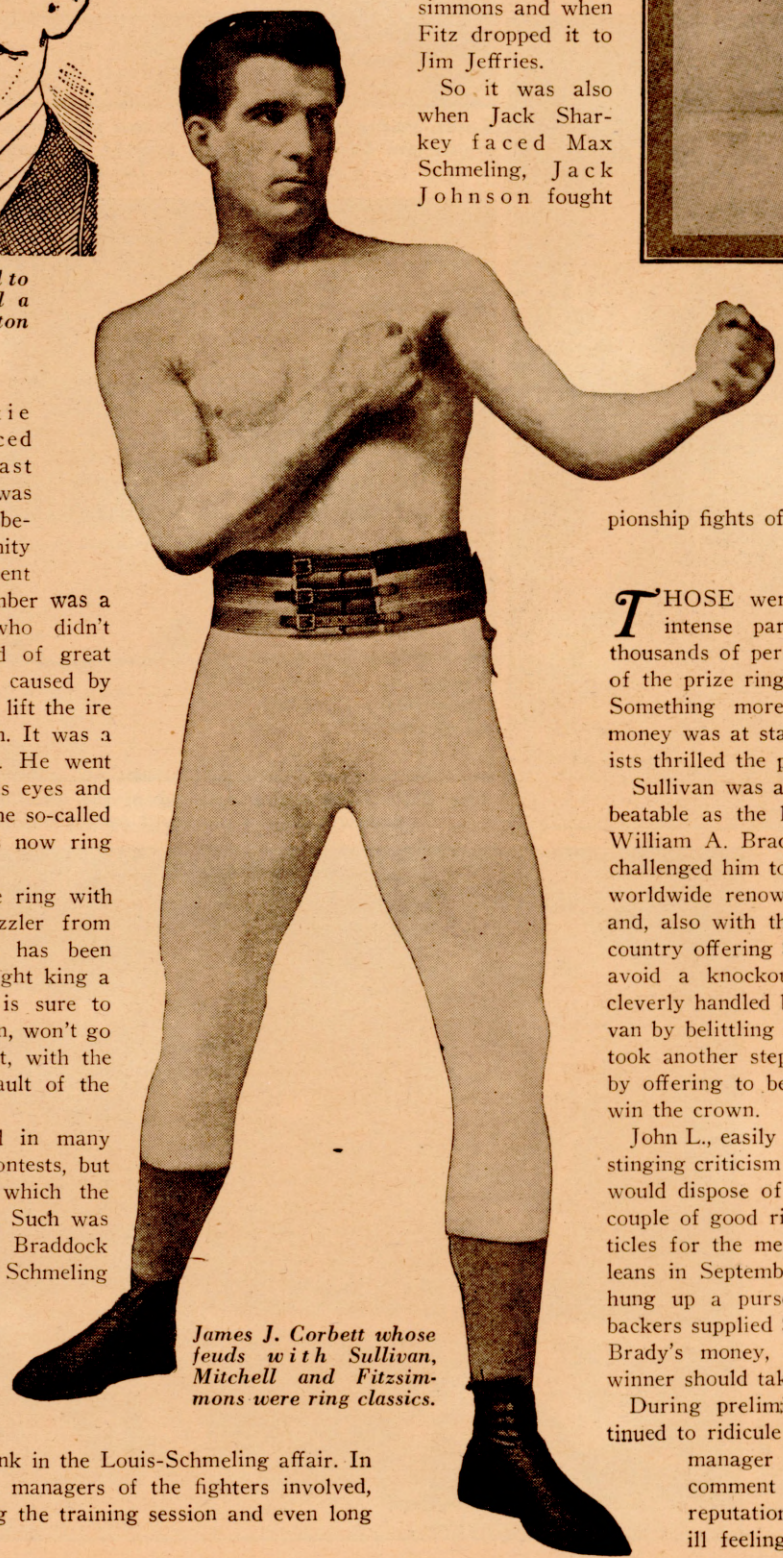
*John L. Sullivan, who refused to make up with Corbett until a few years before the Boston Strong Boy's death.*

WHEN Maxie Schmeling faced Joe Louis last year there was evidence of bitter enmity between the pair, an enmity brought about by the statement of the German that the Bomber was a highly overrated fighter who didn't measure up to the standard of great ringmen. The racial feeling caused by the Aryan dispute, helped to lift the ire of Louis to the boiling pitch. It was a case of do-or-die with him. He went into the fray with fire in his eyes and a burning desire to avenge the so-called insults, and what he did, is now ring history.

When Louis gets into the ring with Tony Galento, the beer guzzler from Orange, New Jersey, who has been branding the world heavyweight king a "bum," a similar situation is sure to exist. The fight in my opinion, won't go beyond three rounds at most, with the Bomber duplicating the assault of the Schmeling fight.

Bitter enmity has existed in many heavyweight championship contests, but there have been some in which the friendliest of spirit prevailed. Such was the case for example when Braddock and Louis fought and when Schmeling tackled Young Stribling and Tunney faced Tom Heeney. Baer fought Carnera and Carnera fought Jack Sharkey.

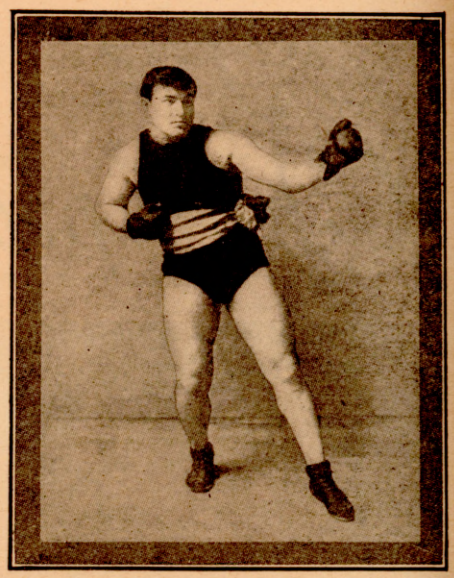
Enmity in heavyweight fights was at its height I think in the Louis-Schmeling affair. In the good old days, even the managers of the fighters involved, were at dagger's point during the training session and even long after the contest took place.



*James J. Corbett whose feuds with Sullivan, Mitchell and Fitzsimmons were ring classics.*

Such was the case when John L. Sullivan fought Charley Mitchell, when Mitchell clashed with Jim Corbett, when Corbett tackled "John L.," when Corbett surrendered his title to Bob Fitzsimmons and when Fitz dropped it to Jim Jeffries.

So it was also when Jack Sharkey faced Max Schmeling, Jack Johnson fought



*Tommy Burns, his vitriolic words aroused Jack Johnson to the boiling point.*

Jeff and Tommy Burns. Those were the kind of feuds that added to the reams of publicity and gave romance to the heavyweight championship fights of the past.

* * *

THOSE were the fights that stirred up intense partisanship among the many thousands of persons who followed the doings of the prize ring all over the civilized world. Something more than side bets and purse money was at stake when those famous pugilists thrilled the public.

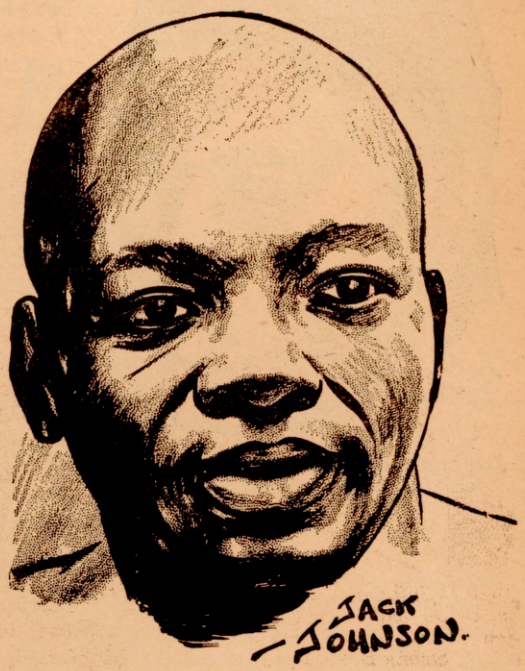
Sullivan was a popular idol, considered unbeatable as the heavyweight champion, when William A. Brady, managing Corbett, boldly challenged him to combat. Sullivan had gained worldwide renown as a bare knuckle fighter and, also with the gloves, he had toured this country offering $1,000 to any man who could avoid a knockout in four rounds. Corbett, cleverly handled by Brady, first angered Sullivan by belittling his fistic ability. Then Brady took another step in the direction of a match by offering to bet $10,000 that Corbett could win the crown.

John L., easily riled, could not stand Brady's stinging criticism and finally, declaring that he would dispose of Corbett, the upstart, with a couple of good right-hand punches, signed articles for the memorable contest at New Orleans in September, 1892. The Olympic Club hung up a purse of $25,000 and Sullivan's backers supplied $10,000 as a side bet to cover Brady's money, with a stipulation that the winner should take all.

During preliminary training Sullivan continued to ridicule his young challenger, whose manager kept up a running fire of comment regarding John L.'s inflated reputation that stirred up unbounded ill feeling everywhere.

# FLAMES OF ARDOUR

## *Classic Vendettas of Heavyweight History Will Be Revived When Galento Gets Into Ring With Joe Louis*



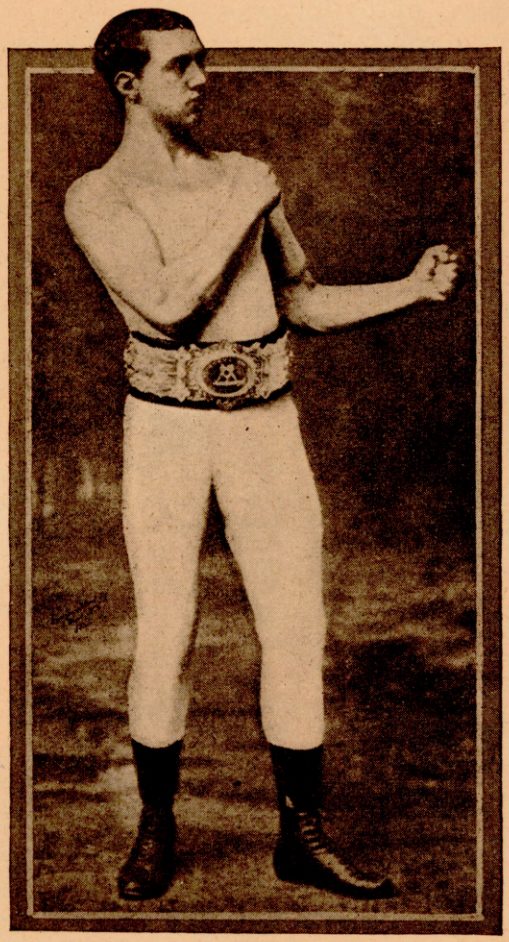

***Jack Johnson, the man of a million smiles, taunted his opponents to avenge their insults.***

The betting was 5 to 1 that Sullivan would put an end to Corbett's aspirations. The fight was a revelation not only to Sullivan, but to the millions of friends who hoped for his success.

Sullivan vainly tried to get even with the California bank clerk and his manager, who had held him up to scorn, but after the first three or four rounds it was apparent that the mighty John L. had met his master.

Corbett, with great deliberation, wonderful speed and magnificent boxing skill, literally cut the champion to ribbons until in the twenty-first round the end came as Sullivan, completely exhausted, collapsed, and was counted out by Referee John Duffy.

When Sullivan expressed the feeling that he was glad that if he had to lose the title, it fell into the hands of an American, the feud somewhat subsided and upon the occasion of the Sullivan benefit in New York, Corbett made a personal appearance. But it took almost 20 years before Corbett and Sullivan dropped the feud and became friendly. It was a long and bitter feud.



***Charley Mitchell, whose taunts aroused the ire of "John L." and "Gentleman Jim."***

* * *

SOON after Corbett had obtained the match with Sullivan, he encountered Charley Mitchell of England in a Bowery saloon. Mitchell, who had fought a thirty-nine-round bare-knuckle draw with Sullivan in France, then was the manager of Paddy Slavin, the Australian heavyweight, who had been sidetracked by John L. in order to take on Corbett.

When Corbett tried to shake hands with Mitchell, he was roundly abused. Mitchell aimed a blow at the Californian's head, whereupon a free-for-all ensued, during which Slavin was struck on the neck with a blackjack in the hands of one Fatty Langtry, and Mitchell was thrown out bodily by several bouncers.

As soon as Corbett had won the championship, Mitchell got on his trail. The Englishman issued a challenge to fight to a finish, and Corbett, through his manager, Brady, literally was forced into the match to refute charges of cowardice. Getting into the ring at Jacksonville, these real enemies had put up $10,000 side bets and had accepted a $20,000 purse, winner take all. The referee was Honest John Kelly and a tough crowd, including many gun-toters, gathered around the ropes.

The moment the first round started, Mitchell began to call the champion unprintable names. Brady urged Corbett to keep his temper, but that was impossible. In the second round Corbett, in a rage, knocked Mitchell down and before the latter could regain his feet at the count of nine, he received a glancing blow on the head.

Mitchell's seconds claimed foul, which Kelly disallowed, and Corbett, fighting like fury while still subjected to volleys of abuse, finally squared accounts by scoring a clean knockout in the third round.

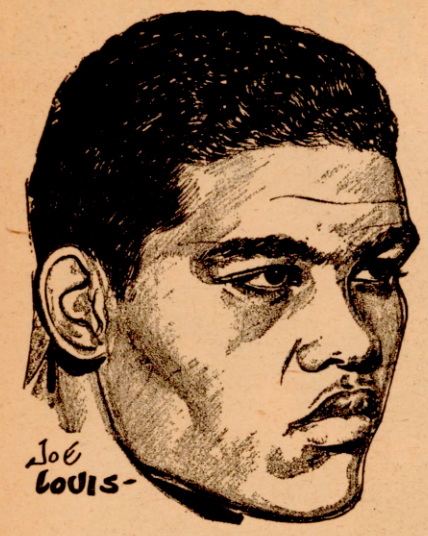
* * *

BOB FITZSIMMONS and his manager, Martin Julian, began to challenge Corbett soon after he whipped Mitchell. Getting little satisfaction, Fitz decided to have a personal interview with Gentleman Jim in a Philadelphia hotel one year before they met in Carson City, Nev. Corbett was enjoying his breakfast when the Cornishman appeared and asked him to arrange a fight to a finish. The interview wound up in a near scrap. Fitzsimmons threw a water bottle at the champion, but his aim was poor and several waiters dragged him into the street.

That altercation paved the way for the Carson City affair. While the men were in training they met on the road one morning and Corbett refused to shake hands. That kindled more fire so that, entering the ring, the champion and challenger were burning up with hatred for each other. Fitzsimmons, after receiving a scientific pasting, which put him down in the sixth round and drew the claret from his nose, rallied with characteristic gameness and pugnacity and in the fourteenth round he won the world championship with his famous left to the solar plexus.

While Corbett was being counted out by Referee George Siler, Brady claimed a foul, whereupon Julian had to restrain Fitz from attacking the beaten champion as he was going to his corner.

As after the Sullivan bout, it took many years before Fitz and Gentleman Jim were on speaking terms. To his dying day Corbett insisted that the so-called solar plexus punch was a foul and that he had not been whipped fairly by Ruby Robert.

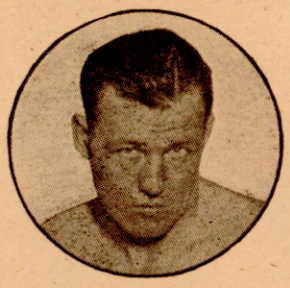



*Joe Louis, who lost his temper in only one battle—his second fight with Max Schmeling.*

TAKING the management of James J. Jeffries, who had been one of Corbett's sparring partners at Carson City, Brady soon went after Fitzsimmons with repeated challenges. Fitz was accused of showing the white feather because he said that Jeffries didn't deserve a title match. But Brady persisted in his attack until a conference was arranged at a Broadway hotel, where one of Jeff's enthusiastic supporters hurled an inkwell at Julian's head, missing him.

Before the meeting broke up, Julian, cut to the quick by Brady, agreed to sign articles for the great fight at Coney Island, where Jeffries won the championship by a knockout in the eleventh round. That was the last heavyweight championship fight between real enemies.

Matched to fight Jeffries, who had been out of the ring five years, Jack Johnson displayed no enmity when they entered the ring at Reno, with Tex Rickard as referee. Jeffries proved to be a nervous and physical wreck, Johnson toying with him until he handed out the final blow in the fifteenth round. There was no ill feeling between Johnson and Jess Willard in Havana when Willard was declared the victor on a knockout in the twenty-sixth round. The fight simply was a business proposition, Johnson getting $30,000 after he had been counted out while gazing intently at the tropical sun.



*Jack Sharkey who carried his hatred for Max Schmeling to violent extremes.*

Jack Dempsey's object in battering Willard to a pulp in Toledo was the championship and the great fortune that went with it. There was no grudge to be settled. Dempsey, opposed to Carpentier, Brennan, Firpo, Gibbons and Tunney, had no personal quarrels with any of them. He met them solely for cash and glory. Tunney deprived him of the title in a fair, square stand-up boxing bout in Philadelphia and was congratulated by his beaten foe after the mill.

* * *

BUT in their second engagement, that at Soldier's Field, where the "Battle of the Long Count" was staged, it was a different story. The Manassa Mauler was eager for revenge. The spirit of hate was lurking in his veins. He just couldn't forgive and forget what had happened to him in Philadelphia and when he faced Gene in Chicago, he had fire in his eyes. If ever there was a fight in which bitter enmity existed between seconds and fighters, the Dempsey-Tunney battle was it.

Jimmy Bronson, who to this day is a keen opponent of Dempsey's, was chief second of the Dempsey group, and opposed to him was Bill Duffy, who was equally bitter against the Tunney corps. That added to the colorful setting for the big battle and the fire was kindled doubly when Dave Barry prevented Dempsey from scoring a knockout by giving Gene the long count. It took many years before Gene and Jack spoke to each other. It was only after Dempsey opened his tavern that Tunney consented to toss aside the bitter feeling and grasp the hand of the man whom he had twice whipped.

It was far different when Tunney clashed with Heeney. He admired Tom as both a gentleman and a square-shooting fighter and when he had slashed poor Tom to ribbons and could have continued the slaughter, he appealed to the referee to come to the New Zealander's aid by stopping the fight, which the official finally did. On the day following that battle, Gene was among the first to pat Tom on the back and extol his fighting spirit.

* * *

THE Sharkey-Schmeling affair was one of extreme bitterness. The Boston gob hated the German, and was ready to do anything to prove his superiority. This feeling was aggravated when Schmeling claimed a foul and was awarded the fight while sitting on the canvas, holding his hand over his groin. Shrewd work on the part of Max's manager, Joe Jacobs, gained for the Uhlan the world crown and that started a feul between Buckley, Sharkey's mentor, and "Yussel the Muscle," that lasted for a long time.

From that period down to the second Schmeling-Louis battle, bitterness on view in the battles just named, was lacking. But the second bout between Joe and Max made up for all that. Seldom in modern ring history was such enmity displayed both before and after a fight as was the case in that affair. And should these men meet again, which I doubt, you'll see the same thing reenacted.

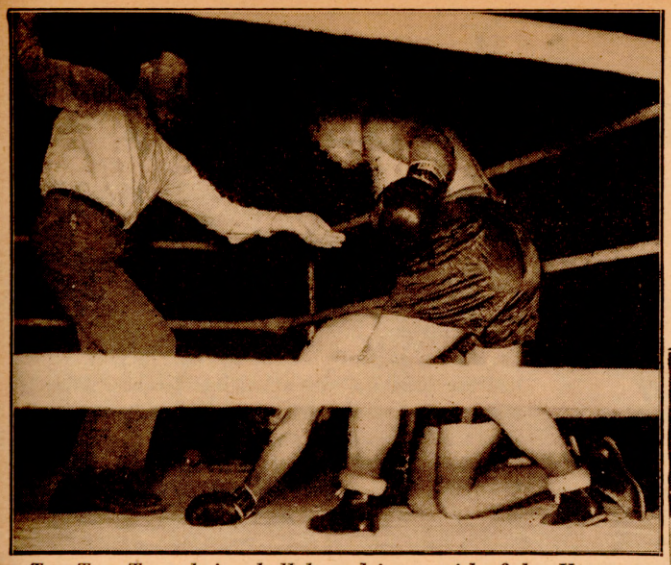
The Galento-Louis bout will show a similar feud that will result, in my opinion, in a complete rout for the beer-guzzling Jersey scrapper who has been built to the challenger's post on a combination of set-ups, beer and inflated ballyhoo. Yet the bout will draw well. The public will flock to the affair if only to see the fun. At $25 tops the fight should draw more than half a million.

Apparently the period of bitter enmity in heavyweight championship fights has come back. It has brought with it a keener interest in the sport, a revival of the colorful ballyhoo that concocted ring romance in the "good old days." It is back to the good old days of Jack Kearns and Billy McCarney, the days of the world's greatest ballyhoo. One must doff his hat to Joe Jacobs for his shrewd manipulation of an ordinary fighter into a world championship fight.

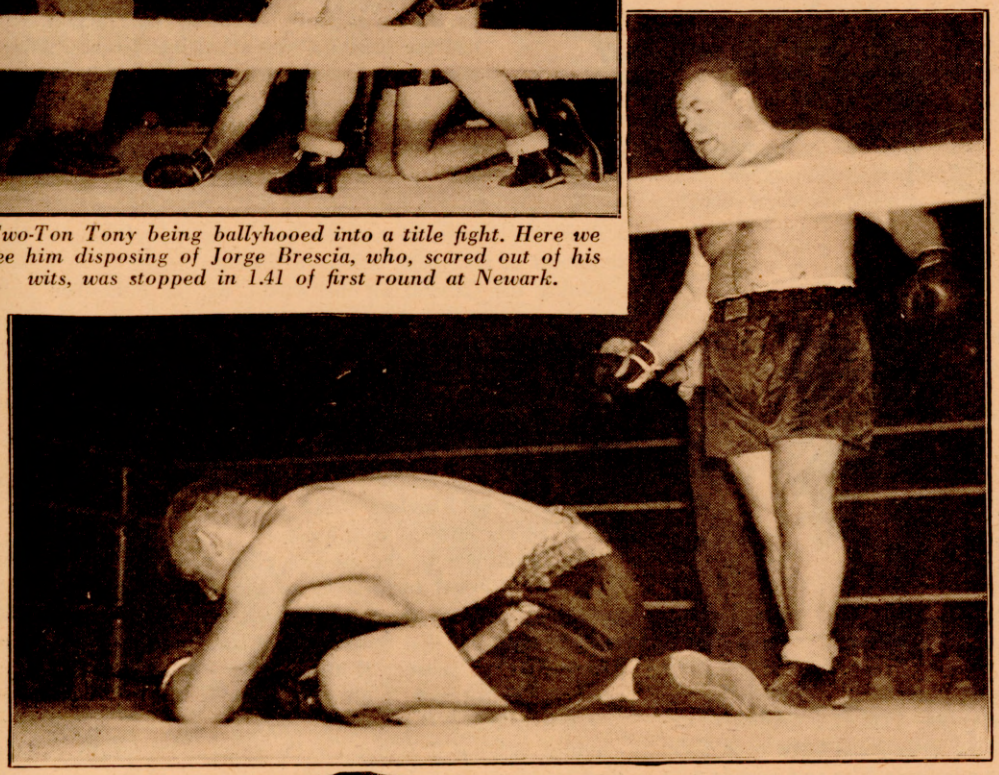
Galento owes his challenger's post to much fine ballyhoo.

*Max Schmeling whose verbal attacks on Joe Louis brought about the German's annihilation in the second bout with the Brown Bomber.*

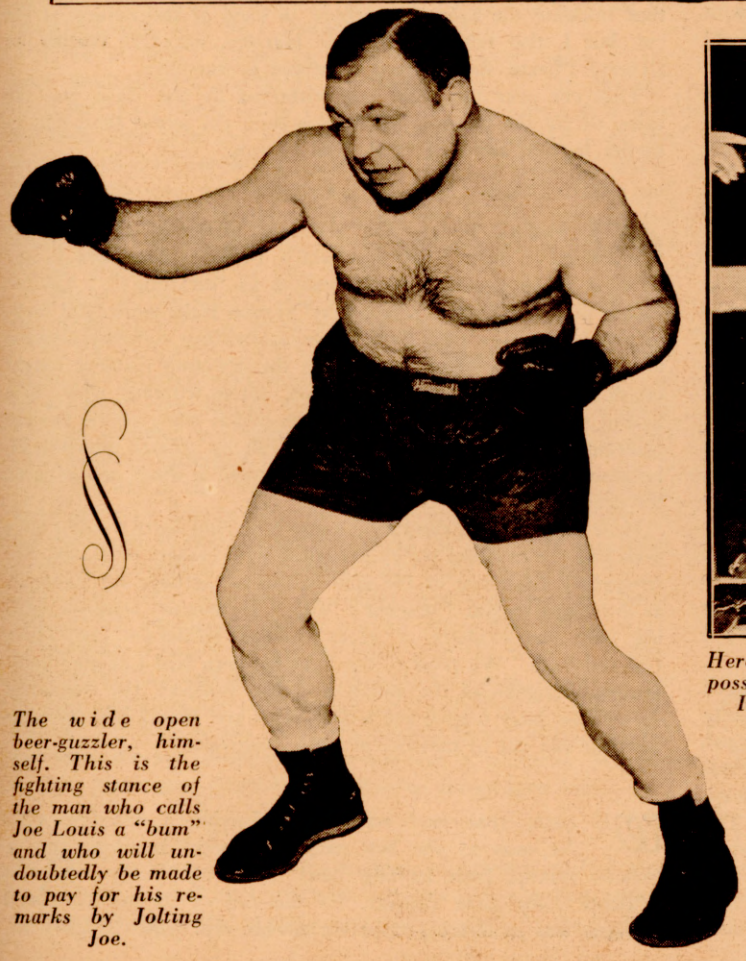
# *Highlights in Career of GALENTO*



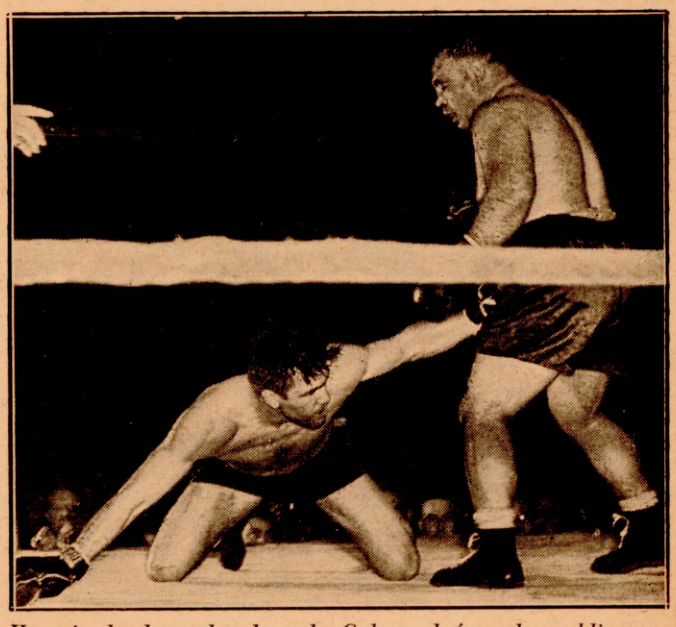
*Two-Ton Tony being ballyhooed into a title fight. Here we see him disposing of Jorge Brescia, who, scared out of his wits, was stopped in 1.41 of first round at Newark.*



*The knockout of Harry Thomas in Philadelphia in the third round. This was the contest that caused the suspension of the victim by the Pennsylvania Boxing Commission. The bout aroused the ire of the Philadelphia fight fans.*



*The wide open beer-guzzler, himself. This is the fighting stance of the man who calls Joe Louis a "bum" and who will undoubtedly be made to pay for his remarks by Jolting Joe.*



*Here is the bout that brought Galento before the public as a possible contender. He stopped Nathan Mann in the second round. It was Tony's best fight on his way to the challenger's post.*

# THEY USED TO

*George Kid Lavigne.*

ON the night of February 24, 1939, Lou Ambers, ex-lightweight champion, won a technical kayo over Baby Arizmendi, the Mexican who went fifty-two rounds with Henry Armstrong without being knocked off his feet! Ambers thereby turned a trick that Armstrong failed to accomplish. But remember, this was not a real knockout in the sense that the loser was stunned into unconsciousness and unable to answer the call of time. The bout was halted by the intervention of General John Phelan, boxing commission chairman. Technically, the trumpet to "stop firing" was blown by Referee Pete Hartley, but the General was the god in the machine.

It's old news by the time this article gets into print, but fight fans are ever inclined to discuss these unusual endings to fiercely contested battles, and believe us, that argument over the snap ending of the wrangle between the Babe and Ambers is still going on wherever the "coves what loves a mill" foregather in strength.

The general feeling is that the big boy of the Commission sort of went out of bounds when he stepped over to Dr. Walker and told the medico to step over to Arizmendi's corner and examine the wounds around the eyes of the Mexican, which had bled freely.

Dr. Walker was none too anxious to interfere. The Doc has witnessed many a bloody battle without feeling particularly impressed by the flow of gore. He has seen too many men snatch victory out of seeming inevitable defeat when their faces were merely a vermilion mask, to be greatly influenced by a carmine gush, which after all, good seconds might check in time to send a gladiator on to victory.

But General Phelan was insistent and Dr. Walker shrugged his shoulders resignedly and strode to Arizmendi's corner. Referee Pete Hartley had already observed conditions between the ninth and tenth rounds and saw nothing to worry about. But the arrival of Dr. Walker, obeying instructions to call a halt to hostilities, took the decision fairly out of the hand of Referee Hartley. The powers "higher-up" had issued a decree which must be obeyed, and consequently the evening's entertainment ended with Lou Ambers adding additional luster to his ring laurels as the first man to stop the fighting Babe from across the border.

WITH all due respect to General Phelan, whose eagerness to save Arizmendi from a severe injury is commendable, I cannot help feeling that it would have been better had he allowed matters to follow their legitimate course. Surely Referee Pete Hartley, himself an old-time fighter, could have been depended upon to take action himself had the situation warranted interference. After all, there is just one man in the ring who is legally warranted, according to all accepted boxing rules, to halt a battle when he thinks it has gone far enough, and an officially designated doctor to decide whether a contestant is still fit to keep on slinging leather, or should be rescued from further battering. It is the doctor's business only to advise—the referee to halt the bout—the Commission to let the judgment of its legally appointed officials decide when to act.

Giving the General all due credit for his intensified humane instincts, one still feels that his interference in the slaughter of Babe Arizmendi was unnecessary and should not be allowed to establish a precedent. Carrying the Phelan idea of assuming command at an unlooked-for moment into the realm of fancy, one may imagine how General Pershing would have felt if, while he was directing operations in France during the World War, the late President Wilson, officially commander-in-chief, should have suddenly flown to Flanders fields and taken the direction of the A.E.F. bodily into his own hands!

The mimic war of the modern glove arena of course is not a matter of national importance so far as that goes. But it is a matter of national sport importance, and as such, it would be well to point out that there is scant use in making rules for the government of boxing, if those rules are not adhered to and respected by the men "higher up," besides the smaller official fry.

Whether the Mexican boxer was or was not in condition to continue fighting it is not for me to say. Personally, I thought that stopping the fight was proper in view of the nature of the cut, but I also felt that Referee Hartley, not Dr. Walker or General Phelan should have instituted proceedings.

That cut over the right eye sustained by the Babe was the cause of all the trouble, but he has been cut worse than that in earlier battles, and still carried on to win.

* * *

OUR modern boxers are certainly protected from danger nowadays after a fashion which their predecessors in the fighting ranks would have denounced as "coddling!" I am not saying that the present "safety first" system lacks merit. But looking back over the past there is an astounding contrast between the magnificent disdain with which the old-time maulers fought on doggedly under gory conditions, often winning when they looked their worst, and the manner in which many of the modern contests are brought to an abrupt finish by official interference, because some fighter happens to be painted a shade too crimson for official taste.

How different the results of many past ring battles might have been had the cautious policy prevailed with respect to gladiatorial struggles! Take one of the epic battles of fistiana, for example, as described in Nat Fleischer's "Black Dynamite" volumes, dealing with the exploits of great colored battlers—"The Three Colored Aces." We refer to the fight between Kid Lavigne, lightweight champion of the world, and Joe Wolcott, the wonderful darky who later topped the welter class and licked heavyweights when he ran out of matches in his own division.

* * *

WE quote that part relating to Lavigne's dangling ear: "As soon as the bell rang they went headlong into a furious mixup, both landing head and body blows, but with Walcott doing most damage. By the end of the second round Lavigne was in distress from the savage rips which reached his

# LET 'EM RIP!

By HARVEY THORNE

stomach. All through the third and fourth rounds Walcott had the better of the milling. His attack at close quarters was so incessant that at times it looked as if he were hitting low, and some of Lavigne's clan set up a cry of "Foul." But there were no fouls. Both men fought clean.

"In the fifth round Lavigne took a terrible beating. Blood spouted from his mouth, nose and ears. There were crushing punches hurled by Walcott, who kept on top of the Saginaw Kid without giving him an instant's respite.

"But in the sixth, the tough sinewy Kid came up strong. He was fighting mad. Now Walcott showed weariness. Joe aimed a whirling right, missed and slipped to his knees. Lavigne took the aggressive and rushed him across the ring. In the seventh, Lavigne evaded Walcott's opening rush. Then he tore into him and battered him to the ropes. Walcott was staggered for the first time when Lavigne whipped a stunning right cross to the jaw.

"In the eighth it looked as if Lavigne might be put away when Walcott crashed a right to his opponent's eye, closing it. The swelling looked as big as an egg. The fans could see the end at hand! But the Kid needed no sympathy; he rallied in the next round, rushed Joe, peppered him with jabs and often crossed his right to the jaw. He had his second wind!

"Then Walcott again took the lead. A hefty right landed flush on Lavigne's ear and swelled it to the size of a baseball. As he went to his corner Lavigne begged his seconds to lance the swollen ear, but there wasn't time. Before the tenth round was over the ear had been so battered that it looked like a gigantic cauliflower. That, combined with the blood which spurted from the injured part, made it a nauseating sight for the spectators.

* * *

"WALCOTT pounded away at the injured ear. Suddenly a right crashed against the injured organ and broke it open. A torrent of gore was spattered over both fighters. Then came another smash that almost cut the ear off and it dangled on Lavigne's neck, held by a few bloody tendons.

"What a sight! Moans of disgust came from some of the more weak-hearted spectators. Shouts of "toss in the sponge," "stop the fight!" were heard on all sides. It was such a gruesome spectacle that even the hardened old-timers who had seen the bloodiest of the bare-knuckle and skin-tight glove battles, weakened. But Lavigne wouldn't give in. He was a real champion and he wouldn't quit. When he went to his corner, with his pain relieved by the breaking of the ear, he turned to his manager and second, Sam Fitzpatrick, and said:

"'Patch up the ear any old way, Sam, so that the blood will stop annoying me. I'm going to beat him!'

"So Fitzpatrick put some healing preparation on the ear which turned the injured part jet black, and stopped the claret flow for the time being. But in the eleventh round Walcott went after his man hammer and tongs. He cut the ear open again. Still Lavigne never faltered!

"At the end of the twelfth round it seemed as though Lavigne was hopelessly beaten. Yet the referee refused to interfere. In the thirteenth Walcott sailed in to end the fray. But the lightweight king, crimson from head to foot, stood his ground. Gameness! There never was such an exhibition as this, and there never will be such another under the present supervision of the sport.

"Suddenly Lavigne let go his right with the force of a pile-driver to the jaw and dropped Walcott to his knees. He was down for only an instant and resumed his ferocious attack. The Saginaw Kid met him with punch for punch, landing powerful body blows, and when the bell sounded the crowd was in a frenzy. Walcott went to his corner crestfallen. O'Rourke encouraged him.

* * *

"BUT as soon as Joe came to scratch, Lavigne rushed him, landing a left hook that sent the colored boy reeling against the ropes. Walcott was wobbly and ready to fall. At the close of the round Joe wanted to quit, but O'Rourke compelled him to fight it out.

"Lavigne, battered so that his nearest relatives would not have recognized him, came out of his corner with a mad rush in the final round. There followed a slam-bang fierce two minutes of fighting. Joe went on the defensive. He clinched constantly and wandered around the ring, covering up as best he could.

"The gong sounded. The bout was over. The crowd yelled like madmen when the referee declared Lavigne the victor. The Kid left the ring with both eyes shut. His left ear was hanging by a thread. His mouth was so badly swollen that he had to receive special medical attention. He couldn't eat solid food for a week! The Lavigne-Walcott affair is entitled to the palm when thrillers, bloody, heartthrobbing struggles are discussed!"

* * *

THE scrappers of the nineties were assuredly a hardy bunch. In 1899, Jack Bonner, a Philadelphian who scaled little over the middleweight limit, took on Yank Kenny, a towering, six-foot heavyweight, scaling nearly 200 pounds, for twenty-five rounds, at Coney Island.

Bonner went into the ring suffering from an abcess in the jaw, with his cheek swollen terribly. The same as did Pancho Villa when he faced Jimmy McLarnin. Kenny made a target of that swollen region. He pounded Bonner persistently on the sore spot, and the agony endured by the Quaker City boxer must have been positively infernal. But Jack kept on boring into his gigantic opponent, administering severe body punishment.

In the eighteenth round a right smash landed by Kenny burst the abcess. Bonner spat out a mouthful of blood and pus, and tore in with renewed vigor, his pain greatly relieved. He drove Kenny all over the ring, nearly had him out, and at the close of the twenty-fifth and final frame, had the satisfaction of hearing the referee declare him winner.

* * *

IN 1898 Harry Forbes of Chicago, later bantam champion, defeated Joe Whittaker, a colored youth, before John Hertz's American Club in the Windy City, in six rounds. Whittaker was tall and rangy, Forbes short and compact. The white lad gave Whittaker a severe body punching. After the bout a reporter went into Whittaker's dressing-room. The colored lad had just got out of his fighting trunks.

Across Whittaker's bronze stomach was a long red, partially healed scar. The colored boy explained.

"I done just got out of a hospital five weeks ago," he said. "They cut out my appendix. I was certainly glad that Mistah Forbes' punches didn't open up that there wound again!"

"What made you take such a horrible chance?" queried the astonished sport writer.

"Well," said Whittaker, "I needed the money, sah. I gets two hundred dollahs tonight for losin', and man, that cash sure looks good to me!"

Later, when the news-gatherer told Forbes what kind of shape his opponent had been in, Harry was so agitated that he actually grew sick at his stomach.

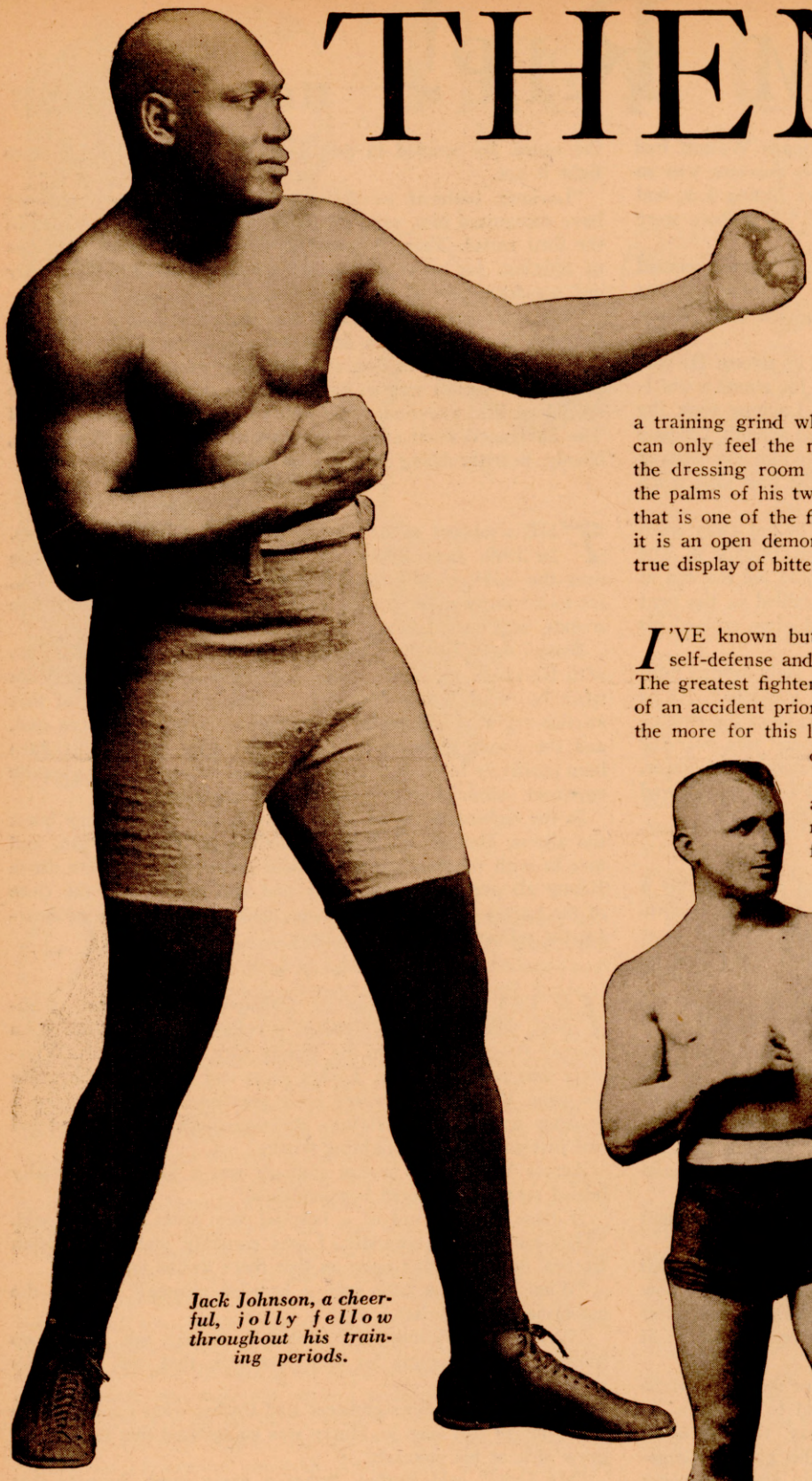
"My God!" said Forbes, "what a crazy guy! Suppose that wound had burst! I'd have been in jail on a manslaughter charge!"

* * *

COMING down to later times, the battle between Stanley Ketchel and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien for ten rounds before a New York club in 1909 is worthy of mention as an instance of how an apparently beaten and badly battered boxer turned the tables on his opponent.

The story has been told and retold many times, and every student of the game knows, or has read how O'Brien jabbed and hooked the rushing Ketchel until Stanley's face looked like a Hamburg steak, and the *(Continued on page 42)*

# THEN *and*



*Jack Johnson, a cheerful, jolly fellow throughout his training periods.*

IN the past forty years I've traveled to many "fight camps" and as I look back on them I find myself grinning from ear to ear over experiences which only now come back as I sit down to this typewriting machine. The sad is dovetailed with the ridiculous.

Fighters were funny, some were moodily serious. Others were doggedly pursuing an objective with razor-edged condition being their goal. These fellows seldom fooled or cut up capers. I've known their whims, their outlandish complaints, their hopes and their bitter disappointments. Fighters are not commonplace individuals. Nearly all of them are worth while.

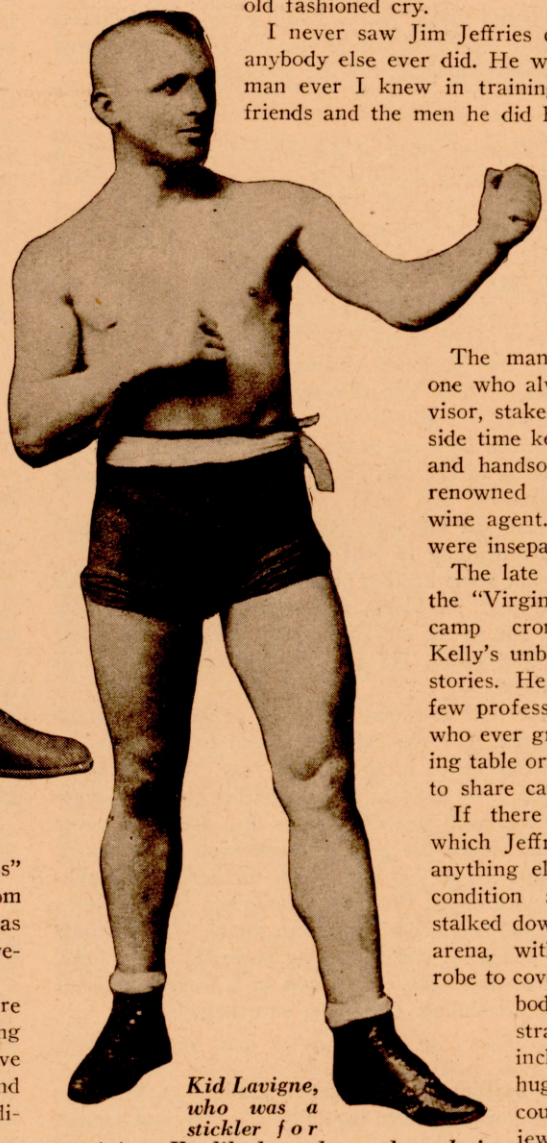
You may disagree with me, but, somehow, I've never considered a fighter a "cry-baby," who breaks down and weeps when an injury in training calls a halt. Should he be a title challenger, such an injury might rob him of his ambition to win a ring crown. The champion may be slipping and the challenger, urged on by that knowledge, doesn't want some near rival to be substituted and possibly beat him to the title.

The public little knows the tenseness of a training grind when a title is to be retained or lost and you can only feel the reaction when you see a beaten champion in the dressing room after the fight, his bruised head nesting in the palms of his two swollen hands, crying his heart out. To me that is one of the finer sides of this business of fighting because it is an open demonstration of downright honesty of purpose, a true display of bitter disappointment over dropping his crown.

* * *

I'VE known but few confessed fakers in the manly art of self-defense and not one of them ever could cry on the level. The greatest fighters of my time have wept in defeat or because of an accident prior to being vanquished and I admired them all the more for this letting down of taut heart strings for a good old fashioned cry.

I never saw Jim Jeffries cry. I doubt that anybody else ever did. He was the grouchiest man ever I knew in training. He made few friends and the men he did have around him, were old pals and he never switched from them to new chums. As a matter of fact, Jeff wasn't chummy at all.



*Kid Lavigne, who was a stickler for training. He liked to do road work in the rain.*

The man closest to him, one who always was his advisor, stake holder and ringside time keeper was lovable and handsome Bob Vernon, renowned as a Pommery wine agent. He and Jeffries were inseparable.

The late Walter C. Kelly, the "Virginia Judge" was a camp cronie. Jeff liked Kelly's unbridled humor and stories. He was one of the few professional entertainers who ever graced Jeff's training table or got close enough to share camp secrets.

If there was one thing which Jeffries sought above anything else it was superb condition and when he stalked down the aisle of an arena, with never a bath robe to cover his magnificent body, hair sticking straight up, four inches high, on his huge shoulders, you could bet the family jewels that this amazing son of an

# NOW

*By*
HYPE IGOE

Ohio minister WAS FIT TO FIGHT!

He was a heart-break to promoters because, if the least thing happened to him in training, if he skinned a heel, bruised a thumb or was hampered in any way through an injury, immediately he wanted the fight postponed. Jim Coffroth of California, who promoted most of Jeff's championship fights, was always a nervous wreck until he actually saw Jeffries approaching the ring.

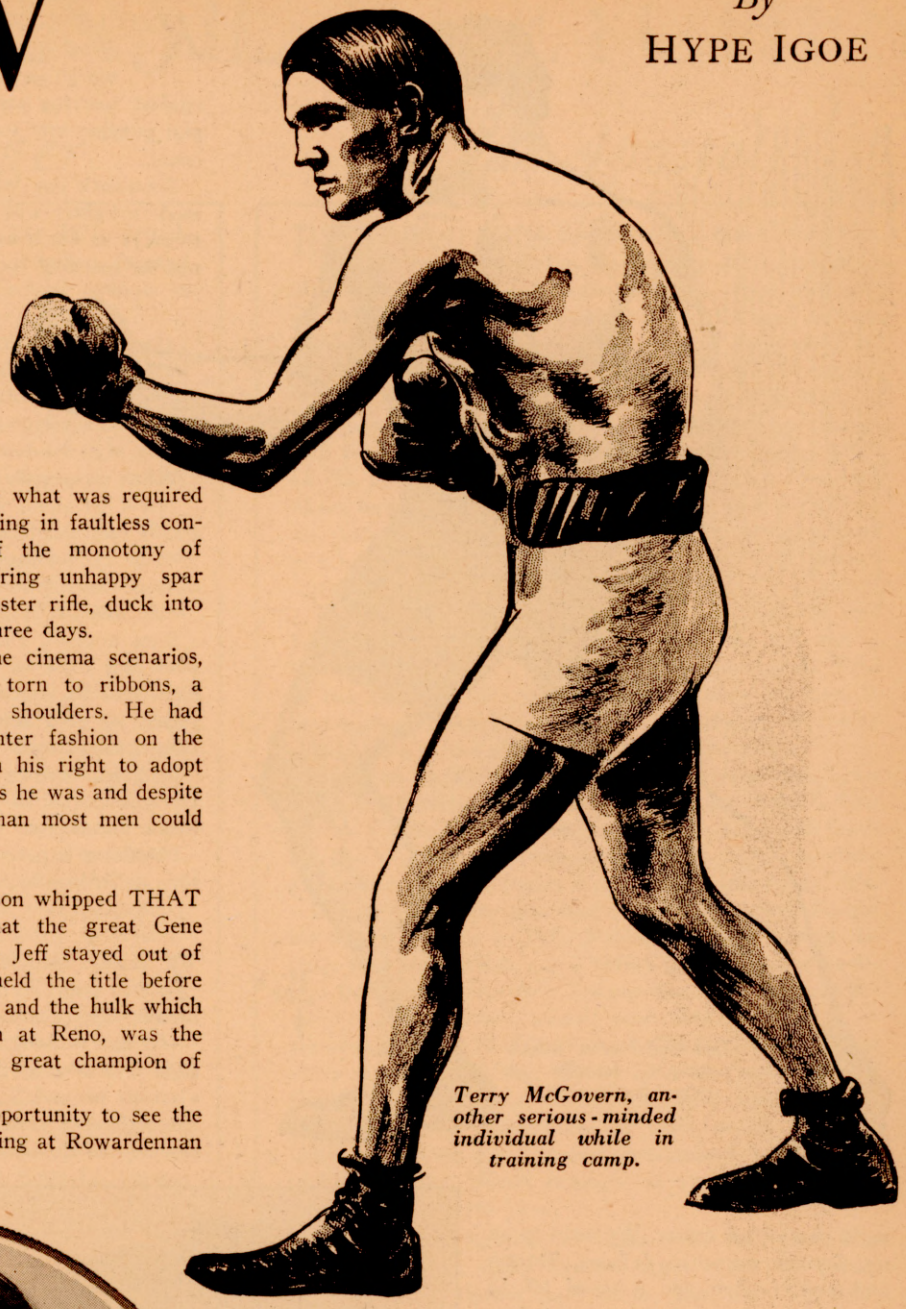
Harbin Springs, high in the California mountains, became the Jeffries stamping grounds. Jeff knew his own body. He knew what was required of that body in order to send him into the ring in faultless condition. Often, when he seemed to tire of the monotony of pulley pulling, bag punching and hammering unhappy spar mates, he would take his forty-four Winchester rifle, duck into the trailless wilds and be gone for two or three days.

He'd reappear like a character out of the cinema scenarios, bearded, his slouch hat a twist, his shirt torn to ribbons, a magnificent buck saddled across his broad shoulders. He had hunted his meals and cooked them in hunter fashion on the mountain slopes and no man dared question his right to adopt that method of getting into condition. Huge as he was and despite piano legs, he could run backwards faster than most men could go forward.

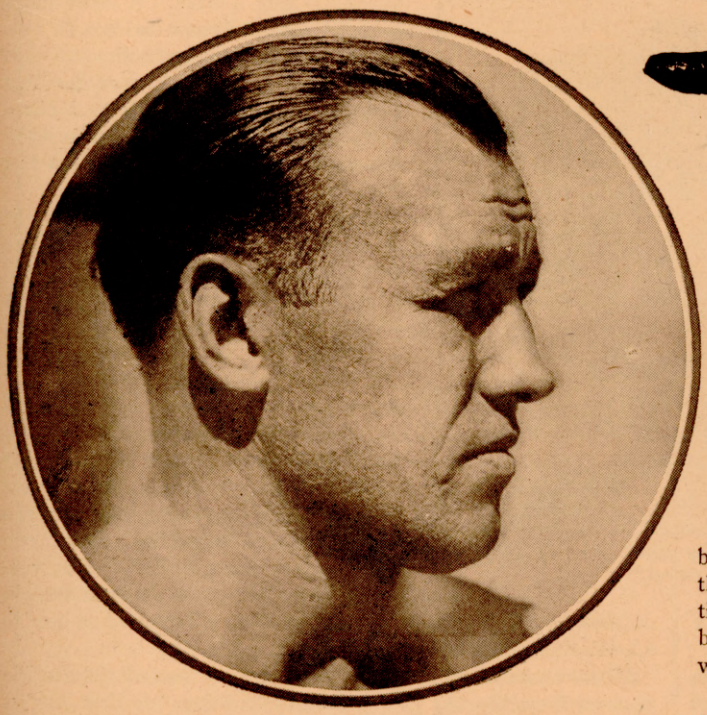
* * *

IT is as ridiculous to say that Jack Johnson whipped THAT kind of a Jeffries as it is to say that the great Gene Tunney dethroned the Dempsey of Toledo! Jeff stayed out of the ring longer than any man who ever held the title before coming back. Nearly six years he was away and the hulk which swayed as old Billy Jordan introduced him at Reno, was the GHOST of Jim Jeffries, NOT Jeffries the great champion of six years before!

Had the crowd at Reno been given the opportunity to see the Jeffries who existed at the start of that training at Rowardennan in the Santa Cruz mountains in California instead of the flat-waisted shell who answered to the call of time against Johnson, it would have gasped.



*Terry McGovern, another serious-minded individual while in training camp.*



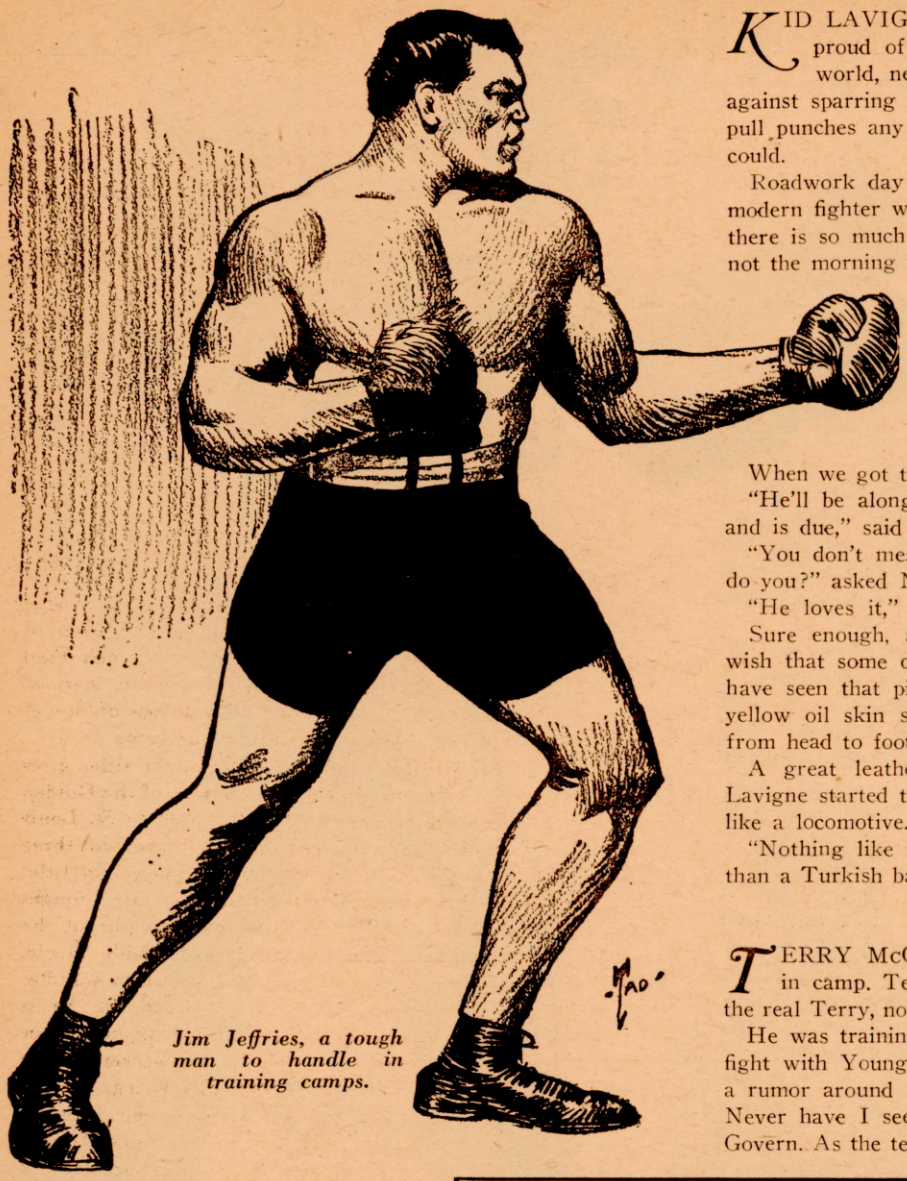
*Jack Sharkey, who was the inventor of present day camp jesting.*

It happened to be my privilege to be with Jeffries and Bob Vernon when the big boiler maker came to New York to have the cords of his arms, at the inside of the elbows, treated, prior to his embarking on the training siege which ended with Jeffries on the floor, knocked out for the first time in his life.

Jeffries was fat and paunchy as the result of six years of idleness. He had lived, carelessly, the proprietor of a busy café in Los Angeles, in the belief that never again would he be asked to answer the call of "time."

Both arms were bent and drawn up because of the contraction of the muscles and cords of his elbows. He claimed that the trouble all came about when, after a spirited baseball game in one of his training camps, he had stretched out in the outfield and fallen asleep while still drenched with perspiration. That was one time in Jeff's career when he would have been better off if he had taken the advice of a lowly trainer who knew the danger of catching cold under such circumstances.

Jeff's elbows did stiffen and as the years went by, the cords contracted more and more so that it was impossible for him to extend his left arm in a straight line as he had done in the



*Jim Jeffries, a tough man to handle in training camps.*

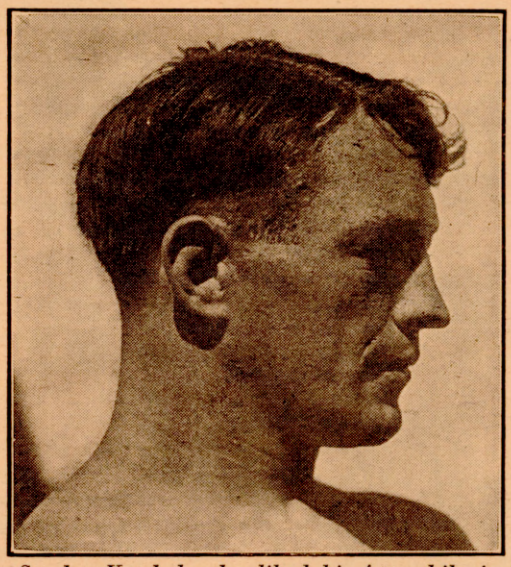
early part of his career. We went to an old German specialist—Jeffries, Vernon and myself—Bob and I stood off to one side as volts of electricity were sent racing through Jeff's body as he sat in a glass chair atop a low glass table! The professor was working in a darkened room yet there was light enough from the blue, sparkling electricity for us to see Jeff's hair standing straight out from his skull, and the backs of his hands.

When the professor told him to hold one of his legs straight out, blue streams of electricity seemed to squirt out twenty feet across the room from the nails in his shoes. I thought that we were dealing with a madman and when I yelled into the professor's ears, asking why 300,000 volts didn't kill Jeffries, the old boy grinned and said:

"Ha, I see dot you doant understandt e-legtrizzidy. Voldts represendt SPEEDT, nod QUANDIDTY in e-legtrizzidy."

I never dreamed that this fat Jim Jeffries would ever attain the outward look of perfection which was his as he squared away in front of Jack Johnson at Reno.

* * *



*Stanley Ketchel, who liked his fun while in camp.*

KID LAVIGNE was a terrific worker in training, serious, proud of his reign as the lightweight champion of the world, never given to frivolity in camp. He was a terror against sparring partners for the simple reason that he couldn't pull punches any more than Jack Dempsey or Terry McGovern could.

Roadwork day was strictly roadwork day with Lavigne. The modern fighter will tip-toe to the window in the morning and if there is so much as a dark cloud in the sky, decide that this is not the morning for a spin.

I was at Blanken's old road house, down the coast from San Francisco with Bill Naughton, greatest of fight writers. It was before the days of automobiles. We had driven down with a team of horses in a blinding rain storm, to see Lavigne, then training for his second fight with Joe Walcott.

When we got there, Naughton asked for the Kid.

"He'll be along in a moment or two. Been out for an hour and is due," said Billy Armstrong, his trainer.

"You don't mean to say that Lavigne is running in this rain, do you?" asked Naughton.

"He loves it," said Armstrong.

Sure enough, along came the Kid after awhile and I only wish that some of the supposedly great fighters of today could have seen that picture as the Kid came bounding into camp, a yellow oil skin suit, including the so'wester hat, covering him from head to foot.

A great leather belt was drawn around the coat and as Lavigne started to doff it to properly greet us, he was steaming like a locomotive.

"Nothing like running in the rain to take off weight. Better than a Turkish bath," said the Kid.

* * *

TERRY McGOVERN was another serious-minded worker in camp. Terry always sought condition and when he was the real Terry, nobody ever caught him out of condition.

He was training at Crolls Garden in Alameda for the second fight with Young Corbett. Naughton told Terry that there was a rumor around San Francisco that he was to flop to Corbett. Never have I seen a more infuriated youngster than was McGovern. As the tears ran down his cheeks he fairly shrieked:

"Why Mr. Naughton, the world knows I hate Corbett. It must know that I'd never consent to lose to him. I want to whip him more than any man on this earth. You tell your readers that they can go to sleep on Terry McGovern's honesty in this or any other fight. I'll die in that ring trying to reverse that Hartford knockout."

Terry didn't lie. It was one of the most savage fights ever I saw between little men. Eddie Graney, the noted referee, started to referee the fight wearing a tuxedo suit, stiff white shirt, satin vest and tie.

It was Graney's boast that he never went between fighters. He went between them that night and he finished up in his black athletic shirt, having discarded the dress finery as he went along, tugging and wrestling with two snarling little demons. Corbett again knocked Terry out and I've often wondered what the gossip mongers thought of their vile insinuations, especially if they happened to pay to see the fight.

It was a contest so full of action that there was scarcely an idle moment from the tap of the gong unleashing this little pair of gamecocks, to the clang of the bell that ended this furious affair. Ed Graney was all in when the mill ended. *(Continued on page 42)*

# THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES

## *Solly Krieger*

WAS born in Brooklyn on March 28, 1911. Jewish parentage. Height of Solly, 5 feet, 8 inches. Started boxing when a boy. Engaged in first amateur contests at age of fifteen.

Father, a tailor, hailed from Poland. Objected to boxing career for his son. Solly disregarded father's attitude and joined club. Called himself Danny Auerbach to avoid detection. As Auerbach qualified for sub-novice championship in Golden Gloves tournament in welterweight class. Won title after gaining seven victories. Repeated victory in inter-city tournament in Chicago.

Attended Isaac Remsen and Eastern District High Schools in Brooklyn where he was a good athlete. Played second base on ball team, guard on football eleven, was on the soccer and basketball teams. Liked fighting best and decided on a pro career.

Turned professional late in 1928. Since then has had a most active career. Can deal out plenty of destruction. Is one of hardest hitters in business. Great body puncher. Stocky and stubby-armed, Krieger often is unable to reach head of a taller opponent hence has perfected a body attack second to none.

Did not really arrive as a good fighter until seven years after his start when he piled up long string of knockouts.

1936 was his banner year, other than the winning of the N.B.A. world middleweight crown in 1937 by gaining a decision in 15 rounds over the hard hitting Al Hostak.

In that fight Hostak received terrific beating. Forced to go to hospital. Both eyes closed, bones in hand broken, was without use of left hand in final six rounds. Hurt right hand in eleventh. Toughest fight Hostak had engaged in.

1936 found Krieger on the losing end in several bouts. He lost to Al Quaile and to Oscar Rankin, but scored knockouts over Mickey Bottone, Young Terry, Anson Green, Joey Spiegel, Johnny Rossi and Harry Balsamo and beat Rankin, Roscoe Manning and Frank Battaglia, among others.

Lost twice to Apostoli in 1937, once by technical kayo route, but knocked out Walter Woods and Eddie McGuire and beat Billy Conn.

Lost to Teddy Yarosz and was outpointed by Woods in return bout. Scored nine knockouts, gained two decisions and lost three bouts last year. Since the New Year got under way, he has had two fights to date, a draw with Marty Simmons and a knockout over Ben Brown.

Krieger is the fourth Hebrew fighter to lay a claim to the world middleweight title. Al McCoy, Dave Rosenberg and Ben Jeby having preceded him. Is also the fourth fighter managed by Hymie Caplan to hold some kind of a world title.

Despite ability, is not a boastful lad. Is reserved, married, has a son, lives in Bensonhurst, Brooklyn, has political affiliations. Ran for Councilman in last city election but was defeated. His arms resemble Indian clubs. Can bob and weave like the best of 'em, and is an aggressive, clever fighter as well as a heavy hitter.

Fight with Fred Apostoli for world middleweight championship this summer seems a certainty. Glen Lee, twice badly beaten by Apostoli and decisively defeated by Ceferino Garcia, inflicted severe beating to Krieger. In first bout with Billy Conn, Solly handed Billy a setback though Krieger lost the second mill and was outclassed in the rubber contest. Before that Solly beat Allan Matthews in ten rounds.

## *Fred Apostoli*

BORN February 2, 1914, San Francisco. Italian-American. Height, 5 feet, 9½ inches. One of four children. Mother died when Fred was only seven. For two years lived with grandmother, then with brother John. He and brother placed in Youths' Home, an orphanage supervised by Father Crowley. Here Fred got his rudiments of boxing.

When 15, left the orphanage to work on a chicken ranch in Sonoma County, north of San Francisco. Was graduated from Edison School and continued his studies while on the farm. After two years, returned to San Francisco where he performed odd jobs to keep the wolf away from the door. Obtained employment at the St. Francis Hotel as a freight elevator boy, then bellboy and finally became captain of the bell hops.

While at St. Francis, he met Joe Niderost, a jeweler, who became interested in him and still is a close follower of Fred's fights. Niderost, who lived at the hotel, took Fred to the Olympic Club where Apostoli made his start as an amateur. There he came under the tutelage of Spider Roache, one of the ablest instructors in the game.

Won the Pacific Coast junior welterweight title, grew into a middleweight and soon was the holder of the Golden Gloves middleweight crown. In 1934 he went to St. Louis for the Nationals and engaged in five fights in three nights and won the National amateur middleweight title.

Engaged in 35 amateur bouts, then turned pro. Fought his first pro battle in 1934. Niderost handled him at the time. Won six fights in a row before facing Freddie Steele, who beat him. Steele later became the American middleweight king, a title Apostoli now holds, though he is acclaimed by the New York State Commission and other states not in the N.B.A., the world crown wearer, a title the N.B.A. has given to Fred's rival, Solly Krieger.

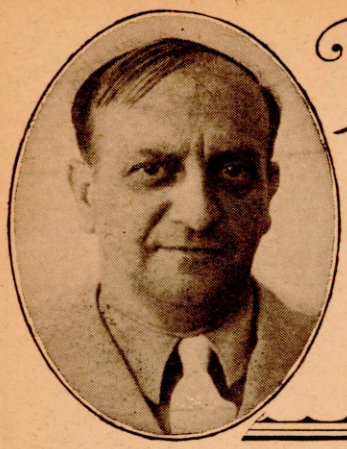
Referee halted proceedings in tenth round of Steele battle, due to cut eye. Niderost then turned Apostoli over to Larry White, former manager of Young Corbett, and White still manages Fred.

Under White, Apostoli in rapid order beat Dick Foster, Mike Payan, Ruby Mendez, Andy Di Vodi, Young Stuhley, Babe Marino and Swede Burglund, all these bouts taking place in 1935. The following year he added to his impressive record with victories over such stars as Frankie Britt, Paul Pirrone, Young Stuhley, Babe Risko, who at the time was recognized as the best American middleweight; Marty Simmons, Lou Brouillard, a former middleweight king, and others of like caliber.

Early in 1937 White brought Apostoli East. Made a commendable showing in debut, losing a close decision to Ken Overlin. Later, trounced Solly Krieger, knocked out Joe Butch Lynch and halted Krieger in fifth.

Fred then went back to California to whip Dale Sparr and Tommy Jones. Came East again to fight Marcel Thil, world champion, in what was designated as a non-titular bout by the New York Board, yet was at the weights. Fred stopped Thil in 10 rounds. Should have gotten title but didn't. Then stopped Tony Celli in two.

In return bout with Steele, knocked Fred out in overweight match. Couldn't get shot at title. Won New York's recognition by defeating Glen Lee twice, then Young Corbett III. Knocked out Corbett in eighth. In overweight bouts has twice been beaten by Billy Conn of Pittsburgh in sensational battles. Most thrilling bouts were with Lee. Recently knocked out George Nichols in two rounds.



# Nat FLEISCHER says:

## *Lewis, Banned by England, Should Retire*
## *Wrestling Mess Affects Boxing on the Coast*
## *Farr Looms As Challenger For Louis's Crown*

THE action of the British Board of Boxing Control in banning John Henry Lewis from fighting in England, was not unexpected in this country. Its decision, following on the heels of that of the Michigan Board of Boxing Control which like that of its brothers over seas, has found John Henry hopelessly blind in one and considerably so in the other, proves that not all boxing boards are willing to shut their eyes in order to permit mercenary promoters and managers to milk the public and jeopardize the life of a fighter.

Out in Detroit, the Commission, despite strenuous objections on the part of those who tried to stage the fight, insisted that John Henry Lewis was through as a fighter and must retire, so far as Michigan State was concerned. Dr. Donovan, a reputable eye surgeon in Detroit, in a public statement, declared that Lewis could not see an object eighteen inches from his body and therefore was an unfit opponent for any fighter.

After reading the statement of the British Board of Boxing Control and that of its official medical examiners, who found that Lewis could not even detect the large headlines in a newspaper, I wonder how the New York State Commission passed Lewis for his world heavyweight championship fight with Joe Louis? What pressure, if any, was made upon the Commission and its doctors who passed John Henry's eyesight as perfect only to have the true state of affairs leak out in Detroit three weeks later! I wonder!

* * *

IT seems to me that an investigation is in order and that the New York Boxing Commission owes it to itself and those who pay their money to see fights in the Empire State why the poor eyesight was not found when John Henry was examined here. Did the promoter perchance have anything to do with having John Henry passed? Did Joe Louis' managers, Messrs. Black and Roxborough have a finger in the pudding? Was the New York State Commission appraised of John Henry's ailment and didn't act because it wanted the championship fight staged in New York?

These are interesting queries that should be answered by the Commission to its satisfaction and that of the public that paid more than $100,000 to see a fight and saw instead, a helpless creature, if we are to judge by the reports of the medical profession since then, battered into submission without even tossing a blow of any consequence at the title-holder.

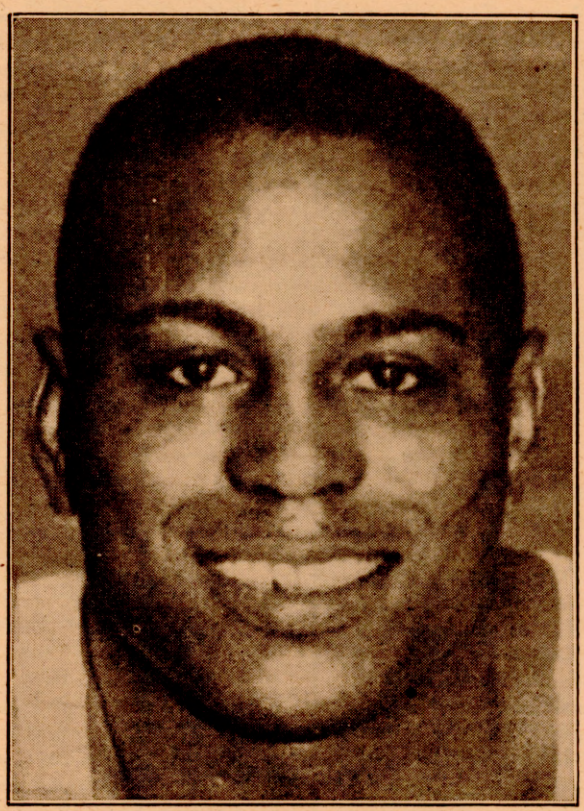
John Henry Lewis owes a vote of thanks to the Michigan State Boxing Commission for preventing further injury to his already poor eyes and saving him from possible blindness for the rest of his life.

He owes a vote of thanks to the British Board of Boxing Control, which, although it could have made certain that the world light heavyweight or cruiserweight title would get to England via the fists and cleverness, of Len Harvey, proved to the world that British Sportsmanship is far beyond world championships and financial gain, by turning thumbs down on a man who was eager to pick up some extra change in return for taking a chance with his eyes after he had been warned by eye specialists that such action might injure the optic nerve beyond repair.

And the boxing fans owe a vote of thanks to two commissions that have protected them against possible fraud, for such it is when a helpless individual is permitted to show his wares against a clever, good fighter.

* * *

NEW YORK must be far behind the times, something I refuse to believe, or else its commission must be extremely lax in its supervision, if cases such as that of John Henry Lewis are permitted to pass muster. What the Michigan Board and the British Board of Boxing Control located in just an ordinary eye examination such as is given to every licensed fighter, should have been discovered by the New York Commission or its medical advisors. We often wonder why so many poor lads who follow boxing as a profession, go blind and are forced, as was the Jamaica Kid and are many others, to stand night after night in front of fight clubs begging for alms.



*John Henry Lewis who has been banned from fighting in England because of his poor eyesight.*

* * *

*"I AM blind. I did my best when I was a fighter. Won't you please remember me and help me now by tossing a few coins in my hat?"*

That was painted on a sign I recently saw a boxer carry who only six years ago was among the leading boys of our country!

Why should that be necessary? Boxing Commissions have many medical advisors. They are paid well. The commissions are well paid in most states. They should see to it that promoters and managers have no hand in forcing an issue when blindness is at stake.

Only a few weeks ago I saw a report of the California State Boxing Commission in which its physicians placed the ban on four fighters who they declared were partially blind, yet a few days later, one of those named was fighting in the East. The California Board banned Art Lasky, Pablo Dano, Billie Barnes, and Perfecto Lopez and the report further stated that several

others will have their licenses revoked because of blindness in one eye.

This report was issued on December 26, yet on January 10, in New Haven, Lasky fought Nathan Mann and was knocked out in the third round.

If California saw fit to ask Lasky to retire, I wonder why the Connecticut State Boxing Commission didn't follow suit!

On December 26, the California State Commission issued its edict against Dano, yet Dano, who according to the report is blind in one eye, has fought four times since then. On January 23, he lost in ten rounds to Henry Hook in Toronto, in February he beat Lou Laurie in ten in Cleveland; on March 1, he again beat Laurie in Cleveland in eight and on May 1 he knocked out Midge Mangine in Cleveland in one round.

How come that the Cleveland Commission's doctors found Dano's eyesight sufficiently good to have him passed physically, yet California, where he fought most of his battles, finds him blind in one eye and unfit for duty in that state!

If John Henry Lewis retires, as he should and he takes the heeding of the medical profession seriously, then the title of world champion belongs to Melio Bettina who successfully won his way to the New York State championship in an elimination tournament in which the three American leaders, Al Gainer, Tiger Fox and he were listed. As Lewis already had beaten Len Harvey, there is no reason, why, as some of my British friends insist, Harvey must first be considered before a new crown wearer is named. Bettina's knockout of Fox earned him top rights. I am for him if Lewis hangs up his gloves.

* * *

AT the end of June, Joe Louis will have defended his world heavyweight championship for the seventh time, and I dare venture here that it will be a successful defense. The more one sees of Tony Galento in his training camp, in vaudeville or in public exhibitions around the country, the more he wonders why Mike Jacobs and Joe Jacobs don't hide Tony as did Francois Descamps when he brought over Georges Carpentier to fight Jack Dempsey. Galento, both in vaudeville and in the exhibitions he has staged in the Mid-West, has been one of the biggest flops in recent boxing history and if he doesn't do any better against Louis, the fight should be the Bomber's easiest.

I discount the ballyhoo about Galento's famous punch. True he has a wallop but landing it on Joe is a horse of another color. Galento is as wide open as a swinging gate, puffs like an old war horse, and can't stand the strain of a few rounds of boxing.

In San Francisco and in Reno, Nevada, the fight fans were disgusted with Tony's mediocre performance and if Mike Jacobs wants to realize the gate he thinks this fight with Louis will draw, $750,000, he had better see to it that the fight fans don't get an opportunity to watch Galento in action until the day of the fight.

The contest in my opinion, will draw half a million, but only because they will come out to see Tony flattened in quick order, something Joe Louis has promised he will do. As for Tony being good competition for the champion, no one who knows his boxing will even attempt to fool the public on that score, but if we examine the entire field of prospective challengers, who among them is a fit opponent for the Bomber? Considering the mediocre field of heavyweights, Galento will serve the purpose as well as the next fellow. At least he will do as good as did Jack Roper or John Henry Lewis.

* * *

THE streams of ballyhoo that are now flooding the country will turn the trick as they did when Jack Curley and Francois Descamps hid Georges Carpentier in Manhasset Bay and informed the scribes that the reason for keeping him from public gaze, was because Georges was developing a new punch for the Dempsey fight. Ballyhoo goes a long way in the fight game. In fact, without it, the sport would die a horrible death.

President Harding at a sportsmen's dinner once said: "Boxing is a great sport. I like it and follow it. It is a sport that lives through the medium of ballyhoo. The American public doesn't mind being taken. In fact it enjoys being taken, provided it is done in an entertaining manner." Tex Rickard, who was sitting near me at the affair, turned and said:

"Them's true words. The President knows his onions."

P. T. Barnum of circus fame, in speaking of his business, coined the famous adage, "There's a sucker born every minute." He referred to the throngs that packed his arena every time the circus came to town. He knew the value of ballyhoo and so did Tex Rickard. The firm of Rickard and Jack Kearns was the greatest ballyhoo team in the history of sports and Mike Jacobs has inherited much of that and now uses it to good advantage as the successor of Old Tedge.

All that is necessary to put an ordinary fellow, an act or a business across with a bang, is a silver-tongued orator or a publicity expert who can arouse the imagination of the public. That's why the Galento-Louis fight, despite the fact that those who follow boxing are fully cognizant of the fact that Louis will belt the beer-guzzling champion out of the picture in a jiffy, will be a huge financial success.

Unlike previous fighters who had to be sold to the public, the public in this case, demands that it be given the right to see Tony flounder across the ring. Here is a fighter who became a challenger for a world crown through the imagination of a photographer, who seeking to get something different, had Tony pose in his saloon standing on a beer keg, gulping down beer from a bottle. It seems to me that if Joe Jacobs and Tony Galento did the proper thing, they would split their fee in the Louis battle with that enterprising, thoughtful photographer who with one camera click, placed Galento into the big dough.

There will be thousands of persons flocking to that fight, and willing to pay $25 tops to see the little action promised them. They will even fight for an opportunity to pay the additional speculator's fee in order to get a close up of the knockout of the man who is referred to as the throwback to John L. Sullivan.

Throwback? Yes, but only in his assimilation of the brown amber.

I'll be seeing you folks at the Yankee Stadium on June 28, and we'll all have a good time. Won't I be hiding my face should Galento flatten Jolting Joe!

* * *

THE legislative investigation into the affairs of the California Boxing Commission, and the business deals of Lou Daro, wrestling impresario, has brought to light several interesting points. Among them wholesale charges of graft among the newspaper men and the charge that mat matches in Los Angeles as well as in other parts of California, have been fixed.

Why an investigation to bring out the latter? Everyone who follows the sport, in the United States knows that wrestling matches in which big shots are involved, are pre-arranged, as regards winner and loser. Jack Pfeffer and the late Jack Curley, in the Federal courts a few years ago, admitted that much when Dick Shikat sued Curley, Toots Mondt and their colleagues in anti-trust proceedings.

No one who follows present day wrestling, and is a close student of the sport, is fooled by the promoters who bill Jim Londos six days a week in so-called championship matches. The Greek Adonis furnishes good entertainment as do other top-notchers, but to say that a title is being defended, is to belittle the intelligence of the patrons. The same holds true with the star wrestlers who are billed by Lou Daro, in California. Wrestling in America today is simply a vaudeville entertainment in which some burlesque is added and it doesn't require the probe of a legislative body to make that known to the public.

Unfortunately, the probe into wrestling has brought on also an investigation of boxing and the legislators, in their eagerness to bring about a shift in the commission, have attacked the board for sanctioning the recent Roper-Louis fight. In their attempt to discredit the commission for permitting the fight to be held in California, the law makers have accused the members of foisting on the public a contest between an old man and the greatest heavyweight of recent years.

Such an attack is unwarranted. Roper proved as good an opponent as any that might be selected for the Brown Bomber

other than Farr, Baer, Nova or Pastor. There isn't a first class heavyweight challenger in the field today.

As things turned out, despite the knockout of Roper in 2.20 of the first round, he put up as stiff an encounter during that short period as have any of Louis' last six opponents. In fact he did more than John Henry Lewis or Max Schmeling by taking a gamble. He sailed in and jarred Louis with the first punch.

California has enjoyed good boxing shows during the past five years and we hope that no act of the legislature will deprive the Coast fight fans of their sport.

* * *

THE RING EDITOR congratulates Dan Parker for his fearless attacks on those who have killed a splendid sport in this country. What we need in sports writing is a few more Dan Parkers, men who have the backbone to say what should be said. Unfortunately both in boxing and in wrestling, the sports suffer heavily through gigantic hokum in ballyhoo that should have no place in either sport.

During the past two years THE RING has stopped taking wrestling seriously, but because of the demand of its readers we carry news of the mat game, we have let them have biographical sketches of favorites and new talent and have eliminated the bulk of the news with the exception of deserving items. Wrestling is a great sport that can be made to pay if the promoters will cease their phoney matchmaking and so-called champions, Jim Londos included, will cease holding on to the "title" indefinitely by engaging in matches with the same opponents week after week.

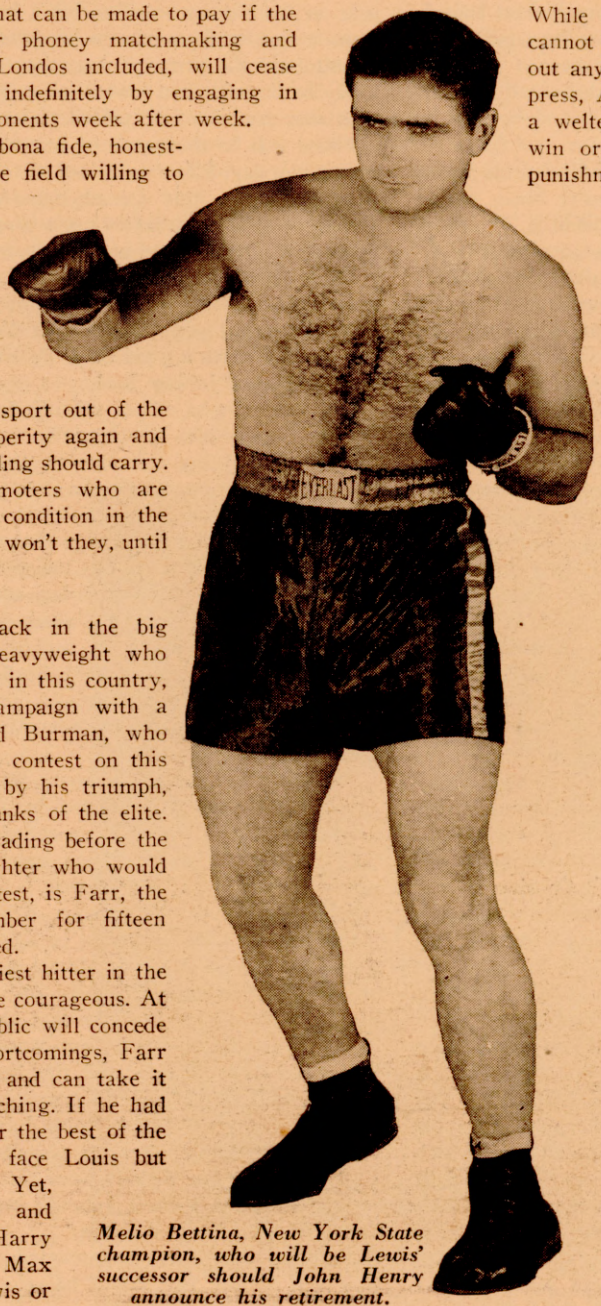
There are enough good, bona fide, honest-to-goodness wrestlers in the field willing to meet all comers—such as Jack Sherry, Earl McCready, Carl Pojello, Ernie Dusek, and John Pesek among others who if given the chance to compete against Londos, the world title-holder, in a legitimate bout, would soon bring the sport out of the mire into a period of prosperity again and revive the interest that wrestling should carry.

I wonder when the promoters who are responsible for the terrible condition in the mat game, will wake up! Or won't they, until it is too late?

* * *

TOMMY FARR is back in the big money. The British heavyweight who dropped five bouts in a row in this country, opened his new British campaign with a clear cut victory over Red Burman, who had beat him in a previous contest on this side of the Big Pond, and by his triumph, Tommy has rejoined the ranks of the elite. Of all the heavyweights parading before the public, I believe that the fighter who would give Joe Louis his best contest, is Farr, the man who fought the Bomber for fifteen rounds without being floored.

Farr may not be the heaviest hitter in the game but they come no more courageous. At least the American fight public will concede that regardless of other shortcomings, Farr is a fighter who is fearless and can take it when necessary without flinching. If he had a wallop, he would be by far the best of the present day challengers to face Louis but unfortunately he lacks that. Yet, he gave Joe a far better and greater tussle than did Harry Thomas, Nathan Mann, Max Schmeling, John Henry Lewis or Jack Roper, and if he can show the way with at least one more victory over a good fighter, he will have earned a return engagement with the champion.




*Melio Bettina, New York State champion, who will be Lewis' successor should John Henry announce his retirement.*

In his bout with Burman, Farr gained a good margin. There was no doubt regarding the victor. Farr is popular in America and a return bout with Louis would at least gross three times as much as did the Bomber's battles with Roper or John Henry Lewis.

* * *

LOU AMBERS and Sammy Angott continue to lead the way as challengers for Henry Armstrong's lightweight title, with the former world champion having first call on the title shot. Herkimer Lou's recent knockout of Honey Mellody, New England lightweight king, in the fourth round of a ten round contest, is an indication of what might be expected when Ambers and Armstrong clash for the title on August 9.

Henry will have to be at his best to take the measure of the man from whom he won the lightweight crown. Ambers is hitting harder than he did when he last faced Homicide Hank and in his recent performances he has displayed far superior form to that on view in any of his fights when he was the title holder.

Ambers has his heart set on regaining the lightweight crown and there are many experts who figure he'll succeed. While Armstrong has been winning consistently, it cannot be said that his victories have been gained without any damage being suffered by him. As we go to press, Armstrong is about to face Ernie Roderick in a welterweight championship bout in England, and win or lose, Henry is certain to take considerable punishment. The same cannot be said of Ambers, who, through his cleverness, has avoided severe beatings such as Armstrong has suffered at the hands of his opponents.

The reason for this is that Henry lacks cleverness and is of the aggressive school that keeps coming in all the time, taking wallops in order to land them. Eventually this is bound to take the starch out of a fighter. That's why Ambers will have considerable backing in a return engagement with Armstrong.

* * *

THAT Billy Conn, the Pittsburgh Flash, continues to lead the way as the outstanding boxer of the day was again evident when he clashed with Solly Krieger in their rubber engagement in Madison Square Garden. Conn came through with an easy triumph. The masterly performance of the Pittsburgher was such as to arouse the old-timers to reminiscing, with Jim Corbett, Benny Leonard, Joe Gans, Gene Tunney, Jimmy Slattery and Tommy Loughran at their best, brought back from the past. My score card showed Conn the winner in ten of the twelve rounds with only one, the eleventh, in favor of Krieger. The second was about even.

I was quite amused at leaving the Garden Arena to listen to those who assailed the bout as being most uninteresting. To me such a complaint is sacrilegious. I wonder whether the scribes who wrote about "the uninteresting mill" and the fans who were "so thoroughly displeased," ever think of a fight in other than terms of slaughter. It requires considerable skill and true science for one to be able to ward off an avalanche of punches such as Billy Conn did in his third engagement with Krieger. He picked the blows out of the air as did Jim Corbett and Benny Leonard in their heyday.

# Archibald Champion

## *Pawtucket Boxer Clinches World Featherweight Crown and The Ring Belt By Defeating Leo Rodak at Providence*

### *By* THE RING EDITOR

JOEY ARCHIBALD'S victory over Leo Rodak in their fifteen-round battle at Providence, Rhode Island, the day following Joe Louis' knockout of Jack Roper in Los Angeles, leaves only one class in pugilism in which the international crown continues to remain in dispute—the middleweight division. His triumph over Rodak—a victory which the home towners couldn't see, but in which every visiting scribe, five from New York and three from Boston, concurred—gave to Archibald the undisputed right to the featherweight crown. Prior to that battle, Rodak received the support of the National Boxing Association and Archibald that of New York.

The contest was a close one, with only a margin of a round separating the pair at the finish, but even had the rounds or points been even, I would have awarded the crown to Archibald on the basis of aggressiveness. Joey carried the fight to his opponent in all but two rounds, rolled up a great point score, and his margin of victory was far greater than that of his rival.

The squawk let out by Nate Lewis, manager of Rodak, and other of Leo's supporters was uncalled for. The Chicagoan was clearly outpointed and lost the fight, not on a home town decision, but because of his lack of aggressiveness and the lackadaisical manner in which he fought. Had he opened up as he did in the fourteenth round, in which he not only carried the battle to his rival but gained a big margin, he would have won the title, but one spurt doesn't win a battle.

* * *

THE affair was just an ordinary scrap for about half the contest. Then Archibald cut loose and never was headed. Neither of the fighters was floored, though each was jarred several times.

The fight was far from being a satisfactory one so far as championship bouts are concerned, but, though the affair lacked thrilling moments such as were expected, it was not a dull contest by any means. With the exception of the first four rounds, in which the lads were wary, there was plenty of activity in each of the other sessions, particularly the fourteenth and fifteenth, the liveliest of the mill. The fans then were treated to the kind of fighting they had expected, because a title was at stake.

In those sessions both Archibald and his opponent cut loose with everything they had, but neither carried enough T.N.T. to down the other. Body punching was the order of the day in the final rounds, one of which, the fourteenth, was garnered by Rodak and the last, the one which, in my opinion, settled the crown on the head of Archibald, went to the Providence lad.

It was a fast canto, with the boys going at each other like two wildcats, each realizing what a victory in that round meant. Even though the sting had gone from Archibald's fists, he carried the fighting to his rival throughout the session, landed the more effective blows and carried the round by a safe margin. With it went the world featherweight title.

Rodak showed a good left hook throughout the fight, but unfortunately, it didn't land often enough to enable him to do the damage he could have inflicted. He missed frequently, as did Archibald. It wasn't until more than half the battle was over that Rodak got going at his best. *(Continued on page* 43)

*Joey Archibald receiving* THE RING *world featherweight championship belt from Nat Fleischer. On left is his handler, Charley Goldman.*

# Two Centuries of Boxing

By GEORGE T. PARDY

THIS is the 220th anniversary of the great game of hit-stop-and-get-away, otherwise known as boxing. That is, boxing as we know it today, developed from its rise in England, with James Figg, the first of ring champions, as its father. You can dig back further in history and find fist-fighting taking place in the Roman arenas, with the iron cestus around the gladiators' hands, but the real birth of genuine boxing as a sport must be listed as a James Figg product.

It is curious to note that in Figg's time the naked fist was considered the gentlest of weapons. Backswords and cudgels were the more fashionable. In fact, when Figg won the title of Champion of England in 1719 by defeating Sutton, the Gravesend Pipemaker, the rivals started with swords, and wound up the affair with cudgels, when Sutton was rendered helpless by a stiff rap across the shins. There was no "below the belt foul" in those early days.

However, Figg having opened an academy for the teaching of "boxing" to the nobility of England, cut the cudgel and sword stuff out of his schedule, and gradually brought into being the type of fighter who relied on his fists alone to win distinction. Figg reigned supreme in his chosen vocation until 1730, dying four years later.

Jack Broughton was recognized as Figg's legitimate successor, and may be said to deserve recognition as the autocrat of the ring who formulated the first set of boxing rules and the inventor of the first set of boxing gloves to be used in gymnasium practice.

Broughton's rules toned down the brutality of the boxing game. It was from his regulations that the London Prize Ring Rules, known as "The Code", developed. These latter called for bare knuckle fighting, and permitted wrestling, throwing to the ground, and similar strenuous ways of hurting an opponent.

* * *

UNDER the London Rules, a round ended when one fighter fell, or was knocked down or thrown to the ground. Only thirty seconds elapsed between rounds. All championship battles were on the turf, with stakes driven into the earth to form the ring, and each contest went to a finish.

Generally speaking, the London Prize Ring rules underwent very little change, if any, up to the time when the bare knuckles went out, and the padded gloves and Marquis of Queensberry methods took their place. Here and there the ring arbiters ruled out a few rough tactics, such as gouging. and seizing an opponent by the hair. But on the whole Broughton's decrees held good.

The latter's death was a great loss to boxing as then practiced. It was Broughton who first introduced blocking and ducking. Before his reign, it seems as though the scrappers did little but hammer away pell-mell. Toe-to-toe, until one or the other was beaten into submission. Also, Broughton was certainly the first fighter to recognize the important effects of body punching.

Long after Broughton had been food for the worms, Bob Fitzsimmons kayoed Jim Corbett with what was widely heralded as the "solar plexus" punch. Yet this was really nothing more than a punch administered in the wind region, and was a particularly pet wallop with Broughton, so much so that it came to be known among the "fancy" as "Broughton's Mark!"

* * *

TO one of Broughton's sat pupils, Hunt, goes the honor of making known and popular the first features of skilled footwork. Hunt was a little fellow and was compelled to use tricky methods when facing bigger men. He discovered that he could best avoid headlong smashes and hurricane attacks by stepping backward and sideways, and thus gained a host of imitators who copied his style.

For all that, the sluggers were the men most favored by the British sports, and it was when Daniel Mendoza, the first Jewish champion of the world came into view with his fine science, that the crude slugger passed into the discard. Mendoza was born in 1763.

He was the sixteenth heavyweight champion of England. He was a brainy chap who made a study of the game, originated new blows, new foot movements, perfected a crafty defense and offense, and later taught it to pupils, who in turn taught it to others. He held on to the title until April, 1795, when he was defeated by John, better known as "Gentleman" Jackson.

Young Jackson won his victory in a startling rough manner. Mendoza had the better of the going, until suddenly Jackson seized him by the hair, which Mendoza wore unusually long, pulled his head down and pummelled him so severely with the free hand, that the champion was beaten after ten and one half minutes of milling.

This was certainly foul work, but they were not very particular about fouls in those strenuous times, and Jackson was declared champion.

* * *

HOWEVER, the game improved as time went on. There was no repetition of the hair-pulling incident which deprived Mendoza of his title. There followed the advent of men like Jem Belcher, Tom Spring, Jem Ward, Dutch Sam, Jack Randall and others who contributed to the development of boxing as along scientific lines, and by degrees the toe-to-toe sluggers gradually faded into oblivion.

Probably the most scientific exponent of the art, was the last of the English bare-knuckle champions, Jem Mace, who also did much toward making popular the use of the gloves as a substitute for the "raw 'uns." Mace was a happy combination of the boxer and stiff puncher. He stood erect when in action, used an accurate left jab, and his footwork was excellent.

Mace traveled a good deal and it was he, who during his Australian tours, taught the boxers of the Antipodes the finer points of the game. Looking back, it is easy to trace the Jem Mace style in the work of such fighters as Larry Foley, Peter Jackson, Bob Fitzsimmons, Young Griffo, Jem Hall, and other first-class performers with the gloves.

*Daniel Mendoza, first Jewish heavyweight champion, who introduced science into boxing.*

# *Sport Celebrates Its 220th Anniversary—Commission Rule the Greatest Improvement—Code Undergoes Big Change*

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, although chiefly famed for his slugging abilities, still to a certain extent followed the Mace tradition, in that he stood erect and used his head to good advantage in ducking an opponent's blows.

It remained, however, for an American, in the person of James J. Corbett, to bring to the front a heavyweight boxer who revolutionized ring methods by virtue of a polished degree of science, fast footwork, and intelligent generalship. Corbett, more than any other boxer of his generation, had perfected the left hook to an extent that completely puzzled all his antagonists. It was this blow, even more than the Corbett left jab, that had Sullivan all at sea in their famous battle for the world's championship at New Orleans on September 7, 1892, when John L. was battered into submission in twenty-one rounds.

Sullivan simply couldn't gauge that stinging left hook, or get away from it, and while dissipation in the past and lack of condition were the principal causes of John's downfall, that terribly accurate left hook as delivered by "Gentleman Jim," was a sinister contributing factor to the outcome.

* * *

THE real scientific era of the gloves may be said to have come into its own at that time. The boxer had taken the place of the rough-and-ready slugger, and with the passing of the years, no heavyweight fighter who rose to the world's throne got there by dint of merely savage hitting ability.

Fitzsimmons, who succeeded Corbett, was a terrific puncher, but although not a flashy scrapper, was undoubtedly a scientist of the first water. Jeffries, conqueror of Fitz, was tremendously strong, and a kayo puncher with either hand. Yet Jeffries, too, was no slouch of a boxer. And as regards Jack Johnson, the colored marvel who whipped Jeff so decisively, everybody acquainted with ring history, is aware that Jack was one of the greatest defensive scrappers who ever donned a glove, although he could, and did punch with terrific effect when occasion demanded.

However, despite the growth of scientific skill, the modern patron of the ring has his likes and dislikes, with the result that the dispute as to which is the better style of milling continues to rage as hotly today as in the times of the ancient gladiators. The majority of fight fans seem to show a decided preference for the heavy hitter.

* * *

IT is the recollection of battles in which the winner brought matters to a spectacular conclusion with a stunning wallop to the jaw that keeps alive the memories of the slugging wonders of the ring, such as John L. Sullivan, Fitzsimmons, Stanley Ketchel, Terry McGovern, and others of that type. It is the reason why Jack Dempsey is still today a fistic idol, even though he has passed out of active service between the ropes, whereas his conqueror, Gene Tunney, never attained to a tithe of the popularity won by the Manassa Mauler.

The large crowds that fill capacity houses whenever the present heavyweight champion, Joe Louis, defends his title, are lured to the ringside because the fans know that Joe packs dynamite in either hand, and is almost a cinch to rock the other fellow to sleep in short order.

*Jem Mace, great British boxer, who popularized the use of the gloves as a substitute for the "raw 'uns."*

Of course what adds to Louis' power as a drawing card is the fact that he is also a finished scientist. Such was the case with Joe Gans, the great colored lightweight champion, and Benny Leonard, New York former ace of the lightweights, who could punch as well as he could box.

* * *

THE merely clever ones have never earned the popularity accruing to the chap who could deliver a kayo wallop. There was Tommy Loughran, for instance. A cleverer heavyweight never answered the sound of the gong than Tommy. But it must be confessed that when Loughran was in action, a majority of the fans went to see him perform in the hope that some heavier-swatting antagonist might crash through the Philadelphian's artful defense and drop him for the full count.

That illustration goes all the way down the line right up to the present day. Tommy Farr, the British heavyweight champ, was liked by the fans because he was able to stand up under the tremendous bombardment administered to him by Joe Louis, without being put to sleep. He has been repeatedly beaten, but the boys respect him for his ability to "take it." Had he only possessed a real punch, he would probably have been a ring idol in this country.

Yet, with all the love of fight patrons for slugging seances, the tendency right along has been to eliminate brutality from boxing, and provide safeguards for pugilists from the dangers of a fatal ending.

* * *

CERTAIN blows once used freely in the ring, have been eliminated in the course of time, the original Queensberry rules having here and there undergone modifications looking toward the establishment of "safety first" methods.

On August 27, 1889, when the original "Nonpareil" Jack Dempsey reigned as middleweight champion, he fought George La Blanche, the Marine, at San Francisco. La Blanche was badly beaten up to the thirty-second round. Then, as the Marine reeled helplessly before Dempsey's outslaughts, he suddenly swung round on his heel and brought his right forearm, *(Continued on page 41)*

# FISTICUFF GLEANINGS

MANY of the fans who remember what a great lightweight Packey McFarland was, have doubtless wondered how it came about that he never won the title.

McFarland was a fighter who really had everything. At the start of his career he was knocking them all out. In 1906 he kayoed fourteen out of fifteen opponents and beat the other one. Then he discovered that a man who knocked out all his rivals became very unpopular in the professional game and found it difficult, if not impossible, to get any opponents.

From that moment he used his phenomenal cleverness to win by decisions. "I don't WANT to knock anybody out," he put it. "Why should I spoil some young kid's record when it does me just as much good to win on a decision?"

He was strong and could take punishment; he came from the stockyards district of Chicago and his head bore many scars from rock fights. When he saw a stone coming too fast to duck, he'd move his face out of the way and take the blow on top of the head.

He was not "tough" in person; he was extremely smart, well mannered, made many influential friends. Charles Schwab often had Packey as his guest. McFarland liked to be around with Schwab because he met so many smart people and learned so much. Packey put away a quarter of a million dollars—in days when purses were thin—married a charming and wealthy girl, and became a shrewd and successful businessman, running a brewery and other enterprises.

* * *

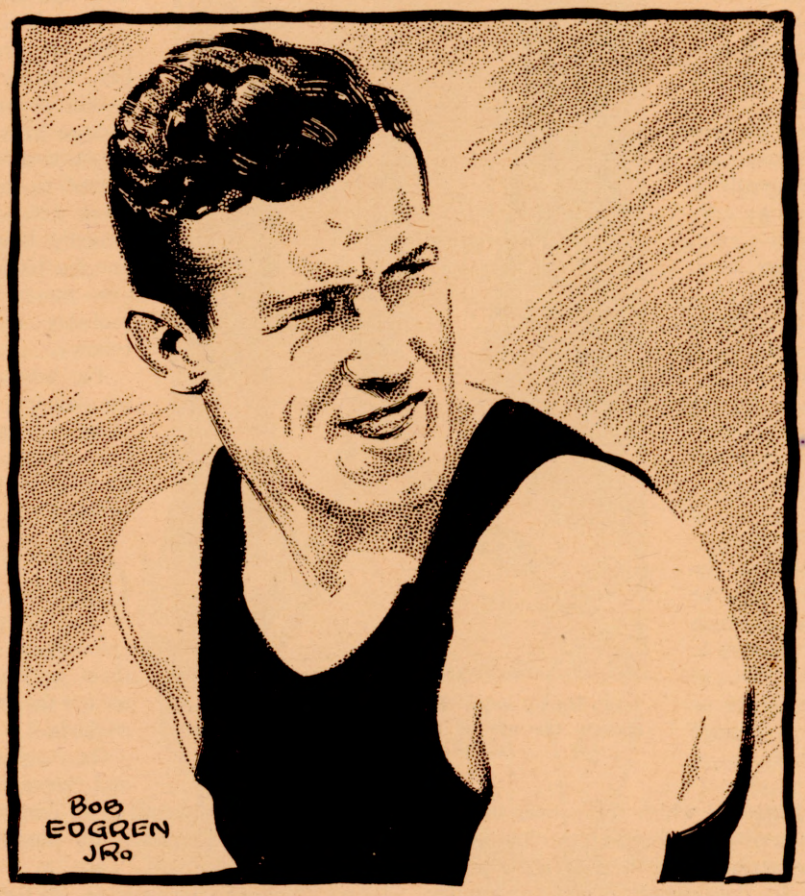
HE was very fast in the ring; far too clever even for the great Jack Britton, who was so baffled at being unable to touch Packey in a ten-round bout that the tears streamed hotly down his cheeks.

It's a very logical question why such a man never held the lightweight title. The champion, in Packey's time, was Bat Nelson. The two men never fought. Not many know the reason.

Here is the story from a man who held the timekeeper's watch on an exhibition bout between Nelson and McFarland:

During Nelson's travels in the Mid-West, the champion appeared one night at a theater not far from the stockyards district of Chicago, and was billed to meet a promising young scrapper who had built up a local reputation. This local favorite turned out to be McFarland, a fellow unknown outside of the city.

Mart Waterman, a sportsman from New York, who was visiting in the Windy City, dropped into Nelson's dressing room before the exhibition and was asked to hold the watch. The bout was to go three two-minute rounds.




*Packey McFarland, who was so clever he boxed himself out of a lightweight title.*

Mart took a seat up on the stage, the gong rang, and Nelson charged across the ring at McFarland. McFarland stepped to one side, cuffing the champion sharply. Nelson tore in again. That was his style of fighting; charge in and maul. But he couldn't maul Packey.

He couldn't touch him. Packey was around that ring like a spider—in and out, delivering sharp, stinging blows.

In the second round, Nelson was furious. He ripped into McFarland—or into the territory where he had last seen the Irish lad.

Again the comedy began. McFarland slapped, cuffed and punched the champion at will. Of course, Nelson was not in his best shape, and his furious efforts tired him. But it was plain he couldn't hit Packey.

In the third and last round, Nelson was trying as hard as he could to redeem himself; but Packey was too fast. Every move Bat made, McFarland made a quicker one. Nelson, always indifferent to punishment, was plunging in, taking punches, swinging desperately but not landing.

* * *

WATERMAN got so interested in the last round, seeing this unheard of Chicago kid give the champion a trimming, that he wouldn't call "Time!" He let the two-minute round go three minutes—then four—then five. Every once in a while Bat would turn around and yell: "What's the matter? Why don't you call time?" Waterman couldn't keep the bout going any longer.

"Time!" he shouted.

Instantly Nelson turned away from McFarland and started after the timekeeper, who showed a discreet pair of heels and disappeared into the audience.

Later on, when Waterman felt that Nelson had cooled off, he went back to the dressing room. There was loud talking going on. It was Nelson's voice, giving unmistakable instructions to his manager, Billy Nolan.

"You get that McFarland," said Bat. "Bring him in and sign him up RIGHT NOW. He's the cleverest guy I've ever seen, and I want him in the same stable, where I'll never have to fight him."

Nelson knew a good man when he saw one.

McFarland wouldn't sign. He wanted that title, and he knew he would never get a fight for it if he was under the same management as the champion. But shrewd as he was, he had outsmarted himself by being too clever in the exhibition bout.

If he had let Bat have the better of it he probably could have gotten a chance at the title later on. He had tried to make a good impression and made one that was altogether too good. It was a costly blunder.

*By* BOB EDGREN, JR.

COLLEGE boys, no matter how big and strong, haven't done much in the professional ring. That's not surprising. A fellow who was outstandingly big and powerful among college boys would be just another man among five hundred longshoremen. The college husky is in a group that makes him stand out.

This leads to some funny situations. George Theodoratus, the 235-pound Greek-American shot-putter from Washington State, who turned professional fighter and was quickly kayoed by an unknown ham-and-egger from the docks, is said to have been the only freshman at Washington State who didn't wear a green cap.

When George arrived on the campus, he was unaware of the local tradition that all freshies must wear green lids. While walking down the street he was confronted by a group of irate sophomores.

"You have to wear a green cap," they said.

"Like this," added one soph, pointing to the adornment on the head of a passing freshman.

"Think not," boomed Theodoratus. "I never did like green."

The sophomores in the front rank, having had an opportunity to cast an eye over the Greek's tremendous shoulders, reflected that if he did look nice in green, their own relatives would look very bad in funeral black.

So the group melted away like snow on a hot stone, leaving Theodoratus to be the lone Washington State freshman walking the grounds bareheaded.

* * *

WHEN a really tough guy goes to college, he cuts quite a figure. We recall a burly giant from the old time West who eked out a living fighting traveling pugs and wrestlers in the Montana mining districts. When he wasn't fighting for money, he was fighting for pleasure—he was that kind of a guy. Six feet two, two hundred and twenty pounds of muscle hardened by work in the mines and all kinds of roughing it, he decided that an engineering education was what he needed.

So he went to Stanford University, from which he was almost immediately bounced. Not because he wasn't smart, but because in an unguarded moment he used some picturesque Montana mines language in describing to the authorities what he thought of them and the way they did things.

After that, this young gentleman, whose name was Buck Wilbur, repaired to Yale for his higher education.

Mike Murphy, who before his death was to be the trainer at the New York Athletic Club and at the University of Pennsylvania, was then at Yale. He described Wilbur's progress in terms of awe.

"If we could have persuaded him not to slug," Mike said, "he would have been the greatest football player that ever turned up at New Haven. He was terrifically strong, fast, and loved to rough it. Of course, there was some slugging in the games from time to time, but with Wilbur, it was slug from start to finish, in front of the officials and coaches—in fact in front of everyone. He was on the scrubs. He was their best man. We tried to get him to give up punching the varsity players. He would promise but forget.

"One day we figured out a cure. We got our biggest, roughest varsity tackle and put him opposite Wilbur, with instructions to wallop him, and wallop him hard, on every play. This fellow could handle any opponent we had ever put him against and we thought that he would soon give Wilbur enough slugging to satisfy him."

*Fidel La Barba, who won an Olympic and world championship before he entered college.*

HERE Mike broke off.

"What happened?" asked a listener.

"Well, on the first play, our man hit Wilbur once and Wilbur hit him once, and our man was in the hospital for three weeks," he concluded.

Buck delighted in defying traditions laid down for freshmen and is reputed once to have knocked out nine of a gang of sophomores who came around to enforce discipline. The rest took to their heels.

At the end of the year, he returned to the west with a very affected English accent he pretended to have picked up at Yale, which no doubt was the source of a good many more fights. He became a professional football player, and justified many of the fine things that had been said about him. That was in a league which wasn't too particular about punching.

Now, among professional fighters, Wilbur was nothing more than a willing, strong roughneck; he never rose high in the ranks or claimed to. But he cut quite a swath in college.

* * *

FIDEL LA BARBA, who went to Stanford after winning the world's flyweight title, was a different type. But then, he weighed only 125 pounds and could not be as much of an athletic figure. Fidel was very smart as a student in Lincoln High School, Los Angeles, where he played on the 130-pound football team, in the backfield.

A mild-mannered youth, very quick in every movement, he boxed at the Los Angeles Athletic Club under George Blake. Jackie Fields—later welterweight champion—was there at the same time. Both boys went to Europe with the Olympic team and both brought home Olympic championships. This was queer because there was another lad under Blake's tutelage who showed more promise than either of them—little Joe Salas. He was just as clever and had a terrific punch.

However, the wheel of Fate held victory for Fidel and Jackie and illness and oblivion for Joe.

Fidel won his world's professional flyweight title a year after turning pro, from Frankie Genaro who also had been an Olympic amateur champion.

Fidel made enough money for a college career, gave himself an education, and is now a writer who has had some success with fight scenarios in Hollywood.

But in spite of the effect of higher learning on a fighter's later life, there's no question but what he is remembered for just one thing: how well could he FIGHT? It may take the fans seventy-five or a hundred years to put up a monument, but good fighters, like good artists, sometimes reach the peak of popularity after they are gone.

There's a monument at Kate's Hill, Dudley, Worcestershire, in England to William Perry, the "Tipton Slasher." Perry lived from 1820 to 1880. And the monument was erected by public subscription in 1925!

The interest of modern fans in old-time fighters caused the Sullivan-Kilrain fight to be enacted over again this summer—nearly fifty years later. At that, local enthusiasm reached great heights for that fight, back in 1889. Sullivan and one of his seconds tossed hats worth about a dollar and a quarter into the ring. The hats were grabbed by fans and retailed for $50.

The waterbuckets sold for $25 after the fight, the ringposts were broken to splinters and sold at $5 a sliver; the ground itself was dug up and sold in parcels. Major Hughes got Sullivan's drinking can and refused an offer of $1000 for it. Modern promoters are overlooking a great moneymaking scheme.

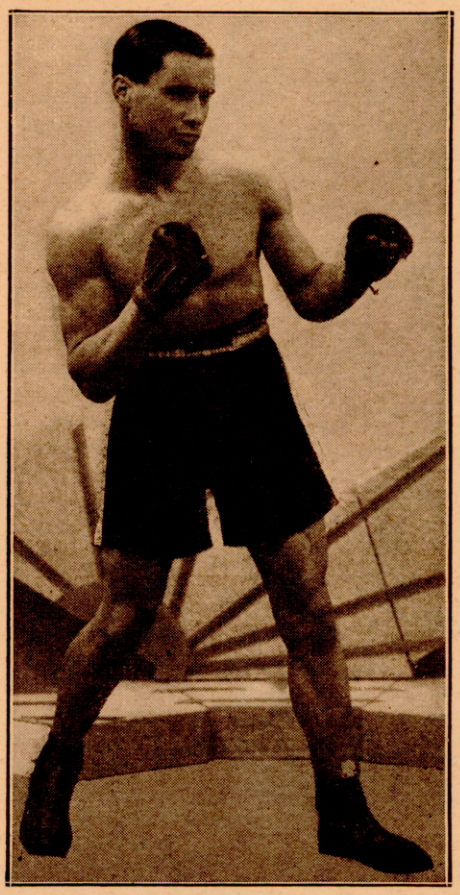
# BRITISH BOXING

*By* GEORGE FARMER

FOR many years British heavyweights suffered a lot of ridicule, due primarily to the fact that they couldn't take it. They were dubbed "horizontal" heavyweights, and as a result they had a tough time getting lucrative bouts in America. Such, however, no longer is the case. With the rise of Tommy Farr to a high position among world heavyweights, a change for the better took place and today, the British heavies are given a rating with the best of the men of other nations.

The recent victory of Farr over Red Burman, to whom he had previously lost in Madison Square Garden, has aided the cause of the boys from England. It has placed Tommy back in the running and at this writing he has thrust himself into a position in the world rating where he again commands attention as a championship challenger.

Farr is not the only heavyweight in England who has gained public attention. There are at least half a dozen who are coming along well and should rate high before the year is over. The heavyweight situation the world over is none too good right now, the field, with very few exceptions, being a mediocre one, hence British boys have as good a chance to make the grade as any.



*Johnny Cunningham, a lightweight with a sock.*

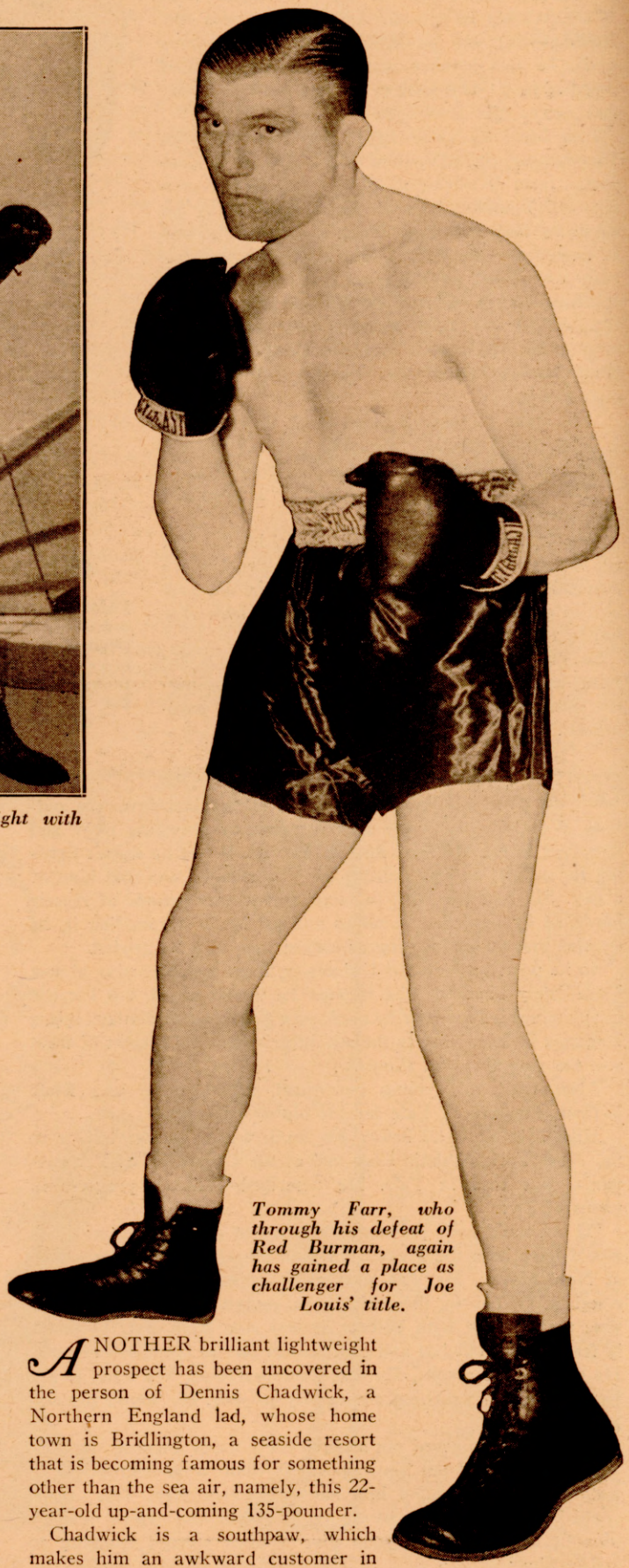
* * *

CAMPAIGNING in England at this writing is another heavyweight possessing the same do or die spirit as the walloping Welshman, a corking South African battler by the name of James J. Britt, a fighting name famed in American ring history. Britt has been going great guns in the British Isles. He has earned a name for himself as a willing, two-fisted fighter, with the courage and stamina of three men.

He has been in England for a considerable time now and has fought many stirring contests. He has achieved a reputation second to none for giving the crowd thrilling and furious shows. Britt can both give the wallops and take them. He fights with the spirit of a wounded tiger as long as he is on his feet. Jimmy has come back to win lots of bouts when the customers have thought him to be on the way to the cleaners.

His only fault is a too open attack, but he is young enough to remedy that and improve his defense. He is a fine prospect and a boy to watch in the future.

Some of his best fights have been against Johnny Carr, Tommy Brown, Bill Wainwright, Alf Luxton, Tiny Wodhouse, Joe Quigley, Jack Smith, a two-time loser, and George Markwick, to whom he has won and lost. If ambition alone counted, Jimmy would be up with the leaders now. He is enthusiastic about his career and hopes to make good.



*Tommy Farr, who through his defeat of Red Burman, again has gained a place as challenger for Joe Louis' title.*

ANOTHER brilliant lightweight prospect has been uncovered in the person of Dennis Chadwick, a Northern England lad, whose home town is Bridlington, a seaside resort that is becoming famous for something other than the sea air, namely, this 22-year-old up-and-coming 135-pounder.

Chadwick is a southpaw, which makes him an awkward customer in any man's ring, and allied to this, he

has a crowd pleasing, all action style together with a punch that is dynamite to his opponents.

He is a natural lightweight, scaling two pounds under the limit. He never has any weight troubles and consequently is always well and strong when taking the arena.

Dennis is making trouble for the best of the North English lads at his poundage and at his present rate of progress is rapidly forging toward the lightweight title.

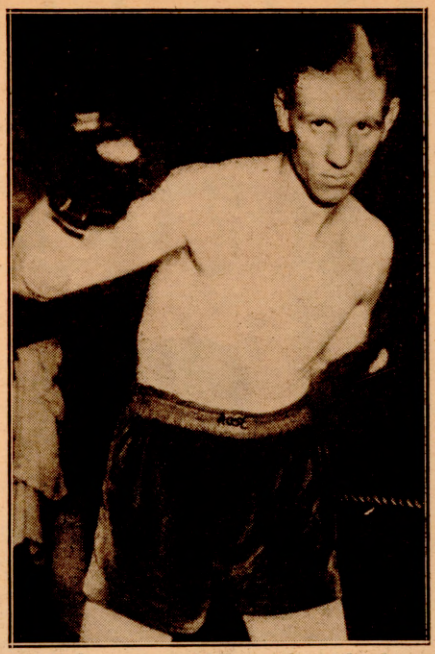
He has fought a narrow losing points verdict contest to Jack Carrick, Northern Area kingpin and has also drawn with him. Claims are now being pressed for a battle with the crown at stake and the supporters of the Bridlington lad are sanguine about the outcome.

His manager thinks that the leading contenders are side-stepping his lad. No doubt his buzzsaw style has made prospective opponents a trifle wary at crossing gloves with this smashing fighter.

Chadwick has beaten 15 of his last 16 rivals, among them the Nottingham lightweight, George Marsden, who kissed the canvas in nine heats. Marsden, who knows the game from A to Z, is no man's mug. He has fought the best in England from flyweights to lightweights and anyone who lays the sleeping wallop across him has to be very clever to manage it.

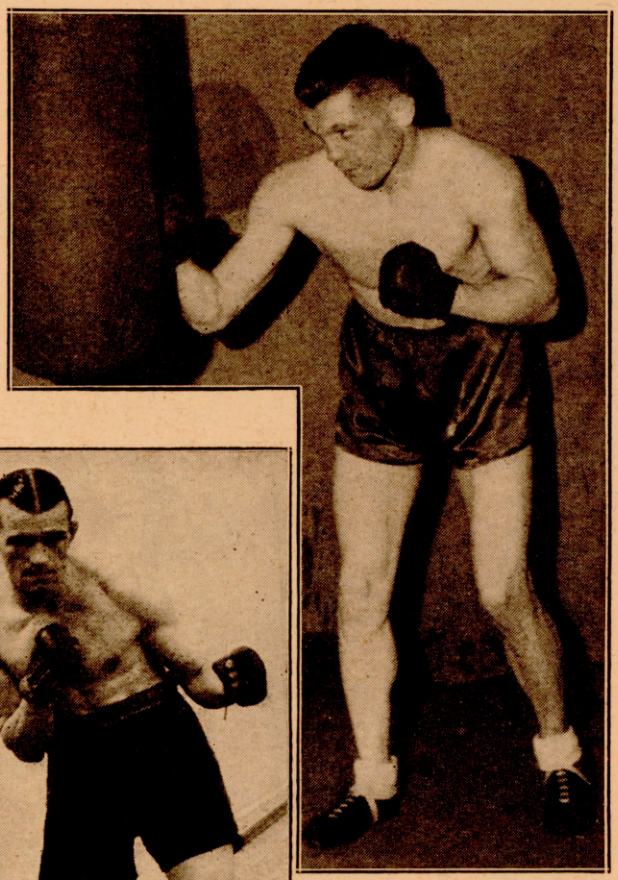
Among the many others who Chadwick has beaten are: Danny McCormick, Johnny Durkin, Billy Armstrong, Chick Duggan, Jack Maudsley, Don McAllister, Vinnie Elliot, Eddie Jones, Jack Dunn, Martin Shinnicks and many other well known figures in North of England rings.

Dennis only wants the breaks and opponents of the right caliber to be knocking furiously on the championship door. Watch out for the name of Chadwick in British lightweight circles, you American fans.

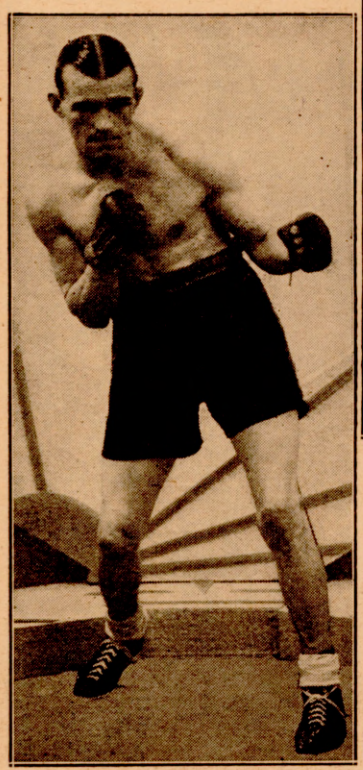


*Joe Kelt, young middleweight with plenty of ability.*

*Tom Smith, Sunderland featherweight, who looms as a fine scrapper.*



*Dennis Chadwick, brilliant lightweight prospect.*



*Mick Carney, young Newcastle Irishman, a good lightweight.*

* * *

JIM KELLY, nicknamed the Spider, holds the proud distinction of being the first native Irishman to win a British title, a feat that he achieved when beating on points Benny Caplan, St. Georges, London, featherweight, who once held Freddie Miller, when world's champion, to a draw.

Kelly, who is the 126-pound British kingpin, is twenty-six years old and like many other English fighters, served his apprenticeship to the game in the boxing booths that tour around the countryside. He claims to have taken part in over five hundred ring battles. He is a clever, two-fisted fighter with a bobbing and weaving style that has earned for him the nom-de-guerre of "Spider."

It was only after a dogged pursuit of fame and fortune in the squared circle that Kelly got his chance for the title and knowing that opportunity knocks but once, the Irish lad took his chance with both fists and scored a hard fought victory over his leading rival, the London Hebrew, Benny Caplan, who though licked, was far from disgraced. He made the wily Kelly fight every inch of the way.

Jim is a Catholic and a family man. He is the proud father of several children. He has been swapping punches since his early 'teens, and in consequence, is well versed in ring lore.

Many well-known names have found a place in the credit side of Kelly's record. A few of them are: Benny Sharkey, Nel Tarlton, former holder of the British featherweight title; George Williams, ex-champion of Wales; Johnny McGrory, another former featherweight kingpin; Dan McAllister and many other stars of British fistiana.

Kelly is a typical Irishman when it comes to fighting. He can dish it out and can take it. He is the type of scrapper who will cause the best in the world plenty of trouble.

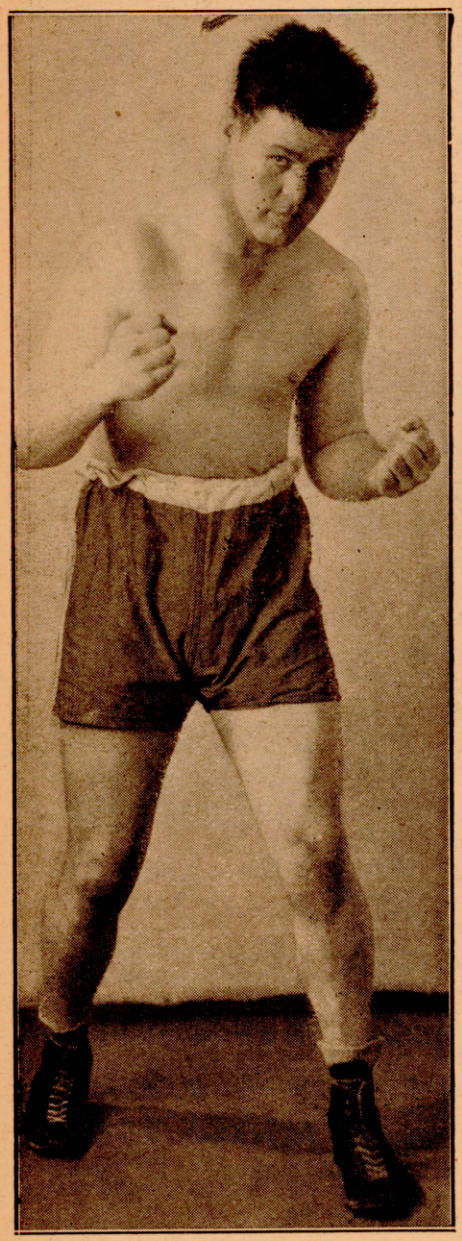
* * *

AMONG the younger boxers is a promising middleweight named Joe Kelt, who shows plenty of natural ability and bids fair to make a name for *(Continued on page 43)*

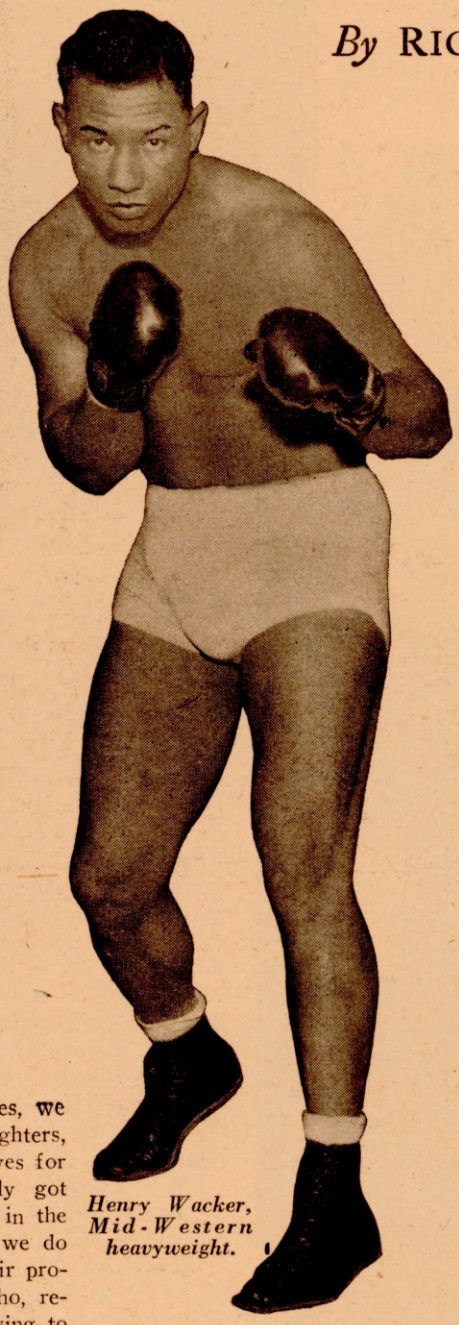
# MAKING THE GRADE

*The Ring Presents to Its Readers Short Biographical Sketches of Boys Who Are Figuring in the Fistic News—Some Are Novices, Others, Veterans*

*By* RIGHT CROSS



*Ralph Gwartney, the Mosco, Colo., mauler.*



*Henry Wacker, Mid-Western heavyweight.*

IN this and the two succeeding pages, we present another batch of young fighters, some of whom have been tossing gloves for several years and others who only got started, but all of whom are now figuring in the news from their locality. In this feature, we do not list only those who have just begun their professional boxing career, but rather lads who, regardless of the time they have spent in trying to get themselves into the fistic spotlight, have worked themselves to the point where the public has finally become interested in their work. With this as an introduction, let's go:

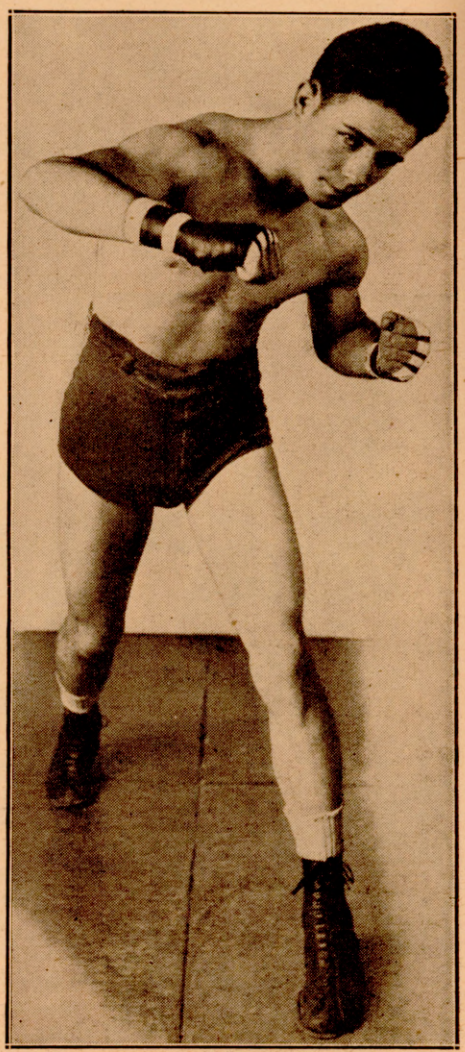
* * *

TAYLORVILLE, ILLINOIS, is proud of its latest fistic sensation, Henry Wacker, who, in ten pro starts, has scored eight knockouts. This Mid-Western heavyweight, who stands six feet one-half inch and scales 199 pounds, has been bowling over his opponents with such regularity that the fans are referring to him as the knockout artist. His toughest test recently resulted in the verdict going against him in ten rounds when he fought Tony Musto.

Wacker carries a terrific wallop. His latest victims were Pal Silvers, whom he stopped in five rounds, and Joe Vandever, who went out in one. Vandever, who scaled 205 pounds, was dropped four times by Henry's trigger right before being counted out by Referee Thomas in their Chicago mill. The Texan stepped in as a last-minute substitute when George Sutka became ill, and Vandever proved no match for his opponent.

Wacker also has a knockout victory over Bob Tow, whom he stopped in six rounds. Henry is one of four good heavyweights now fighting in Illinois, the best one being his conqueror, Musto.

Musto, on the strength of his vic-



*Babe McCusker, Rocky Mountain bantamweight champion.*

tory over Wacker, takes claim to being Illinois' best heavyweight, but right behind is the menacing figure of Wacker. That one fight was responsible for the revival of boxing interest in the Windy City and it also saw the return of Jim Mullen as a boxing promoter. Mullen, with his ballyhoo, sold out the Coliseum completely, with hundreds of people being turned away. The bout attracted around $15,000 at the gate.

Wacker injured his hands in that contest, but returned to battle two weeks later against Paul Hartnek for Mullen at the Coliseum only because he thought he owed that much to the promoter who gave him his opportunity. This time the fight was called a draw and it was a feather in Wacker's cap, if you consider that Hartnek recently scored over Gunnar Barlund in Minneapolis.

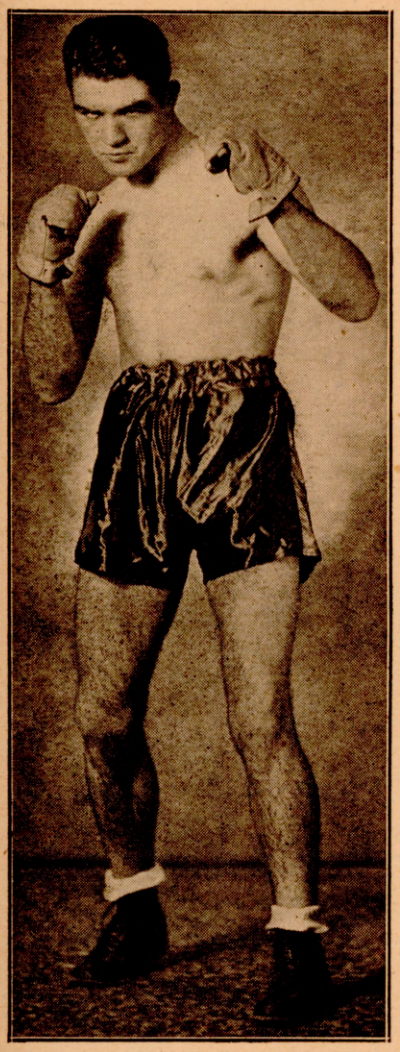
Providing Wacker gets sufficient rest for his hands, it looks like Illinois has a dangerous heavyweight threat in its midst.

* * *

WE have received a message from a young Rocky Mountain bantam who has a definite kick coming. He is Jimmy "Babe" McCusker, Rocky Mountain bantamweight champion, who, through an oversight, was not given the credit due him in our annual rating. Jimmy has been trying to get the leading bantams to clash with him but he seems to be "poison," judging by the manner in which the boys of real talent are avoiding him.

McCusker has a record of 48 knockouts, and based on that, we honor him with this note. Jimmy, send in your picture and a story of your career and we'll also use that.

Incidentally, fight managers who want recognition in these columns should show that they are real managers by sending in a short story and a good, clear photo of coming boys. We'll use it.



*Hughie McGlynn, County Mayo heavyweight, now living in Scranton, Pa.*

* * *

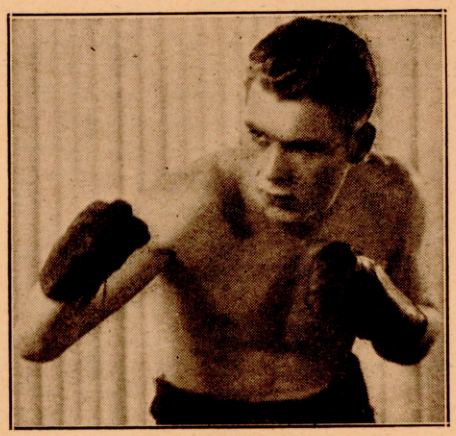
IN Philadelphia they are singing the praises of a young Irish-American lightweight, Billy Maher by name, who is only twenty-one years old and stands five feet, eight inches. The lad has been coming along in leaps and bounds, and if he continues to show improvement, he'll cut a figure in the lightweight division this year.

Maher has had to date twenty-two battles, of which he won nineteen, lost only two and was held even once. His record includes victories over Eddie Zivic, Jimmy Tygh, Joe Di Carlo, and twice he has beaten Bobby Masters.

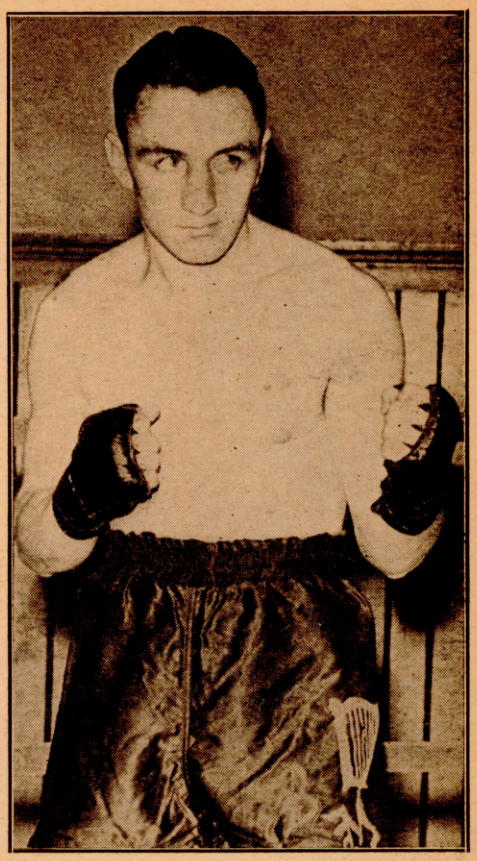
His only defeats were at the hands of the veteran Lew Massey and Tygh, both of which were split decisions.

He was held to a draw by Jackie Sheppard in six rounds, but later he wiped out this defeat in eight rounds.

He is handled by Mickey Diamond.



*Jimmy Chapman, Western Canadian fistic star.*



*Billy Maher, Philadelphia lightweight.*

ARRIVING in Scranton, Pennsylvania, on September 17, 1938, from County Mayo, Ireland, Hughie Glynn, heavyweight pugilist is now making that city his home. Glynn is training under his mentor, Tom Boylan, Scranton coal dealer. To date, the Irish heavyweight threat has engaged in three professional battles, all six-rounders.

In his first American appearance, Glynn kayoed Mike Gormley of Philadelphia in four rounds. His second match was with Tiny Brown of Syracuse, N. Y., whom Glynn kayoed in the second stanza. His third scrap was a sensational draw with Jack Downey, Coal Region heavyweight champion. The battle was close, and a draw verdict was a just one to both parties.

Before turning to professional leather-pushing, Glynn was a member of the British Merchant Marine. At this writing, he is only twenty years old, stands six feet one inch and weighs 185 pounds.

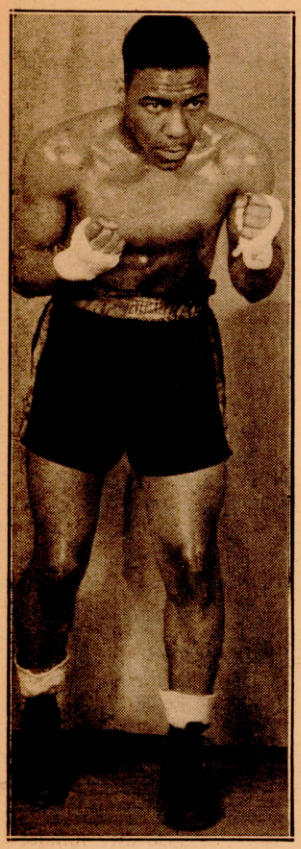
* * *

RALPH GWARTNEY, known as the Mosco Mauler, is a Colorado boy who comes from the amateur ranks with a record that makes him a great professional prospect. As a simon-pure and a pro, Ralph fought in forty-two battles and he won all but one contest. He suffered a knockout in the Kansas City Golden Gloves tournament in 1937 at the hands of Tony Novak, who last year won the championship.

Gwartney is a plasterer by trade. He scales 180 pounds, is well built and has a hefty wallop. His record shows that he won the Colorado A. A. U. 175-pound title and heavyweight championship in 1936 and that same year he also carried off the honors in the Colorado Golden Gloves heavyweight tournament. The following year he won the Colorado and Utah A. A. U. heavyweight crown, and in 1938 he turned pro. Among his kayo victims are Hilliard Mortensen, Fred Currier, Arch Garrett and Tiger Flowers. Watch this boy.

* * *

WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT, has a sterling prospect in Irish Eddie Dolan, who is considered as one of the leaders in the welterweight class. Dolan has compiled an impressive



*Thomas Parker, Kentucky lightweight.*

record, winning 163 bouts out of 170 battles, of which 108 triumphs were scored in succession. He lost four encounters on decisions. He was knocked out by Vince De Angelo in 1936. He met Vince De Angelo the following year in a return encounter and evened up the score by handing him a severe lacing in ten rounds, and drew twice, once with Sonny Jones and once with Al Traino.

In 1938, Dolan whipped Charley Burley decisively in Pittsburgh. Burley is recognized as the third leading welterweight in the world.

Undefeated at this stage for more than two years, Dolan has taken the scalps of such good boys as Charley Burley, Sonny Jones, Howell King, Tony Falco, Eli Wesley, Midget Wolgast, Bobby Masters, Six Second Powell, Cal Holmes, Bad Boy Emanuel, Eddie Dempsey, Verne Patterson, Johnny Sheppard, Paul Cortland, Al Traino, Tommy Bland, Snag Trowbridge, Jimmy Clark, among others.

Dolan's steady progress may eventually pave the way for a titular contest with Henry Armstrong, for boxing with him is a serious business.

Large crowds turn out to see Irish Eddie Dolan whenever he displays his fistic wares in such cities as Rochester, N. Y., Buffalo, N. Y., New York City, Albany, Scranton, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia.

He is twenty-four years old and is clever, aggressive, fast, and has the ability to take a punch.

What's more, Irish Eddie Dolan is Irish and it has been some time since an Irish fighter was the king of the welterweights.

His fistic future is guided by those efficient co-managers, Jack Moore and Dave Karess, who are backed up with long years of experience in handling fighters.

* * *

IT isn't often that Southern fight fans rave over a colored fighter, but that's what they are doing with Thomas Parker, a Kentuckian, whose record has kept him in the fistic spotlight. Tommy has had twenty-seven professional fights and has won twenty-five by the knockout route. The other two were decisions in his favor. His pro record to date follows:

J. K. Lewis, Lexington, Ky., K.O., 2; Wm. Foster, Lexington, Ky., K.O., 1; Bob Basey, Frankfort, Ky., K.O., 3; Wm. Settles, Lexington, Ky., K.O., 3; Tommie Valperazo, Louisville, Ky., K.O., 3; Kid Bird, Louisville, Ky., K.O., 2; John Hall, Lexington, Ky., K.O., 3; Jonie Allen, New Albany, Ind., K.O., 4; Harry Mondune, Cincinnati, Ohio, K.O., 3; Bruce Atwell, New Albany, Ind., draw; Tommie Taylor, Louisville, Ky., decision; Jack Anchan, Lexington, Ky., K.O., 5.

This boy is five feet five inches tall and weighs 132½ pounds. He won the Golden Gloves championship of Kentucky in the colored division in 1938 as a lightweight. They do not have mixed fights in Kentucky, hence Parker could not go to Chicago and fight, as they did not send two teams there. This boy is the best prospect produced in central Kentucky.

He is just nineteen, has never been knocked off his feet and is very strong, with a lot of power in either hand. Lots will be heard from this boy in the next year. Like many others around the country he is destined to be one of the Golden Glovers who has made the grade as a professional fighter. That's what the Southern critics think of the fighter. They have stamped him O.K.

JIMMY CHAPMAN was born in Belfast, Ireland, the oldest member of a large number of children. His parents moved to Western Canada when Jimmy was barely out of his cradle. He was raised in the Dominion, and at the age of fourteen, decided to take up boxing, as did his next oldest brother, Sammy. A year later, Jimmy was gaining provincial recognition as a promising flyweight. As a bantamweight in the professional ranks, he has boxed in every major city in Canada, Washington and California.

The above story would lead one to believe that the Jimmy referred to is none other than James Archibald McLarnin, the baby-faced Vancouver, B. C., Irishman, who won the world's welterweight championship twice, once from Young Corbett and later from Barney Ross.

However, this story does not concern Jimmy McLarnin. The Jimmy mentioned in this story is Jimmy Chapman, born in Belfast, Ireland, raised in Western Canada, and at present the leading contender for the Canadian bantamweight championship, since he holds official recognition as ruler of all the 118-pounders in Western Canada.

Jimmy Chapman was raised in Edmonton, the capital city of Alberta in Canada, and it was here that he first decided to take up boxing at the age of fourteen. Since then, Jimmy's two younger brothers, Sammy and Peter, have both followed their older brother's footsteps into the prize ring. Sammy, fighting as an amateur lightweight, and Peter, fighting as a simon-pure bantamweight, have both met with considerable success in both Alberta and British Columbia rings. In 1935, the three brothers held three Alberta provincial championships among them.

Getting back to Jimmy, the oldest member of the family, we find that this ambitious young lad decided to move bag and baggage to the Pacific Coast in the fall of 1937. He arrived in Vancouver, B. C., practically broke, and immediately sought the first gymnasium in an effort to convince promoters he was worthy to appear on a professional card.

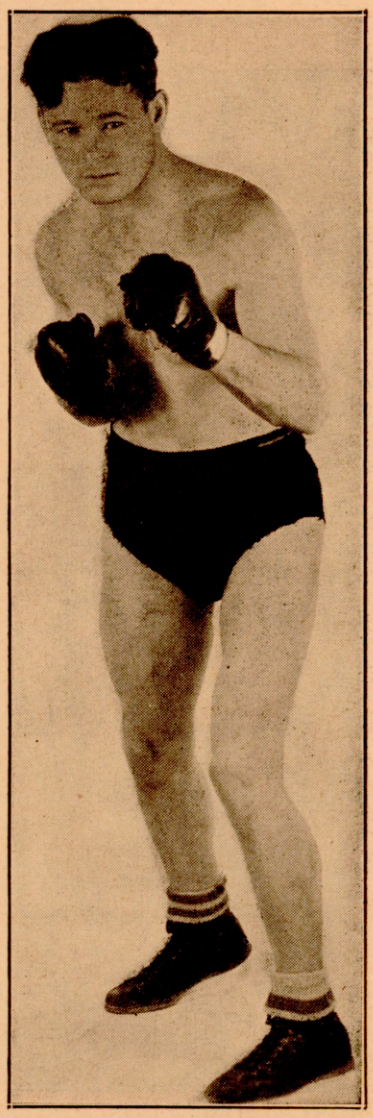
The first day he worked out, Jack Allen, then the promoter in Vancouver, was so impressed with this young Prairie bantamweight that he gave him a four-round bout on the Gordon Wallace-Harry Dublinsky card, which took place three nights later.

Jimmy Chapman made such an instantaneous hit with the fight fans that night that Allen used him on five successive cards, his best triumph being a two-round clean-cut knockout over the highly rated Morrie Stein of Montreal.

Jimmy boxed throughout the summer on Vancouver and Seattle cards. Ten thousand people who attended the Al Hostak-Allan Matthews fight gave Chapman a tremendous ovation when he handed a lacing to Babe Gonzales.

The same thing happened on the Overlin-Steele card, when he boxed circles around Frankie Villa of Seattle to win a unanimous decision.

*(Continued on page 42)*



*Irish Eddie Dolan, Waterbury, Conn., welterweight.*

# PEEKING AHEAD

## *A Glimpse Into the Future of Joe Louis' Career—Mediocre Field of Heavyweights, Makes Brown Bomber Invincible*

*By* T. W. McNIEL

TAKEN as a whole, fight fans are a curious lot. Especially as regards their ideas of who can lick who, and how and why. This was never more amply demonstrated than in the recent Louis-Roper title bout at Los Angeles.

Outside the confines of the Pacific Coast states, ring followers derided Roper's chances of lifting the Bomber's crown. In those states, however, the average fan and boxing expert as well, worked themselves into such a frenzy of well-wishing for the likeable Roper, that they actually believed . . . . and backed with their money . . . . the idea that Roper would actually beat the dusky title-holder.

"Let Black Jack land just one of those left hooks," they chortled, "and Louis will leave the ring feet first."

Well, Roper did even better than land one of those vaunted lefts . . . . he got over three of 'em, and with no other effect than to goad the champion into a murderous human fighting machine. One who would have beaten half a dozen Jack Ropers in the same ring had they been available.

* * *

NOW it is the turn of the Californians to hoot and jeer in derision the ideas of the folks back East who harbor the notion . . . . and there are plenty of 'em . . . . that "Two-Ton" Tony Galento will break Joe Louis into smithereens when they collide. The Westerners scoff at the idea of a truck-horse type of fighter like Galento having a chance with the Bomber, after seeing him nail their own left hook artist to the mast in less than a single round and watching Galento's pitiable exhibition with his sparring mates in California a few days later. On that occasion, Tony was jeered and hooted as he floundered about the ring trying to "fight" his spar mate, Paul Johnson. Johnson was "floored" three times, but one couldn't detect the punches that dropped him. Fight fans throughout the Middle West regard Tony as easy for Louis. It is the opinion of the majority of Mid-Westerners that Galento is going to the mat only for the big sum he'll get out of it. In fact, Tony has admitted that.

* * *

"SO what," you may well sigh, as you sink back into your easy chair after reading a page of Louis' exploits, studded with its usual amount of superlatives! What difference does it make? They all look alike to Jolting Joe, hence it might as well be Galento as Baer, Nova or Pastor.

If Roper and Galento can't turn the trick, who can? Well, Maxie Baer will tell you that either he or Buddy could make Joe jump right out of the ring. Even before the laughter has died down, James J. Johnston will jump right up and tell you that the Baer brothers are all wet, but that Bob Pastor could take the Bomber on a moment's notice.

Ray Carlin, likely as not, would get in a statement that Lou Nova is the only guy in captivity that would be a cinch to lick Louis. Even the managers of the rest of the heavyweight brigade would likely be discreet enough to admit that their charges couldn't qualify as first-rate spar-mates for the dusky Detroit Destroyer.

Outside the boundaries of their own backyards, Messrs. Baer, Pastor and Nova would be something like dimes to dollars they wouldn't answer the bell for the third heat if Louis goes after them as he did against Roper, Schmeling and John Henry Lewis. As for beating Louis, John Q. Fan would figure their chances as about the same chance that Hitler and Roosevelt will become bosom pals.

LITTLE wonder, then, that fight followers are casting about with anxious eyes on all the available fistic timber. It is a certainty that Joe Louis won't rule fistiana forever with his dusky maulies. Somewhere on the earth's varied countrysides, Louis' successor is lying in wait.

Of course, he may already be a reckoning figure in world fisticuffs; he may be just a raw beginner, or, as Bob Considine recently remarked, he's probably playing marbles on some vacant lot. However, we'll take it for granted that he is already engaged in professional glove-flinging in view of the fact that the average reign of the Marquis of Queensberry champions is a trifle under four years.

On this basis, Louis would lose his championship about 1941, but this doesn't mean that Louis is doomed two years hence. In fact, based on the present crop of heavies, Joe can hold his title as long as he cares to toss gloves at opponents. If he holds anything like his present form, he stands a great chance of ruling pugdom for many years to come—probably longer than any champion since Sullivan's era.

But for the sake of past law of averages, suppose the Bomber does lose out in 1941, who is the most likely candidate to succeed him? Certainly not Tony Galento or Max Baer. By that time, old Father Time will have definitely removed both—if Louis himself doesn't beat him to it. Buddy Baer? Hardly; too big for his own good, and as Gunnar Barlund amply proved last year, Buddy doesn't possess the durability to cope with a vicious hitter like Louis. That narrows the field of present contenders down to Bob Pastor and Lou Nova.

* * *

LOUIS has beaten Pastor once already, and certainly figures to do it again if requested to do so. That loss to Gus Dorazio didn't serve to help Pastor's rating.

Lou Nova? We'll wait until after his tussle with Max Baer before passing judgment on the youngster. His wins over Barlund and Farr stamp him as a capable performer, but not necessarily one competent enough to swap punches with the Bomber.

Two years from now . . . . well, we sorta wonder. And something keeps telling us that Max Baer will take Louie into camp when they come to grips. But, as we just said, we'll wait until after the Baer battle to pass judgment on the Alameda Adonis.

Of the rest of the crop, one can only point out that Louis has already licked most of 'em. Those he hasn't, he could no doubt take them in half-dozen lots if he wanted to. The Bomber is simply too good for the boys and they no doubt know it as even you and I.

* * *

SINCE it is our humble opinion that the man who will eventually beat Louis will be a sparkling boxer and ring general of the Gene Tunney-Jack Johnson type, let's take a peek into the old crystal ball and see what we shall see.

Ah-ha, there he is! That tall, gangling kid with the map of Erin written all over his features, the one who looks like he could shoot that rapierlike left through a needle's eye.

Let's look a bit closer and see if we can't make out his name. Sure we can, it's plain as day . . . . B-I-L-L-Y C-O-N-N! He's a product of that cradle of famous ringmen, too, Pittsburgh, the smoky metropolis that gave us such stars as Frank Klaus, George Chip, Frank Moran and Harry Greb.

Conn isn't even a heavyweight today, but neither was Gene Tunney during a great part of his career. And Conn, at twenty-one, is still growing like a weed and putting *(Continued on page* 43)

# Clean-Living Fighters Scorn Father Time

## *Ring Career No Prelude to Slap-Happy Years, Johnson, Loughran, Leonard, McLarnin, Tunney Shout*

*By* TED CARROLL

EVERY now and then some writer, seized with a reforming spirit, emits a blast at the boxing business as a factory for mental and physical wrecks. Often the crusader is a former member of the writing fraternity who earned his livelihood reporting fights.

No one can deny that many former fighters are unhappy relics. But whether the state of these unfortunates is due to the rigors of the business or careless living, is a moot question.

At the Louis-Farr fight a couple of years ago, no less than fifteen famous fighters and former fighters crowded into the ring before the opening gong for a mass introduction. Included were Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey, Jack Johnson and Jack Sharkey. The most striking thing about these men was their physical appearance. Each looked years younger than his actual age. All had spent many arduous years in the ring, but it would have been difficult to find a like number of individuals picked from any other calling who would have presented as impressive an appearance.

At the age of sixty, Jack Johnson, former heavyweight champion of the world, is undoubtedly one of the best preserved physical specimens in the world. As Lil' Artha steps jauntily down New York's Broadway, his famous golden smile still as scintillating as of yore, his springy step and graceful carriage is that of a man many years his junior.

Invariably the passerby remarks, "Say, is that Jack Johnson? The old boy sure looks good!"

With ten years to go of the alloted span of three score years and ten, Johnson is still a tremendously powerful man, surprisingly agile. Reflexes and eyesight are almost as keen as in his championship days, and his mind is eager and alert. Of course, Johnson's skill was so great he received a minimum of physical punishment in the ring. But he followed the wearing trade for more than twenty years and shows no ill-effects.

* * *

HARRY WILLS is another whose mental and physical well-being preach a sermon on the benefits of clean living. Unlike most of his boxing brethren of old, the Brown Panther doesn't have to worry about the landlord. He is one himself. As one of the largest property owners of his race in New York's Harlem, Harry enjoys these balmy spring evenings on the steps of one of his large apartment houses, his mind untroubled by economic worries.

Wills' physical condition is on a par with his financial state. Clean of limb, trim of waist, and keen of eye, he looks about the same as he did when he was the Dark Menace of the Ring. The old Panther parlayed his long and unsuccessful pursuit of Dempsey into economic security. He should have no quarrel with anyone over his failure to ever get the Manassa Mauler into the ring.

During his fighting days, Wills became known as a physical culturist who made a fetish of occasional fasts of as long as thirty days. Harry still follows this formula. His long abstinences from solid food have become famous and people from all over the world write for advice on all manner of ailments.

Besides his fasting, to which he attributes his marvelous physical condition, Wills, who is nearing fifty, always led a sober and proper life. The gin bottle was a stranger to him, and he never allowed himself to get out of fighting trim. The results of this mode of living are apparent in Wills, and his general appearance in 1939 is in sharp contrast to that of the careless livers of his fighting days.

No essay on the benefits of clean living and abstinence would be complete without mention of Gene Tunney, millionaire, country gentleman, business tycoon and former heavyweight champion of the world. Although gentleman Gene, as a distillers' executive, seems to have softened up in his uncompromising stand against Demon Rum, in his fighting days Tunney, patron saint of the early-to-bed boys, wouldn't allow any of the stuff in his training camps.

Tunney's addiction to clean living has been so much harped upon that further comment is superfluous. That Gene had the right idea is strikingly evident. Handsome as of old, rich and respected, intelligent to the point where his opinions on all subjects are sought after, Tunney is perhaps the greatest living refutation of the "punch drunk, physical wreck" theory so often expounded by boxing's decriers.

* * *

THOSE who declare that boxing dulls the mental processes should have a hard time explaining away the case of Jack Dempsey. Back in his freight-hopping days, this famous ex-champion, according to old-timers and by his own admission, was a crude, unpolished, none-too-bright youngster.

Today, Jack fits perfectly into any kind of discussion or gathering and the years seem to sharpen his mental faculties. Outside of a little added weight, Dempsey looks fit enough to step into the ring and he handles his multitudinous business interests with an ease and intelligence few could equal.

It should also be noted that Dempsey was not clever and bore the brunt of bitter ring warfare. Today, his appearance and manner are typical of a master of ceremonies as he gladhands out-of-towners who flock into his New York establishments.

Getting a little closer to the present flock of fighters, Jimmy McLarnin has long confounded those who like to create the impression that all boxers are slap-happy, battered, stumbling wreckage. James' appearance is so directly opposite to this conception of a boxer that many to whom he is introduced refuse to believe he is the famous fighter.

There is the tale of the Hollywood actress who, after seeing McLarnin's smooth, unmarked features and hearing his polished speech, figured she had heard wrong, and told everyone about Mr. McLarnin, the brilliant WRITER, she had met the previous evening.

Independently wealthly, Jimmy fits in perfectly with the movie colony's country club set, although he is nothing like the broken-nosed cinema pugs that cavort on the screen. The viewers with alarm always steer clear of mention of McLarnin when they start shedding tears over the blight boxing casts over the mitt slingers.

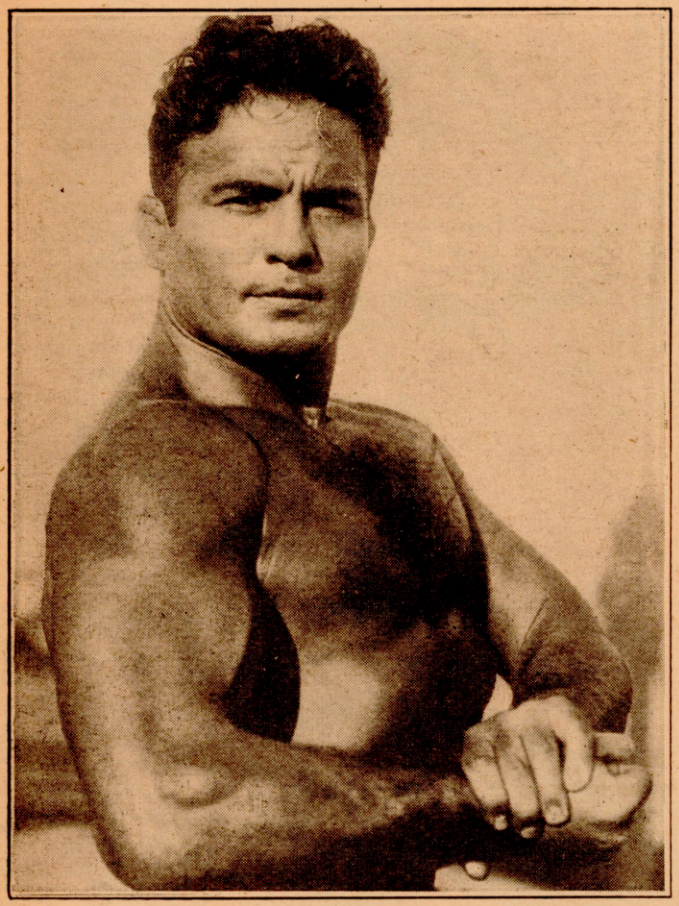
Benny Leonard's case is almost a duplicate of McLarnin's, one of the greatest of all boxers. Benny's features, for all the 200 bouts he fought in the ring, are as unmarked as those of a newly arrived baby. Smart as they come in his ring career, Leonard still retains all his mental acuteness. Benny wasn't quite clever enough to beat Wall Street, but his intelligence is far above the average.

Like all the others mentioned, Leonard took the best of care of himself, and this is paying him dividends today, even if some of his investments are not. Like McLarnin, Leonard never drank or smoked, and this is perhaps one of the main reasons why they look and act so much unlike the average idea of a retired pugilist. McLarnin in particular is a rare type of retired fighter. He golfs regularly and is a shrewd business man in his ventures.

*(Continued on page 41)*

# NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

*By* STANLEY



*Jim Londos, a target for attack in America because of his refusal to meet any but picked opponents.*

IN a letter from Paris, Jack Sherry, the American who has made a hit in European wrestling, writes to inform THE RING Editor that since Jim Londos prefers, as Dan Parker of the New York *Mirror* says, "to meet only his picked opponents," Jack will follow Londos to Australia to force him into a world title match.

"I think it is high time that since Jim Londos, whom you have designated as the world heavyweight champion, continues to ignore legitimate challenges from the world's best wrestlers, THE RING withhold further support and declare the heavyweight title open. I for one, have offered Londos through THE RING, the sum of $1000 if he will sign to meet me in a title bout and $10,000, win, lose or draw if he will face me in a ring, any place, any time, under any rules suitable to him.

"Since Londos won the so-called title from Nagurski, a crown to which I have as much right as he has, if not more, he has ignored every challenger and continues to travel with his sparmates, meeting them time and again. Is this what Londos calls title defense? I note by the Australian papers that Londos is going to make a trip to Australia. Well, I'll follow him there. I have as good a reputation as a wrestler as any one in the game, and know that the Australians and New Zealanders won't stand for any nonsense, and will give a square deal to an honest challenger, I shall follow him there and stick to his heels until he meets me or admits he is not a bona fide champion. Will he continue to take on Penchoff the Australian and Joe Savoldi? I'll agree to toss Londos, Penchoff and Savoldi on successive nights."

THE RING is in sympathy with Sherry and also with all other challengers whom Jim Londos has been avoiding. The Greek Adonis is a great wrestler, but he doesn't do the game any good by refusing to meet those who, like Sherry, Pojello, Wladek Zbyszko, Pesek, Earl McCready and others, are entitled to a crack at the crown. THE RING recommends Sherry to the Australians and New Zealanders. They'll make no mistake in turning out in droves to see him. They'll see one of the world's most scientific and strongest matmen.

If Sherry should carry out his plan and go to Australia and New Zealand, the fans of those lands will find in him one of the best grapplers of recent years. He is a top-notcher if ever there was one, and my advice to the scribes of those lands is to see that a Londos-Sherry match is arranged if they want to get a real treat. Such a bout would result in a shooting match that would be worth going miles to see. Let's have it, Jim. Show true sportsmanship by accepting the challenge of Sherry. THE RING will offer a belt to the winner of such a bout.

* * *

SAMMY STEIN who recently returned to the States after a successful tour of Australia, is wrestling around Detroit. Sammy, always a favorite, has hopes of gaining a championship shot before long.

Jim Londos has been thrilling mat fans in the East with so-called title contenders. His favorite opponents are George Penchoff, and Joe Savoldi. Some day Jimmie might take on one other than from his own troupe. There is talk around the wrestling circles, that the Greek will soon leave on another tour around the world to display his talents. If he goes to Australia, and South Africa, he will find the going tough financially because of the adverse criticism in America. Picking opponents has put Jim on

*George Zaharias, recently married to Babe Didrickson, is in Australia, where he hopes to pick up enough change in wrestling matches to pay for his honeymoon trip.*

the spot. If Jack Sherry and Earl McCready are in Australia or South Africa, when Londos is there, he had better make up his mind that he'll have to meet each. The Australians and South Africans won't stand for picked opponents.

Ali Baba upset Everett Marshall in St. Louis and should now play a big part in the campaigns of Paul Bowser. Ali Baba is the former world's heavyweight champion.

Gus Sonnenberg, who was badly injured when he fell from a Boston ring, is fully recovered. He is back in harness.

New York fans are getting ready for another summer season in which most of the leading lights in the sport will show their wares.

Paul Boesch, the former Long Beach, Long Island, high school star, who has tried his hand at everything from promoting to running a health school, is back at bone bending again. Paul is now doing well in California.

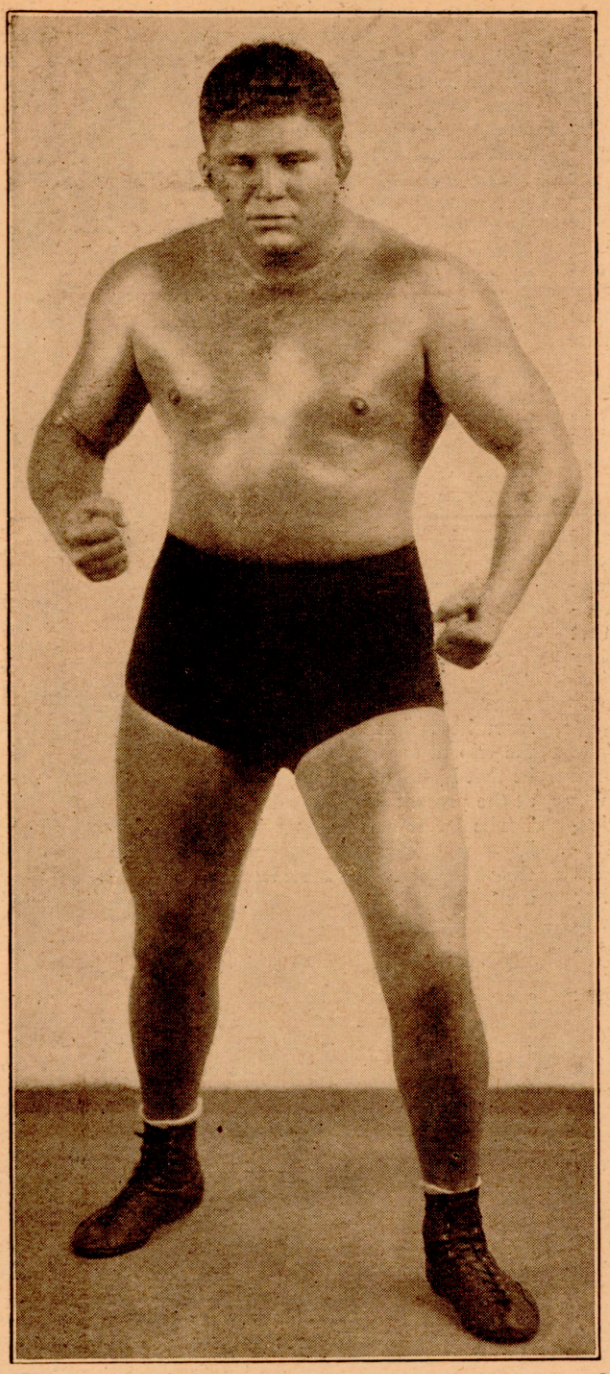
Dean Detton is back home after a long stay in Australia. Detton is after a title bout.

Rudy Dusek, leader of the famous riot squad, has opened a new grappling club in Baltimore.

Dick Rains, tough cowboy wrestler, who has been campaigning around the world during the past two years, is back home. Rains, who has always been a thorn in the side of the so-called champions, is once again knocking at the door of the leaders.

George Zaharias, looking for new land to conquer, is now in Australia, where he will take on the leading lights of that country. Zaharias, who is one of the roughest men in the business, will show the fans from "Down Under" a style of grappling they will enjoy—the toughest style.

* * *



*Dick Rains, back in America after a successful tour around the world.*

EUROPEAN WRESTLING HIGH LIGHTS, by Charles "Spider" Mascall, follow:—English wrestling has arrived at a point in its existence where better organization all around is a dire necessity. In the southern sector of the country this fact is particularly noticeable, but, in Lancashire, long home of wrestling, an organization—the British Wrestling Board of Control—holds the mat reins. Presided over by George de Relwyskow, former Olympic champion who now promotes in Bradford, Leeds and Edinburgh; this Board with headquarters in Manchester has on its executive body such promoters as Fred Bretherton (Newcastle), Miss Kathleen Look (Belle Vue, Manchester) and Sam Cowen of the Ardwick Stadium, Manchester, who is the chairman. Official organ of the British Wrestling Board is the *"RINGMASTER"*, a brilliant weekly which is edited by Hal Jones, a well-known British journalist, and has the largest circulation of any paper of its kind in Europe.

Apparently French wrestling fans don't worry too much about the International crisis, for Yvon Robert, Montreal, Canada, meeting Henri Deglane at the Palais des Sports, Paris, drew a near capacity house. Deglane, hard and as tough as steak, won again taking the best two falls in three. Robert has made an impression with Continental mat-goers and will likely be around these parts for some time to come.

There's a lot of talk in the air about the importation of a number of American headliners to augment Henri (Milo) Steinborn, Matros Kirilenko, Benny Sherman, Bonnie Alan Muir, Robert and those gripmen domiciled in Paris. George Wilson, former All-American half-back from the University of Washington, has been named as making the trip while Ray Steele and Paul Jones (in South Africa) will probably break the trip home by stopping off in Europe for a spell.

* * *

Dory Detton, scion of Utah's most noted wrestling clan, is back in the States. He has been signed by promoter Al Haft and will do most of his mat working around Columbus, Ohio. Dory dropped less than a dozen decisions abroad and he has been away for close on two years.

* * *

Just about eight months ago there came to Europe via Egypt from South Africa, a burly, well-muscled matman who bills himself as Joe Akron out of the Belgium Congo. He weighs over the 190 pound mark.

Africa is a new territory for the wrestling game and hence the calibre, with one or two exceptions, of its stars is more or less a mystery. True, Johannes Van der Walt, Percy Forester and Basner Cunningham have carried the colors of their native Union to the fore in the various countries of the world, but Joe Akron is the only wrestler from the Belgium Congo ever to visit Europe.

Born in Brazziville, Akron has had a varied and adventurous career. He has been surveyor, boxer, salesman and now a matman. Out of the wrestling pit he plays a startling game of chess and has won plenty of prizes in tossing the weights about.

In the ring, he's a rugged two-fisted individual who will, if necessary, fight it out to the last. However, he will wrestle clean just as long as the public or his opponents don't rile him.

He will wander back to South Africa in June and with the experience and knowledge that he has gained in Europe versus such men as Jack McLauchlan, Tommy Nilan and others, he should make a welcome addition to those barnstorming south of the Equator.

* * *

WRESTLING NEWS FROM HAWAII by Theodore Yamachika, follows:

"Jim Londos is mighty choosey about his opponents," said Promoter Al Karasick, commenting on the world champion's proposed trip to the Islands which was cancelled at the last minute. While the shipping tieup on the Pacific Coast had something to do with this cancellation, it seems *(Continued on page 34)*

# Galento Fight

(Continued from page 3)

thousands of others nominating Joe—and Joe wins—so what happens? Why, the fact that you picked Louis is lost in the shuffle.

But pick Tony, and Galento wins! You are the pride of the paper. You are pointed out at the Stork Club as the man who "knew something." You are elevated to the top of the class of profound judges of fighting skill. You are SOMEBODY.

So, as the fight nears, the experts have that SNEAKING NOTION. It is the first cousin of the BIG HUNCH.

The expert talks it over with his wife over the bacon and eggs. "Louis ought to win, sure. But, if this Two-Ton guy hits Joe on the button, things will pop. Galento sometimes swings true. These are screwy times. Isn't it possible for this screwy thing to happen?"

The good frau is busy looking at Racey's ads in the Morning Bladder, and says, offhand, "Yes, dear, it is quite possible. Anything can happen these days. There's that Daisy Doodle grabbing herself a nice boy like Jake Smike."

* * *

THAT'S it. Anything can happen. The expert goes to the camps looking for signs and portents.

Before the fight, some do pick the underest underdog in the history of the heavyweight title. If Galento wins—Marvellous. If Louis wins—well, why shouldn't he? Tony never had a chance. Of course, with the fight a long way off as I write this, I am sticking out my neck. But it seems to me that Galento is sticking out his neck much farther.

However, you've got to give credit to Tony, at his age, with his limited abilities, with his paunch, for getting into a match with the champion. You have to admire the Galento fortitude, and you hope that nothing serious happens to him. Perhaps you've already seen the stories that were written about Tony's exhibitions in the Far west. No wonder we've heard so little of Two Ton Tony since.

It is the strangest match I have seen. Usually, when a challenger who has so little right to challenge as Tony, gets a fight with a champion, there is a buildup which foists the challenger on the public. But in this case the public demanded the match.

* * *

MIKE JACOBS and all others concerned in this fight go into it with clean hands. The fans hollered for it. They were warned but they hollered, just the same.

The match grew out of a variety of developments, the most vital of which was the lack of a truly formidable challenger. Nova—too soon. Baer—no demand. Braddock—silly. Schmeling—he had his chance and was badly hurt.

Well, then, let's have Galento and a frolic. Let Tony try, and if he is carried out on a shutter, it will be a comic shutter and Tony is sure to say something funny. Perhaps he'll call every one a bum, including those who carry him out.

Of course, Tony is strong. He may by some strange freak haul off and somehow find Louis at the end of his glove. He may be favored of the Gods, and get Joe into a careless mood. Louis may so underestimate Galento as to figure him as serious a proposition as the ring posts—and let Tony cut loose with one from out the wings. You know how Tony sails in—arms flailing, with his belly wide open.

The sight of the Galento stomach may so confound Louis that he may lay himself open for one punch. You know, it takes only one. They muddle around for a while, Galento says something and Louis has to smile against his will—and then Tony lets go. To the button!

Louis is down! The referee is counting over him. The crowd is in an uproar. It is the most astonishing upset in the whole history of the boxing industry.

But there I go myself—a sucker, with that SNEAKING NOTION. Waiter, a small beer. Gosh! Also one big one for Tony.

# News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 33)

from here that Londos could have made the trip to Hawaii if he wanted to. Can it be that Honolulu has too many top-notchers at the present time? We'd like to know.

The latest arrival here is Raoul Lopez. He was unfortunate enough to engage Red Chartier for his first match here and lost a close match.

* * *

Chief Little Wolf had time enough to engage in one bout during his stopover in Honolulu on his way to Australia. The best he could do against Denny Dusek, who was picked as his opponent, was to hold him to a draw. Incidentally, the Chief is planning a longer stay here on his return trip.

* * *

Harnan Singh, the 235 pound Hindu, is carving quite a niche in Honolulu wrestling circles. Harnan, who is as colorful a wrestler as ever appeared in Honolulu, has such powerful legs that it is said he can break a sack of wheat using the scissors hold—a trick made famous by former champion Joe Stecher. Although recently defeated by Oki Shikina, he has listed up a number of well earned victories. Count von Buesing, Denny Dusek and Wong Buck Cheung are a few of his victims.

* * *

Oki Shikina regained the Hawaiian championship belt from Dick Raines, who won it a short time ago from Dean Detton, in straight falls. The Japanese grappler used the arm bar to gain the first fall and forced Raines to give up with a tortuous leg bar for the second fall.

Other results are: Dick Raines was disqualified against Oki Shikina; Barto Hill lost to Denny Dusek; Harnan Singh and Lofty Blomfield fought to a draw; Red Chartier pinned Lee Henning in 29 minutes. Oki Shikina won two straight falls over Dick Raines for the Hawaiian championship; Harnan Singh defeated Denny Dusek; Barto Hill and Lofty Blomfield drew; Wong Buck Cheung beat Red Chartier, one fall.

Harnan Singh subdued Wong Buck Cheung, 2 out of 3 falls; Denny Dusek won a roughhouse battle from Dick Raines; Floyd Marshall drew with Barto Hill; Red Chartier whipped Bill Sinclair. Denny Dusek held the powerful Chief Little Wolf to a draw; Oki Shikina won only fall over Floyd Marshall in 27 minutes; Harnan Singh beat Count von Buesing.

Oki Shikina won one fall over Harnan Singh, the latter was badly hurt and couldn't continue; Denny Dusek lost a decision to Barto Hill; Red Chartier upset Raoul Lopez in 22 minutes; Floyd Marshall and Wong Buck Cheung, drew.

* * *

AUSTRALIA and New Zealand will see one of England's best matmen in action when Harry Rabin gets going. Harry, whose fine work in England gained him considerable praise and an army of friends, has decided to try his luck Down Under and is now in Australia, prepared to meet that country's best talent. It isn't often that the Jewish race produces a wrestler of the calibre of Rabin. His style, his strength and ability are of a pleasing quality, just the kind that draws 'em in at the gate in Australia and New Zealand.

While Down Under, it is the hope of Rabin that he can get the cream of the talent in that land to meet him. He is particularly anxious to clash with the champion and the chances are extremely bright that he'll get his wish.

Rabin was born of Polish-Jewish parentage on June 4, 1914. His birthplace was London, England. Rabin began his amateur wrestling career at the age of fourteen. While in the simon-pure ranks, he won many competitions.

Seven years in the amateur ranks and Rabin turned professional, and he has had up to this writing approximately 550 matches. He has scored many victories.

Rabin flings an open challenge to any other professional welterweight wrestler in the world. He is willing to wrestle for a substantial sidestake.

* * *

The history of wrestling is replete with the names of brothers who have made good at the sport, but the case of the Bob Managoffs is the first on record of a son achieving fame at the game at which his dad excelled.

For twenty-five years Bob Senior figured among the stars of grappling. He was close to the top all the time he wrestled. On one occasion he met Champion Frank Gotch at Kenosha, Wis. During the last few years of his activity on the mat, Bob Senior broke his offspring into the rudiments of wrestling. Every chance he got he had the kid in the gym teaching him holds and counters. When Bob Senior retired some 10 years ago, his boy had a pretty fair knowledge of the game. Now Bob Jr. is an expert of the first order.

It was in October 1936 that Young Bob made his debut in California and after winning repeatedly, he did the same around Chicago and for the past year or so has been doing the same thing around New York. His father accompanies him wherever he goes and most every day they go to the gym to practice together. Young Bob is still growing. He stands six feet and weighs 215 pounds. He is considered the best grappler of Armenian blood in the field today.

# Maurice Makes Good

MAURICE LA CHAPPELLE is one of the greatest wrestlers of French nationality ever to come to this country, and incidentally the pride of Jack Pfeffer, who brought him here several years ago. Few athletes have lived up to advance notices better than Maurice.

Four straight seasons he packed arenas in the East and at last when he decided to show his prowess in other parts of the country, he took the light-heavyweight title. From one end of the country to the other, La Chappelle defeated the best men in his division.

La Chappelle is a colorful athlete with personality. He is 26 years old, stands 5 feet, 10 inches in height and is remarkably fast. He was born in the Basque country atop the Pyrenees on the French side, that odd little land, from which in recent years, some of the world's greatest athletes have come. There was born Jean Borotra of tennis fame, and who will ever forget the "bounding Basque" and the thrills he provided in tennis.

Paulino Uzcudun, the Basque woodchopper, was another from that land. The Basques like their pastimes rough, in fact, everything about them is tough. The work of chopping wood in the high altitudes of the Pyrenees—their chief source of income—hardens them from an early age.

When not working they like to wrestle, box, play Pelota—Jai Alai to you. These pastimes require strength, stamina and speed. That is how La Chappelle first learned to wrestle. It was a pastime with him but later when he could beat everyone for miles around, his countrymen became interested in his prowess and decided to finance his start as a professional wrestler.

With this idea in mind they took up a collection to send him to Paris to the French wrestling tournament. Maurice did not disappoint his countrymen, and when he won the tourney, it was a day for rejoicing in the mountain villages throughout the Basque country.

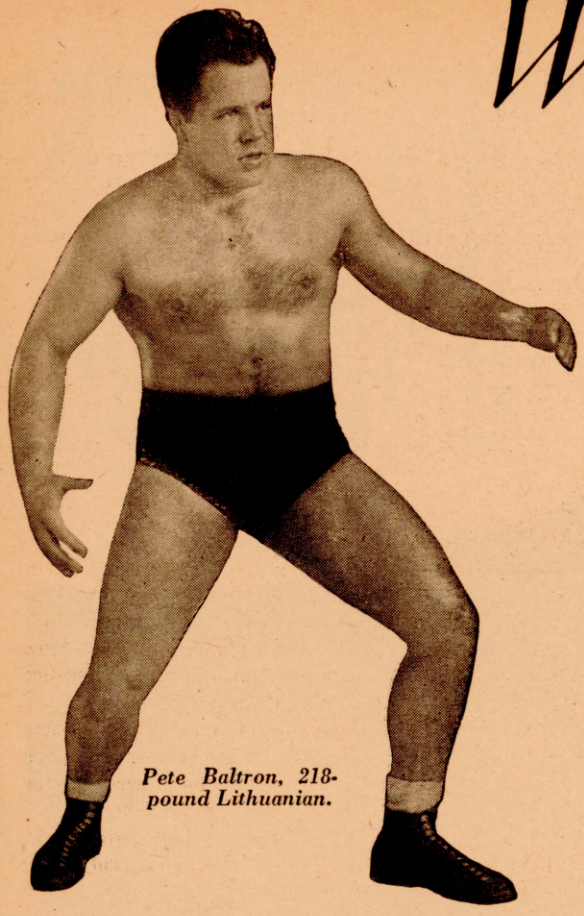
French promoters, quick to see in the young handsome athlete a "discovery," matched him with the best in the land, but his tricks, speed and endurance proved too much for his opponents. His ability to switch from one hold to another without let-up soon won him the sobriquet of "The Man with a Thousand Holds," a nickname he retains to this day.

*Maurice La Chappelle.*

We now find the name of La Chappelle the big thing in European tourneys. For two years he competed in various meets held in Paris, London, Rome, Berlin, Warsaw, Brussels. Then about this time Jack Pfeffer heard about him and negotiated for his coming here.

La Chappelle's start in this country is well known. The Frenchman proved the biggest sensation seen in years and for the first two seasons he was here, he won each major match.

# WRESTLING



*Pete Baltron, 218-pound Lithuanian.*

FROM Europe has come another wrestling luminary in the person of Pete Baltron, 5 feet 10 inch, 218-pound Lithuanian. Baltron brought along with him printed recommendations, in the form of newspaper clippings, attesting to the fact that he is a wrestler par excellence and well capable of handling himself against the toughest and snappiest of opposition.

That Baltron is not a stranger to the American style of wrestling is proved by the news of his conquests over matmen well known on this side of the Atlantic. He has pinned many notables, and on the basis of these conquests, he became recognized as a matman of merit.

Baltron has been in this country for the past few years and the Lithuanian has done most of his grappling "in the sticks." He reasoned that if he could do well in the "hick towns," then he would be ready for an introduction before the wrestling fans along the Atlantic Seaboard.

Pete has grappled in the Middle West and South. He has faced the best and made good with a bang. Baltron is noted as a master of all holds. He mixes the American system with the European brand. That is what has made him such a big success. He is rated high with the showmen of the profession.

* * *

HE stands only six feet ten inches and is only five pounds over the two hundred-pound mark, but in that frame is built a human wrestling dynamo that answers to the name of Henry Kulkavich, better known professionally as the Polish Wildcat.

Kulkavich is heralded as a wrestler who has invented many "sneaky" holds. Henry has a knack of doing the wrong thing at the right time. In other words, he manages to "do dirt" by his fellow man at opportune moments when the third man in the ring has his vision blocked.

Though this Polish Wildcat is a believer in striking first and apologizing later, don't let the thought get into your mind that he doesn't know his "p's and q's" in the grip-and-get-gripped art. Henry is speedy of foot and has more than the average knowledge of all the holds. It may be habit with him to batter his rivals into helplessness, but generally most of his conquests are scored either via the flying tackle, the drop-kick, the body slam or the head scissors routes.

Kulkavich resides in Hastings, N. Y. It was there that he attended public and high schools. While a member of the Hastings High School football squad, Kulkavich began to run roughshod over his opponents. He proved to be a fearless daredevil on the gridiron.

When Kulkavich graduated in 1934, at the age of nineteen, he was prevailed upon to enter amateur wrestling competition. He made good from the outset. He used his grid tactics to further his cause, and in no time the Hastings Pole was the acknowledged best gripster around his home sector. So in 1935, Kulkavich made his debut in the money-earning ranks of the matmen and has made good.

* * *

GUS SONNENBERG, the former Dartmouth grid great, who brought the flying tackle to the wrestling ring, is again making his presence felt among the pachyderm pack. He seems to have gotten a new lease on life.

* * *

The outdoor mat season is now in full blast and the promoters are reporting a far better business than they did this time a year ago. Around the Metropolitan area, the receipts are far superior, due mainly to the influx of visitors for the World's Fair. The out-of-towners find in grappling the thrills they seek.

* * *

Joe Cox, the Dynamiter from Kansas City, has been tempted with offers to show his wares in Australian rings. Up to the present writing, the Mauling Missourian hasn't made up his mind whether he should take that long voyage across the Pacific. He is one of the most colorful matmen in the business, and the promoters are constantly seeking his services.

* * *

Gino Garibaldi, the Larruping Latin, boasts of three homes. He has a fine residence in St. Louis, a modern apartment building in Brooklyn, and a massive summer home, located at Lindenhurst, L. I. In each he has a billiard table and gymnasium in the basement, where he can attend to his daily conditioning and recreation.

* * *

THE Rudy Duseks and their four daughters command plenty of attention from their neighbors on the Jersey shore. Each morning, Mama and Papa Dusek and their quartet of girls are out for their skating exercises. During the winter season all of the skating was done in the cellar of the Dusek home, but now that spring is here, the side streets serve the purpose.

* * *

Wrestling's sawed-off shotgun, Abe Coleman, manages to hold the spotlight as one of the outstanding gripsters of the day, notwithstanding that he is classified a veteran. The Hebrew Mite, inventor of the drop-kick, has been tossing torsos for a dozen years, yet is only twenty-nine years of age and is capable of matching holds with the elite in his profession. In fact, critics claim that Coleman is a better gripster today than when he first started to make the headlines about eight years ago.

* * *

Eddie Newman, the burly Hungarian Hebrew, may never become a champion of the world, but you can't take away the fact that he is one of the best trial horses in the business. Invariably, when a promising prospect comes along the mat horizon, Newman is the one selected to prove the ability of the so-called sensation. If the latter makes good, then bigger and better things come his way. They must be good to show to advantage against the stalwart Newman, who is rough and ready.

# CLOSEUPS

By NAT FRANK

NUMEROUS stories have been written and told of the wrestlers. Most fans are acquainted with their histories, how they started in the profession, how they have progressed, and how they rate today. But what is not known to a majority of them are the various incidents, the humorous side, of their lives. Feeling that the present time would be proper for telling some laugh providers pertaining to the pachyderms, we herewith present a few concerning the better known brand of tusslers.

George "K. O." Koverly is known as the Hollywood Howitzer and the Clouting Californian simply because he relies on a "haymaker" to win the mat engagements for him. Koverly, as is well known, is a former pugilist turned matman, who has more than made good.

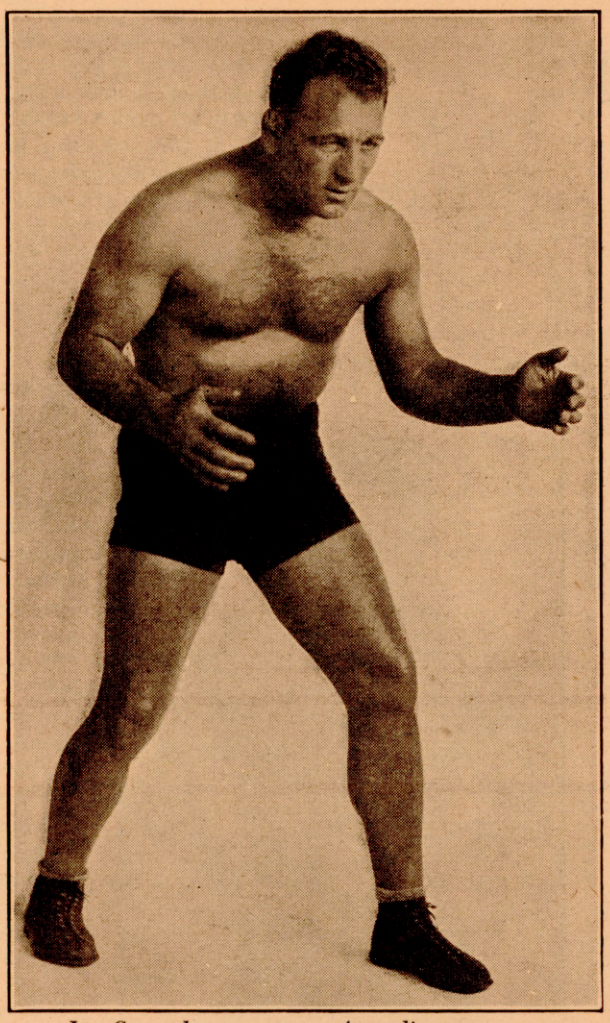
This event took place in a New England city.

Koverly, one of the roughest wrestlers in the game, was mauling his rival around pretty well. Ringsiders were yelling at the referee to disqualify the Far Westerner.

But George had one rooter. This Koverly fan pleaded for the Jugo-Slav gripsmith to finish off his rival with his "Sunday hold."

George, hearing this, barked back at his rooter, "What do you mean? Everyone knows I don't wrestle Sunday."

* * *



*Joe Cox, who may go to Australia on a tour.*

THEN there is the case pertaining to big, slow-moving Chief Chewacki, the Gypsy Caveman, who probably has received more "tokens of appreciation" from the irate wrestling fans than any other matman. But these omens of esteem were hurled at him with intent of bodily harm due to Chewacki's unruly mat tactics.

Only once, in a California ring, was the Gypsy Chief officially presented with a gift by a prominent fraternal organization. Called to the center of the ring by the spokesman, Chewacki was given a rather heavy magnet.

In accepting the present, the bewildered mat terrorist asked of the donor why so novel a gift.

"So that you may draw your opponent of tonight within grabbing distance," was the reply.

(The rival in the opposite corner was Ray Steele!)

* * *

MUCH has been said of the Duseks, the "Riot Squaders" of the bone-busting profession. But Rudy, the head man of his brother troupe, comes forth with the prize package in the form of a letter he recently received with one of the most novel requests ever heard of. It reads:

"I have always been a dyed-in-the-wool wrestling fan. When I was employed, I seldom missed a match at the Camden Armory. Now that conditions are bad, and with me on relief, I wonder if you would be kind enough to send me the price of an admission ticket to see you wrestle in my home town. I sincerely hope you won't fail me in my request.

"P. S.—I hope you won't mind if I root against you. I like to see you lose. It makes me happy!"

WRESTLERS are human, and as such, they enjoy their little pranks. Some love to "needle" people; others find delight in "kibitzing" card games; verbal thrusts are another form of "getting a kick."

There was the time, for instance, when a couple of wrestlers told Abe Coleman, diminutive Hebrew gripster, that he was a foreigner and should go back to his home country.

"Yes," said Cliff Olson, Minnesota-born Swede, "you don't belong here with us Americans."

Coleman bluntly told Olson to go back to Sweden, and Jack Kennedy, popular Texan, to return to Ireland. "A foreigner, am I? How about you?" queried the Sawed-Off Shotgun of Grappledom.

"All you foreigners needn't worry about going back to your countries. You're all welcome here in my country," chimed in a voice.

It was that of Chief Little Wolf, the Navajo Indian, a truly true American.

* * *

GINO GARIBALDI, the well-liked Italian gripster, takes great delight in telling the story of the time his home at Lindenhurst, L. I., became flooded due to continued rains.

"My entire cellar was four feet under water and the tide was continually rising. I was busy baling out the water with buckets, but the more I was trying to keep it out, the faster it came in. Finally seeing that I was playing a losing game, I decided to use the telephone to get my neighbor friends to help me. Well, they did come to my rescue—and how!

"They tossed me a bathing suit," concluded the Italian mat star.

(EDITOR'S NOTE:—Gino Garibaldi is an habitual prankster and this was the one chance the neighbors had to turn the tables on him.)

* * *

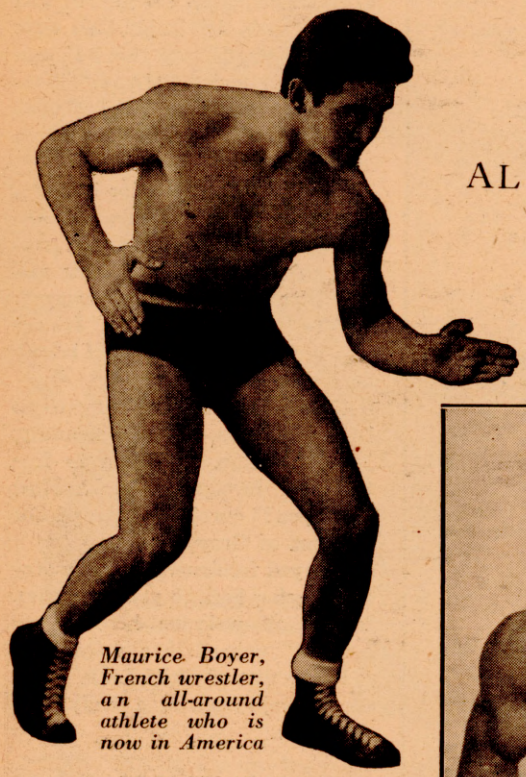
THIS one should hit the funny bone. Jack Hader, that bold, bad man from Kansas City, Mo., was at his "dirtiest" in one of his recent bouts around the Metropolitan area. The jeers and catcalls that were hurled at him by the fans were "music" to his ears. He thrives on being a villain and as such it is his duty to get the ire of the grappling fans aroused.

In this particular case, a rather hefty female, with the voice of a truck driver, started hurling remarks at the offending matman from the "Show-Me State." In the midst of her "cussing out" demonstration, she felt a pain in her leg. She passed it off and went on into another verbal outburst against the Mauling Missourian. Once again she felt a sting, but this time she looked down and there was a mere slip of a seven-year-old lad kicking away at the young lady's underpinning for all he was worth.

The infuriated youngster was finally pulled away from the lady fan but not until he got his choice words in, which were, "You can't talk about my paw that way. I like him, even if you don't." That answer turned the trick. The woman said no more after that rebuke.

# GETTING

*By*
AL MAYER



*Maurice Boyer, French wrestler, an all-around athlete who is now in America*

SO far as the importation of mat talent is concerned, Manhattan's chief purveyor, Jack Pfeffer, cares neither for winter nor summer. To him it's always an open season. That is the chief reason why the surprising, excitable and temperamental carnation Jack furnishes just about as many surprises in wrestling as Flo Zeigfeld used to do in his famous glorifications. And Jack in his way "glorifies" them also, even if his penchant is the market of cauliflowered ears instead of dimpled blondes and saucy brunettes. Let's take a peek at some of Jack's latest imports. First:

MAURICE BOYER— In Maurice we see the elegance and ring poise which distinguishes Frenchmen from other athletes, a sort of trade mark exclusively French. He is 23 years old and was born in Paris and tips the scales at 185 pounds.

Maurice Boyer played quite a part in French athletics. He was a football star while at the Lycee Champolion, Grenoble—not the football we play over here but rugby, which attracts crowds equivalent to those which our own college football does. A question frequently asked of a wrestler is how he first became one. The answer is almost always the same—from the football field. It is but a short step from amateur football to pro wrestling and the greater part of our American lads are recruited that way.

In Europe it's quite different. The majority graduate through the tournament system. Boyer came to be a wrestler that way. He had some experience, of course, from his college days, but the hard schooling came through the tournaments. Boyer insists that he studied wrestling like a professional man devoting his life to a career. He started wrestling when thirteen years old and has been at it ever since. There is little or nothing the clever Frenchman doesn't know.

He is fast and has a million tricks up his sleeve. His dropkick is the best in the business and none over here can hope to compare with it. Furthermore, he has personality, that "it" stuff which goes a long way to make a man a big star. Maurice Boyer is going to be heard from, make no mistake about that. It may take some time but he possesses the assets of a fine wrestler and should make good.

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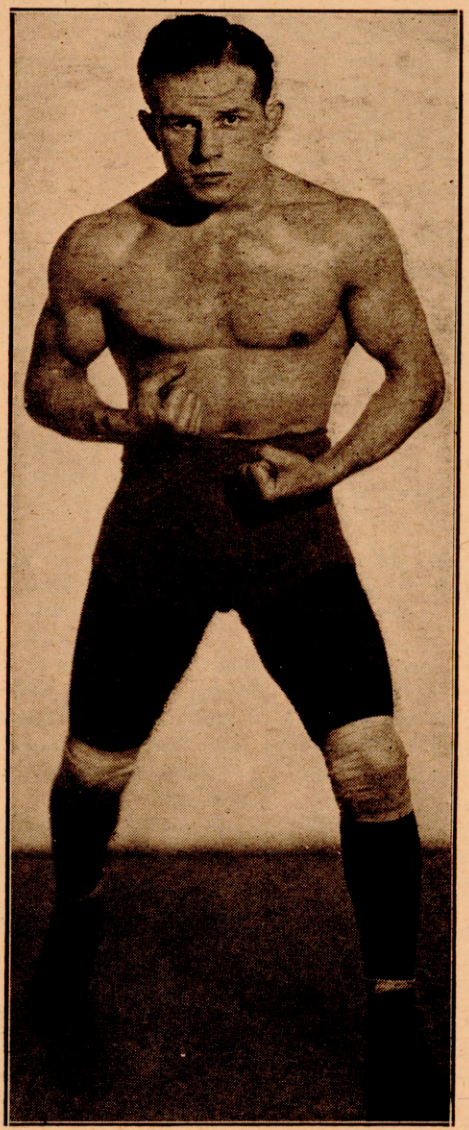


*Bull Marino, a rugged, aggressive Italian, who has joined the American mat colony.*

FELIX SLOVIKOWSKI. It's very appropriate to speak of Slovikowski immediately following a matman like Boyer because there could hardly be more difference between two men than there is between these two. Slovikowski hails from Warsaw, Poland. He is 25 years old, 6 feet, 2 inches tall and weighs 310 pounds! Plenty of man. Yet in spite of his weight, Felix is just as colorful a matman in his way as Boyer.

Naturally it's a different class, the one which is sometimes referred to as the superdreadnaught division. Slovikowski excells at football, ice skating (hockey), skiing, wrestling and basketball. The latter sport he learned after he came to this country, but he is already a player of note.

His background with plenty of outdoor sport helped make Slovikowski one of the strongest men in the game. He is here to try and regain the title which was held by Poland for so many years.

* * *

GIUSEPPE MAZZA. Italian wrestlers of late have broken through to stardom in a big way. Many of them are now competing in American rings with the hope that one day one of them may win the world's title, which never has been held by an Italian wrestler, although some of the best matmen in the game have come from Italy. The recent advent of these athletes is due to the new trend in Europe for developing athletes at an early age.

Italy has been one of the leading countries in this movement with the result that her boys have carried off some important prizes in open meets in Europe. Giuseppe Mazza can qualify with Italy's best. He is 25 years old, weighs 195 pounds and was a star wrestler in Europe before he came here. He was to have made the trip last season, Pfeffer made him a good offer at the time, but he had a number of contracts to fulfil which prevented his coming until this season. The lost time, however, is not important, for since he came he has made a big name for himself and looms now as one of the best among the Italian matmen, with the possible exception of . . . .

* * *

BULL MARINO. He, too, comes here to garner American mat laurels. He arrived a few weeks after Mazza, but like his countryman, made a big hit right off the bat. He is rugged, very aggressive and comes under the head of what we call "mat villains." Marino likes his wrestling very rough; he is not too

# ACQUAINTED

particular about rules and when asked how he learned this style of milling, his answer was that he first learned it from American wrestlers in Europe, who assured him that mat villains made a big hit on this side of the water.

Anyway, one thing is certain, and that is Marino was a quick learner. Even among our own villains it would be difficult to find one quite as rough as this Marino lad.

He tells us he was born in Pasco San Sonesco and has never done anything but wrestle. His father taught him the game, he himself being a matman of note, but later Marino had to discard these early teachings for the more modern style which he now uses.

* * *

HANS SCHWARZ. If we were to say that Hans Schwarz was "discovered" by accident and later given his first opportunity on a bet, it would seem a little far fetched. But that is exactly how Schwarz was first discovered and later given a chance. It came about one night when Jack Pfeffer with a friend were on their way to Ridgewood Grove, popular Brooklyn club, which has shown more of Pfeffer's stars than any other club in New York.

Pfeffer and his friend were talking wrestling, Jack insisting that he could make a star out of any young fellow provided he had the build and the inclination to learn. The friend was dubious and when within a few blocks of Ridgewood Grove, Jack's friend noticed a young fellow unloading blocks of ice from an ice wagon. "Here you are, Jack," said the friend, "just the man we are looking for. He is young and apparently strong. Why don't you go up and speak to him and ask him if he would like to become a wrestler."

Jack is not the kind to let a dare go by and in a few minutes had the young fellow interested and willing to take a chance. That young man was Hans Schwarz, now known as the German ice-man. And did Pfeffer make his boast good? Well, ask any fan who is in the habit of going to Ridgewood! They'll tell you plenty about this boy Schwarz.

Only 23 years old, he has been wrestling since that night less than a year ago when Pfeffer made him the proposition to turn wrestler. He weighs close to two hundred pounds, is still growing and getting heavier, and there are those who say that Hans Schwarz is one of the best prospects in the country.

*Giuseppe Mazza, Italian wrestler, who is one of the best sent from that country to America in many moons.*

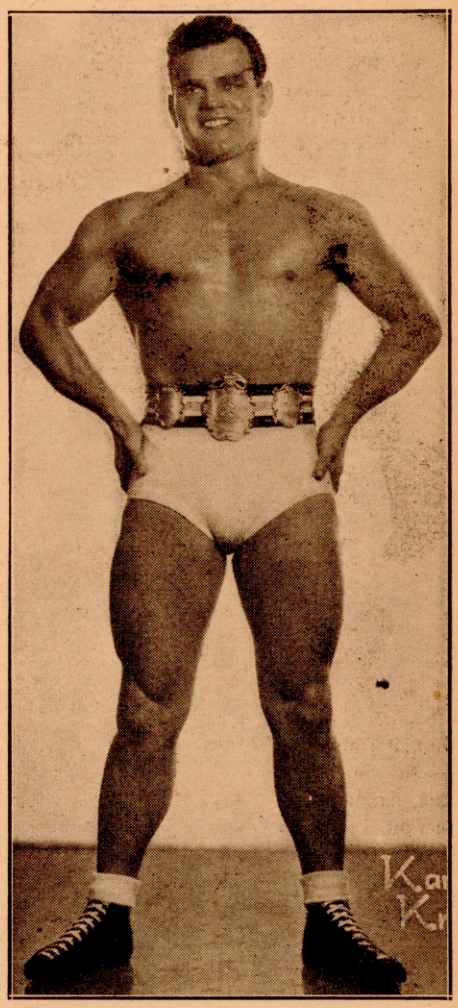
* * *

KAROL KRAUSER — We could hardly close our pen sketches without a few words about Karol Krauser, Poland's greatest master—the glamor boy — of wrestling whose brilliant victories have won him top place among foreign invaders this season. Krauser, like the majority of European wrestlers who come to this country, is a star athlete in many sports other than wrestling.

He shines particularly at skiing, fencing and skating. At 200 pounds, the 25-year-old Pole constitutes the big threat among both foreign and our own American boys for the heavyweight title.

## *Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions*

IN Middlebury, Vt., under the spreading chestnut tree, the village smithy stands—or should we say the village smithies stand—for side by side, there are three powerful hammer swingers, three generations of blacksmiths, a grandpa, whose appearance belies his age; a father, ditto on his looks, and a red-headed son, now 28 years of age. They are members of the Brill family of blacksmiths. It is the trio of smithies that has made Middlebury, Vt., famous.



*Handsome Karol Krauser, Poland's splendid wrestler. He is a good athlete in several fields.*

Of the three, the youngest, Otto, has made his mark in the sporting world, also. He is a professional wrestler and a mighty good one at that. The Brills, notwithstanding the German name, are Irish. Otto, figuring that he could do well in the bone-bending field, decided to take a crack at professional wrestling. You see, he was the "champeen amatoor" up Vermont way. So, Otto Brill, the third in the blacksmith generation, embarked on a bone-bending career. Maybe Brill isn't so well known around the Eastern part of the grappling circuit, but he surely has made grand progress in the Southern States and Florida. He has convinced the fans and critics below the Mason & Dixon's line, as well as our neighbor below the Rio Grande, that he can handle himself with the best of them.

It has been six years since Otto Brill, the red-headed Vermont Irishman started his career. But actually he has been grappling only three years, for six months out of each year he takes off to help out Dad and Grandpa on the anvil.

Otto Brill was born in Middlebury, April 6, 1910. He quit high school to join his father and grandfather in the blacksmithing business. He is exactly 6 feet tall and tips the Fairbanks at 210 pounds. He uses various holds but generally depends on the flying tackle to down his adversaries. Up in Vermont they take great pride in pointing to the record of the boy who has made good. They are not expecting too much from him, but think he is as good as the rest of the new crop.

# IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Artie Hemple, Montreal, Can.

Q.—Was John L. Sullivan ever the world heavyweight champion under Marquis of Queensberry Rules?

**A.—No. He was the American heavyweight king under London Prize Ring Rules. When he fought Jim Corbett for the title, that was the first heavyweight championship fight under the Marquis of Queensberry Rules.**

Alan Harrison, Hawaii

Q.—Did Pancho Villa ever fight for the world bantamweight title? Is it true that Little Pancho is his brother? Is Little Pancho a good fighter?

**A.—No. He fought for flyweight title and won it in a thrilling battle in New York from Jimmy Wilde. Yes, Little Pancho is his brother. He is a fighter with a splendid record. One of the best bantams in the game today. Can make flyweight or bantam division. He is now in U.S. on a tour with Charley Harvey, of New York, famous importer of British fighters, as his representative in the States.**

Frank Snow, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—How come that Joey Archibald and Leo Rodak fought for the world featherweight title? Shouldn't Ginger Foran and Mickey Miller and Pete Scalzo be considered before a champion is named?

**A.—In the N.B.A. and New York elimination tourney to decide a successor to Henry Armstrong, Archibald and Mike Belloise were named as the leading feathers for New York and Freddie Miller and Rodak were named by the N.B.A. because they each were rated on top in the division, the four constituting the best men in the rank. Mickey Miller was recognized as the Australian title-holder and in Australia they decided to pit Miller against Claude Varner for the crown.**

**Freddie Miller lost the decision to Rodak. Belloise lost to Archibald and Mickey Miller lost to Varner whom he subsequently beat in a return bout.**

**Archibald was recognized as the champion in New York, Rodak as the N.B.A. leading contender. Scalzo, a top flight challenger, though unrecognized by either body, knocked out Archibald in the second round of a non-title bout. Mickey Miller later was knocked out by Jackie Wilson, one of the ten American featherweights, and Ginger Foran failed to click because he was defeated several times in America and also in England. That left Rodak and Archibald with Wilson and Scalzo as the outstanding feathers. Since Mickey Miller doesn't class with our best boys, Wilson's feat is not as great as it otherwise would be.**

**Since Rodak and Archibald have received recognition by outstanding boxing bodies as the top-notchers, their bout must be accepted as for the world title.**

**Rodak recently was defeated by Everette Rightmire in an over-the-weight match, but you can't get away from the fact that the eliminations, aside from the overweight bouts, produced the outstanding feathers in Rodak and Archibald. The winner of that bout is therefore recognized by The Ring and by the National Boxing Association and all other bodies in America as the world featherweight title-holder. The Ring awarded a belt to the winner. When the eliminations were started, The Ring announced that it would recognize as champion the winner of a bout between the N.B.A. leader and the New York leader, and this is what we have now done.**

Howard Simons, Louisville, Ky.

Q.—Was Marvin Hart ever world heavyweight champion? Was Jeff champion or challenger when he fought Jack Johnson?

**A.—No. Hart was never world title-holder.**

**When Jeffries retired in 1905 Jeff decided that he would give his crown to the winner of a fight between Hart and Jack Root, which he refereed. That fight took place at Reno, Nev. and Hart knocked out Root in the twelfth round. The critics declared themselves against such action on the part of Jeffries, especially so in view of the fact that several other worthy heavyweights, among them Jack O'Brien, Tommy Burns and Jack Johnson were as much entitled to consideration as were Hart and Root.**

**O'Brien claimed the crown and so did Burns. On February 23, 1906, Burns clashed with Hart in Los Angeles and beat Marvin in 20 rounds, and Tommy claimed the title. On May 7 of the following year, Burns added to his prestige by beating O'Brien in 20 rounds in Los Angeles, and again in 20 rounds the next year. Then Tommy started on a tour in which he took on Bill Squires, Australian claimant and stopped him in one round, and Gunner Moir, Bill Lang, Jewey Smith, Jack Palmer and Jem Roche to clinch world honors.**

**His downfall came in Sydney Australia in 1908 when Jack Johnson won the undisputed right to the crown by stopping Tommy in fourteen rounds. When Johnson fought Jim Jeffries, Jeff was no longer the champion. He was only the challenger as he had given up the right to that title when he retired in 1905 and announced that the Hart-Root winner would be his successor.**

Martin Tuttle, Kenosha, Wis.

Q.—Is Johnny Paychek world heavyweight championship timber? Have his many victories been impressive?

**A.—He is as good as the rest of the mediocre field of challengers. I personally don't think he'll ever reach the top. Too many of his fights have lacked color. He hasn't the ability of a good challenger.**

Roland Loiselle, Green Islands, N. Y.

Q.—What was the date of the fight between Jim Jeffries and Corbett, the one in which Corbett was beaten in the twenty-third round? Was Carpentier ever world heavyweight champion? From whom did Paddy Ryan win the heavyweight crown of America? What will be the price of admission to the Sports Museum which you will conduct at the New York World's Fair?

**A.—May 11, 1900. Carpentier was never the world heavyweight champion. Ryan won the title from Joe Goss. Sorry to say that after all the preparations I had made for the World's Fair, the project fell through. I will not be at the Fair. My museum will be in my Garden headquarters.**

Margaret Singer, Kansas City, Mo.

Q.—Where are girls permitted to wrestle and box in public?

**A.—Sorry, I don't know. There are several places in the Mid-West but I can't give you the places.**

Henry Padulla, New Orleans, Pa.

Q.—Will you lecture at the World's Fair in conjunction with your Museum?

**A.—Sorry, but I will neither have the museum at the World's Fair nor will I lecture. The deal fell through because the Fair wanted Mike Jacobs to put up $2500 and he refused. I was to have gone in with him. When in New York, come to our headquarters and you will see there on exhibition what I had intended to put on at the World's Fair.**

Charles Upham, Dallas, Texas.

Q.—Will there be any professional boxing at the New York World's Fair? Will Joe Louis or any other celebrities appear in person?

**A.—No. No professional boxers will appear at the Fair nor will there be any exhibits on the sport as was originally contemplated. The World's Fair turned down our proposition, a great mistake, I personally believe, judging by the hundreds of letters I have received from all parts of the world telling me that our readers will meet me at the Fair and see our exhibit.**

A Scots Reader

Q.—Why did you rate Farr below Galento and Galento above Harvey? Why isn't Kane rated a bantam instead of a flyweight? He fights only bantams? When boxers' biceps are measured, are the muscles expanded? What is the average measurement for a boy 16 years old? Would Carpentier have beaten Lewis, Harvey, and would Ted Lewis have beaten Roderick and Armstrong?

**A.—Because Farr had lost five bouts in a row and Galento had scored knockouts over all his opponents even though most of them—all except Mann, were setups. As for Harvey, his record doesn't warrant any higher rating. The men he has whipped would be easy victims for most of our leading heavies. Biceps are not expanded. For your age, about 9½ to 10¼. Last two queries, your guess is as good as mine.**

Sam Lustnik, Montreal, Can.

Q.—Was there ever a world champion who was born in Canada?

**A.—Yes, Tommy Burns was a Canadian born heavyweight champion of the world. George La Blanche, great middleweight of the bare-knuckle period was born in Quebec. He held the middleweight title after beating Nonpareil Jack Dempsey with a pivot blow of which he was the inventor.**

Charles Shelly, Oakland, Cal.

Q.—When Jim Jeffries fought Jack Johnson, who was the champion?

**A.—Johnson was the title-holder and Jeff was the challenger. Jeff had retired five years previously and made his comeback after repeated urgings by his friends. The latter asserted that Jeff had come out of retirement to defend his crown, but such was not the case.**

Harry Feldman, London, Eng.

Q.—How would you rate Bombardier Billy Wells?

**A.—He was an excellent heavyweight prospect. He was very clever, but couldn't take it. He was rated one of the best white hopes.**

Thomas Cavanaugh, Albany, N. Y.

Q.—In what country was Paddy Ryan born? What nationality is Bob Pastor? Was Dave Shade ever a world champion? Did Jack Johnson ever fight Jeffries?

**A.—County Tipperary, Ireland. Pastor's father is a Portuguese Jew and mother is Irish. Shade never held a title. Johnson beat Jeffries in Reno, Nevada, in 15 rounds.**

Martin Hugglesworth, New Haven, Conn.

Q.—If a fighter is knocked down and the referee starts the count, and the boxer gets to his feet and falls again to the canvas, does the referee begin to count again at one?

**A.—No. If the fighter has not been hit, the count resumes where the referee left off. Thus in the Sharkey-Carnera fight, Carnera got to his feet and fell and Referee Gunboat Smith resumed where he had left off, at seven, and Carnera got up before ten was counted.**

Mike Cavanaugh, Nyack, N. Y.

Q.—Does every state have two judges and a referee?

**A.—No. Rhode Island, for example, has only a referee and there are several other states that have no judges.**

Artie Michaelson, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—When the Horton Law was in effect in New York, did they have judges and a referee?

**A.—No. Only a referee. The judges' ruling did not come into use until the Frawley Law was enacted and has been part of the New York boxing code since. It also has been adopted in most states.**

Charles Webster, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—Is Joe Choynski still alive? Where does he live?

**A.—Yes, Joe is very much alive. He and I write to each other quite frequently. Joe has a very keen brain, is a student of philosophy, follows boxing as much today as he did when he was a great ring gladiator, and has more hobbies than any one I know of, not excluding yours truly, who has many. He lives in Cincinnati.**

Peter Filippi, Minnesota.

Q.—What is the address of Lou Ambers? Who was called the Toy Bulldog? What heavyweight champion took the title away from Primo Carnera?

**A.—Ambers' address is Herkimer, New York. Mickey Walker was called the Toy Bulldog. Max Baer won the title from Carnera.**

Marion Dunnellen, Kansas City, Mo.

Q.—Will rowing exercises reduce the hips?

**A.—Yes. Also rolling along the floor.**

Tom Hardy, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—Was Joe Tipman a good fighter? In what class did he fight?

**A.—Yes, a very good one. He was a feather and a lightweight and was well up with the leaders.**

Art Finaldson, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Did John L. Sullivan ever fight for the championship in Boston?

**A.—Yes, he fought Alf Greenfield in Boston in 1885. The bout lasted four rounds with Sullivan the winner on points. It was a renewal of their "battle" in New York in which Sullivan had cut a deep gash in the forehead of Alf and the police halted the affair in the second round and hailed both men to court on a charge of unlawfully engaging in a fight and "brutally" beating each other. In their second contest, neither did any damage to the other, and Sullivan was roundly hissed for not attempting to knock out Greenfield. He protested that Alf was his friend and a gentleman and that he gave a fine exhibition. Despite that, however, the title was at stake according to the records of the period.**

Frank Sullivan, Memphis, Tenn.

Q.—Was there ever a world champion boxer who hailed from this city?

**A.—I don't recall any. My records fail to show a Memphis world champion.**

Sol Strauss, Cleveland, O.

Q.—From whom did Johnny Kilbane win the world featherweight title?

**A.—He won it from Abe Attell on February 22, 1912 at Los Angeles, 20 round decision.**

Martin Tullich, Boston, Mass.

Q.—I have several boxing relics, including a pair of boots that John L. Sullivan had given to my father and which John L. said he used when he trained for the Paddy Ryan fight? Are these acceptable for your boxing museum?

**A.—Would be delighted to get them, Martin, and any other kind of a relic. My aim, Martin, is to get up the greatest museum of boxing relics in the world, and will it, when I pass away, to the New York Museum as a perpetual museum of boxing, showing the romantic side. Anything that aids in keeping alive famous names in boxing—medals, dumbbells, swinging clubs, watches, walking sticks, etc., are welcome additions. I just received the high hat that Fitz wore when he first came to the U.S. from Australia and a walking stick from the great Joe Choynski given to him by Ed Graney and autographed "From Ed to Joe, San Francisco, Cal., May, 1890." Would like to get some relics from our readers in far off lands. Who'll help?**

# Two Centuries of Boxing

(Continued from page 21)

swinging like a club, full on Dempsey's jaw. The "Nonpareil" went down and out!

This was what was known as the "pivot blow", which until then had been considered perfectly fair to use. But immediately following Dempsey's defeat public sporting opinion was that the punch should be barred, and this was done, with Australia and England following the example set by the American sport authorities.

Today, even a back-hand blow administered by a boxer is rated as a "foul", and the offender duly penalized by the referee with the loss of the round in which it is delivered.

When Tommy Ryan was leading star of the welter and middleweight brigades, one of his most effective weapons was the delivery of the kidney punch. Kid McCoy also specialized in this blow, as did Tom Dawson, who in his day was lightweight champion of Australia.

Terry McGovern almost paralyzed many of his opponents by the terrific battering he gave their kidneys. Now the direct kidney punch is declared altogether "out of bounds" and relegated to the limbo of lost things in pugilism.

* * *

SLACK, the "Butcher," third of the English bare knuckle champions, who succeeded Broughton, is credited with having been the first to use the now tabooed "rabbit punch." This was a chopping blow delivered with the side of the hand on the back of the neck, and was utilized freely all through the Queensberry decade, even while Jack Dempsey ruled the roost. It virtually paralyzed the nerves of the neck, and is known to have been responsible for several deaths in the ring.

Probably Dempsey did more execution with the "rabbit punch" than any other fighter. He used it twice in his battle with Billy Miske on Labor Day, 1920, when he kayoed Billy in the third round. He took all the fight out of Bill Brennan with it, when he stopped Bill in twelve rounds the same year, and hurt Georges Carpentier with its stunning impact badly on the occasion of his knockout victory over the Frenchman in four rounds on July 2, 1921.

Both Brennan and Carpentier afterwards admitted that the Dempsey "rabbit punch" was the most fearsome thing either had encountered during their ring careers. But the "rabbit punch" is outlawed now, along with the kidney wallop and La Blanche pivot. Their elimination is not to be deplored, although some hard-boiled old-timers grumble over the ultra-precautions taken in behalf of boxers, on the grounds that what was good enough for their fathers ought to be good enough for them, and lament to them, the decadency of pugs thus nursed by the authorities.

Not the least of the wise precautions taken to guard fighters against possible fatalities is the construction of heavily padded ring floors, and posts. Up to the late nineties the ring floors were merely laid with canvas over the bare boards, and the wooden stakes at each corner of the arena presented a nasty danger for any boxer who might happen to have his head driven against one of them by a wallop.

Frank Garrard, a well-known Chicago lightweight, while fighting Brennan, a Birmingham boxer, drove his opponent into a corner, and sent a straight right to the Briton's jaw. Brennan's skull collided with the top of the post, and he suffered a compound fracture which resulted in his death.

In 1898, Jimmy Barry of Chicago knocked out Walter Croot in a bout for the world's bantamweight championship before the National Sporting Club of England in the twentieth round. Even the aristocratic National provided nothing more than bare boards with a canvas covering for ring flooring then. Croot's head struck the floor with such force when he toppled over that he never recovered consciousness and died a few hours later.

The Croot disaster resulted in the National Sporting Club adopting a padded ring floor, and big and little boxing clubs all over the world soon followed suit.

Yes, there's no denying that the game of the gloves as we know it on this, its 220th anniversary, has undergone many changes for the better. The sport is conducted with due regard to the refinements of civilization now. And no matter what the embittered old-timers may say, we've got to be shown that the efficiency of the modern fighting breed is in any way impaired by the humane precautions adopted for the protection of the lads who throw leather for a living!

By far the greatest improvement in the game has been the adoption of Boxing Commissions in many parts of this country and in foreign lands. The legalization of boxing has removed from it most of the objectionable element prevalent in the past. In commission rule, New York leads the field. Despite occasional errors of judgment, the New York members, General Phelan, Vol. Wear and Bill Brown, have set a standard for others to follow.

Honest, above reproach in their acts, they have carried on in a manner that has put boxing in New York at the highest level in its history. True at times we have criticized the commission and will continue to do so constructively in the future, but the good this commission has done so far outweighed its mistakes, that New York boxing has been kept clean of scandal and its bouts have been of the highest order.

# Clean-Living Fighters

(Continued from page 31)

BECAUSE of his immunity to the temptations of the primrose path, someone once described Tommy Loughran as leading the life of a monk outside of a monastery. Tommy certainly knew what he was about, as anyone who speaks with him today soon realizes.

The former light-heavyweight champion of the world, still a bachelor, fought for 18 years in the prize ring against the greatest men in three divisions, but for all the effects he shows of his long and arduous career, he might have been a clerk or a carpenter.

Most of the happy examples we have mentioned have been boxers of the scientific school. How have the men who waged war along more primitive lines been dealt with by the profession they followed? Not as well, in most cases, but this has mainly been due to the fact that the sluggers lacked the native intelligence of the clever men and were careless about their physical condition.

The rough and tough ones who knew enough to take care of themselves are nearly all in the best of physical and mental shape. Johnny Risko was anything but a smart performer inside the ropes, but outside of them it was a different story. It was more to John's advantage to use his head outside of the ring than in it, for today John is free from financial worries, thanks to a trust fund, and the careful life he led.

Another member of the rough and ready school of scrappers who shows no ill-effects of the many gruelling struggles in which he engaged is Billy Petrolle, the old Fargo Express. Sight unimpaired, mind clear, and in the best of physical trim, Petrolle early learned the importance of proper conditioning and living a clean life, and he is reaping the rewards of this sane procedure.

The case of Willie Ritchie, ex-lightweight champion of the world, is much the same as that of Petrolle. The rugged Californian participated in as many bruising encounters as any fighter of his day, but is in top-notch shape and fills his position as a California boxing commissioner very capably.

Like Jack Johnson, Frank Erne, at the age of 64, is a remarkably well-preserved physical specimen. The former lightweight champion still lives in Buffalo, comes down to New York occasionally for the big fights, and is a picture of health and contentment. James J. Jeffries, also at the age of 64, looks good for many years to come.

Rugged and powerful in appearance, ol' Jeff looks as enduring as one of the redwood trees that surround his California home. The same thing goes for the ancient ex-tar, Tom Sharkey, who is as robust as ever, although in his sixties.

As far as longevity is concerned, ex-boxers have little to fear from the rigors of the game if their younger days were free from dissipation. Jake Kilrain, who recently passed on, reached the age of 79, and this oldster belonged to the bare-knuckle era.

* * *

THE list of old-time pugilists who have departed the fight game in about the same condition, physically and mentally, as they entered it, is an impressive one. Surely there seems to be nothing wrong, at least to the naked eye, with such well-known ex-pugs as big Jess Willard, Joe Jeannette, Tommy Burns, Tom Gibbons, Leo Houck and Tom Heeney. Jeannette, for example, survived a score of battles with men like Langford, McVey and Johnson to become one of the most respected citizens and ring officials of Hoboken, N. J. The Gibbons boys, Mike and Tom, look like a couple of average business men out of St. Paul, Minn.

Not all former fighters we have mentioned are free of financial cares, for, after all, how many of us are these days, but none of them show any physical disabilities for all their years in a business that many damn as demoralizing and detrimental in its after effects.

Those who followed the laws of correct living, as we have attempted to show by examples, are hale and hearty with prospects of living far beyond the span of the average man.

# Then and Now

(Continued from page 14)

STANLEY KETCHEL was always a serious, deadly fellow in the ring but he was forever skylarking in the training camp. He liked rough humor and often, at Woodlawn Inn, where he trained for his New York fights he made life miserable for the clowns and chumps of the camp. One Sunday afternoon, while his dear public was seated along the edge of the driveway porch, Ketchel came through his bedroom window, one floor above, struggling with a huge rain barrel. It was filled to the brim with water and he risked life and limb as he edged the barrel down over the roof of the porch so that he could tip it over on the crowd below.

Down came the deluge and he fell back on the roof in a convulsion of mirth after seeing the boys kick out the water from their Sunday-go-to-meeting suits. It was a cruel prank and I dare say that the middleweight title of the world would have been in the balance if some of those husky, hard-working fellows had got their hands on the Michigan Assassin, a fighting name I hung on that great warrior.

"Snipe hunting" was another of Ketchel's camp stunts. He'd strike up an acquaintance with some dodo and invite him to stay for dinner. Stories of Ketchel's great hunting feats against bear, mountain lions and wild cats would pound into the ear drums of his new found friend.

Ketchel would bemoan the fact that only simple snipe hunting remained for his pleasure in a civilized section like Van Courtland Park near where the Inn was located. The chump would ask about this snipe hunting and Ketchel then knew he had him hooked.

"You've got to stay around until midnight, and we'll go sniping," Ketchel would say. "Best sport in the world and no danger," "Steve" would tell his guest. "We'll round up our crowd and we'll get a mess of snipe tonight. Finest eating in the world. Got real duck beat a mile," was the build-up.

Came midnight, dark and spooky! About a dozen would join in the hunt, all "wise" except the chump. Ketchel would lead off with a big gunny sack and an old fashioned lantern. The only weapon he toted was an old tennis racquet. He'd lead the tip-toe march five or six miles into the depths of the neighboring woods. Sitting Bull or old Rain in the Face couldn't have found their way out of there without guides!

They'd branch off the path into thicker woods, the light from the lantern being the only means of finding footing.

Then Ketchel would call a halt. Whispered instructions to the chump:

"Now you kneel down here," Ketchel would say, "and hold the sack open with both hands. The boys and I will skirt around in a circle and drive the snipe toward you and sack. Keep it open with a sharp look out for snipe because I will shoo them in with the tennis racquet. I'll take the light with me. They'll run away from it, toward you. Now look out and make no outcry. Don't move or break a twig. The snipe ought to be along in about half an hour."

The whole crowd would circle back to the camp, leaving the lone snipe hunter holding the bag, in utter darkness. Often they found a hunter still kneeling there as dawn came up out of the Eastern sky, wondering why the snipe didn't come. They never came. There were no such animals on that trail! Sometimes it took an unhappy hunter five or six hours to fight his way back to civilization in the dark and they never headed toward the Inn. It was a sure way of getting rid of a camp pest.

* * *

ONE of the happiest camps I've known was that of the Sullivan Twins, Jack and Mike. They were great singers and clog dancers and they played the piano like professionals. They never needed stage talent. They were a jolly pair and they laughed off the irksomeness of camp drilling with one song after another. Most enjoyable.

Jack Johnson was a cut-up in camp. His natural good humor spread about the place and usually he had comical stooges around him. He was a laughing, happy-go-lucky fellow in the climb to the title but after he won it, he was so beset by the fancied importance of his place in the sun that Johnson lost a lot of native jolliness and plumb forgot to laugh.

* * *

TOM SHARKEY had Tim McGrath as his trainer on the Pacific Coast and Tim made the camp a nightmare for poor Tom. One thing the hardy sailor did enjoy was McGrath's inevitable "fight between a badger and a bulldog." Never was there a McGrath camp without this great spectacle, "the fiercest battle ever staged in the world." That was the way the wily Irishman would bill this show for the rubbernecking public.

It cost you a dollar to see this sight of sights. It always took place in the gymnasium where it was easy to accommodate the public by seating them around the arena. McGrath would work up interest in this great fight with a spiel that would have put a circus barker to shame. Tim was an old medicine showman and he knew his onions.

Tim would sell tickets on the outside and sailor Tom would take them at the door. Sometimes there would be a hundred of the innocents seated in the gym by the time "the great struggle between Nature's mortal enemies," came along.

McGrath always had a terrorizing bulldog playing a part.

Then four or five camp hands would stagger in with the crate. They'd place it down in the center of the ring and McGrath would caution against undo noise for fear of attracting the Law Horrible.

Tim would handle the chained bulldog and at a trembling signal to "Let that critter loose," four of the handlers would divide into pairs, holding onto two thick ropes which were wedged under the trap door of the crate. Mister Badger never would be permitted to leap among the spectators, fancy free, Tim assured them.

"We're ready, dog and man! Let the devil come forth!" Tim would bellow with the sweep of an Edwin Booth and up would go the trap door and they'd drag into the bright light—at the ends of the double rope, an old old fashioned, taffy colored, bedroom thunder mug! (a tiny, pink-nosed, blue-eyed, little white kitten!)

The swag was always divided among Sharkey's sparring partners and I never knew anyone to kick over being bilked out of his dollar. It was for the big laugh and Tim always was voted a master showman! Loudest in his praise was the barrel-chested sailor man!

His namesake, Jack Sharkey, was a real camp jester. His training camp was always in an uproar over "hot-seats," "hot foot" and the imitation "bombs" he used to wire to the engine of the automobiles of the camp visitors. As soon as a victim stepped on the starter, the bomb would go off with unearthly noises, hissing, clouds of smoke pouring from the hood, ending in an explosion which almost knocked the autos down.

The camp cutups have sort of run out of fashion. It is a sober minded trade, these days and the jesters have pulled in their belled horns.

# They Used to Let 'Em Rip

(Continued from page 11)

Michigan Assassin was groggy again and again.

Along about the eighth round when Ketchel was reeling, bloody and seemingly licked to a frazzle, Hugh McIntosh, the Australian promoter, who occupied a press stand seat, turned to his neighbor, Bob Edgren, and said:

"Gawd blimme, this is awful. We'd stop this in Australia!"

But just before the gong in the last round Ketchel laid out O'Brien cold as an oyster with a smash to the jaw. The call of time saved O'Brien from being listed as knocked out, and as the bout was held under "no-decision" rules, Ketchel did not receive full credit for a knockout. But a knockout it was, and one of the most decisive ever administered.

# Making the Grade

(Continued from page 28)

Returning to Vancouver, Jimmy Chapman again stole the show before a capacity house, which turned out to see a Canadian light-heavyweight championship battle, as he put Bomber Bailey on the canvas three times to win a decisive victory.

Having beaten all the bantamweights and most of the featherweights in the Northwest, Jimmy sought further fields to conquer, and in the early winter months of 1938, he travelled to Toronto, which was bantamweight conscious at the time. In his first fight there, Jimmy won his way into the hearts of the 8,000 fans by his magnificent display of smart boxing, despite his defeat at the hands of the protege of Tommy Farr, Mog Mason. Chapman fought eleven battles in the East and then returned to the Pacific Coast.

A good puncher with both hands, fast on his feet as any bantamweight can be, a smart, cool head that does not get "hot" under fire, are the added qualifications of this aspiring young bantamweight. "Irish" Jimmy Chapman, as he is known to his friends, is definitely headed up the fistic ladder. The land of the Maple Leaf is eagerly watching the rise of young Jimmy Chapman. Will he really be Canada's second McLarnin? Canada's fight fans say definitely "yes."

# Peeking Ahead

(Continued from page 29)

on poundage that will soon push him up into the heavyweight bracket. Two years from now it is easy to vision the Irish kid as a full-fledged 190-pounder. And, gentlemen, Billy Conn with 190 pounds to back up the best left hand since Tunney put his away for keeps will wreak plenty of havoc in the realm of heavyweight fisticuffs.

A wild-eyed dream? Perhaps, but certainly no wider stretch of imagination than the picture of a crude, awkward Gene Tunney engaging in a mediocre tussle with one Soldier Jones back in 1921 in a semi-final to the Dempsey-Carpentier title brawl. It certainly would have required an optimistic viewpoint that afternoon to have picked Gene Tunney as the next world's heavyweight king.

But what Irish Gene Tunney went on to accomplish with an educated left hand might well be duplicated by equally Irish Billy Conn and a left hand that shows every promise of being equally well educated.

In the meantime, as one of our sport scribbling colleagues remarked the other day, "the impression is fast spreading that this fellow Joe Louis can't be handled with gloves."

# He Can Be Hit

(Continued from page 4)

championship match in California in thirty years, was far from the success predicted for it. Only 21,125 customers paid to see the Bomber in action. The gross take was only $87,697.75, with a net of $75,561.31.

The promotion of the entire affair was in capable hands. Tom Gallery, who was the co-promoter with Mike Jacobs, worked unceasingly and conscientiously to put over this gigantic project. Bill Miller, aided by Gene Vinassa and Lee Lewis, did a miraculous job in getting columns of space and photos daily for fully one month prior to the fight in their ballyhoo.

Unfortunately, confusion and disorder at Wrigley Field on the night of the fight marred the fight program. Lack of police protection encouraged thousands of fans to jump the fence and a shortage of ushers prompted the bleacher customers into rushing the field and grabbing any available seat. Counterfeit tickets were discovered at the gate, but only a few holding them gained admittance.

Despite the few unfortunate incidents, the show was a success—both financially and artistically. A gate of such proportions for such an obviously one-sided match proved that Los Angeles can support matches of championship calibre.

# Archibald

(Continued from page 19)

Prior to the bout, the National Boxing Association refused to recognize Archibald, the New York State champion, as the world title-holder, its choice being Rodak, who had defeated Freddie Miller in the final of an elimination in Washington. The Ring likewise refused to recognize the New York crown wearer. It was through the efforts of The Ring Editor that the N. B. A. and New York champion were brought together to settle the title claim by offering The Ring world championship belt to the winner.

The belt was given to Archibald in the ring in the Providence Armory, where the title contest was staged. Thus Archibald became the eighty-third recipient of The Ring's championship awards.

# British Boxing

(Continued from page 25)

himself before long. Tall and well built, Joe features fast, clever boxing with two-handed punching that carries plenty of weight. He has boxed his way through five divisions, first starting his career as a fighter in the flyweight class, but he has no sooner been settled down at one weight, when ever-increasing poundage has forced him up into a higher section.

As a flyweight, he boxed a draw with Dave Kellar, ex-Southern Area flyweight champion. When a bantam, he fought good lads like Leo Lee, and when reaching the feathers, he boxed a draw with Joe Brahams, a former schoolboy champ.

In the lightweight class, he fought a rousing battle with Alby Day, erstwhile pride of East London arenas, and when reaching the 147-pound class, met top-liners like Mog Gwilliam and Dave Penfield.

Joe has now stepped into the middleweight section and this seems to be his natural weight. He scales around 154 pounds and stands six feet in his ring boots.

As a middle, he has lost two close contests to Johnny Blake, another promising young lad; beat Sid Wickes and Dick Johnson; lost a decision to Arthur Bishop and another to Dave Penfield; beat Bert Cannon on points; K.O.'d Harry O'Grady, Jack Barr, Billy Lipscome, Ben Smith and Dixie Cullen to whom Kelt has also lost on points.

Altogether he has had 140 contests, he bears none of the earmarks of a fighter. He is a quiet fellow out of the ring. He breeds bull terriers for a hobby. His regular job is bricklaying, which helps to keep him in good shape. Although he hasn't had the best of luck this year, his mentor, Tom Davey, has plenty of confidence in him and is hopeful with regard to the future.

* * *

MANY Northern England boxing fans remember Douglas Parker, the Sunderland lightweight. Now from the same town comes Tom Smith, a feather who has great ability and shows 100 per cent promise of reaching the top.

Only nineteen years old, he boxes with the cool assurance of a veteran, and combines speed and power with skillful ringwork.

Smith began in the glove game at the early age of twelve, as a simon-pure, and since turning to the moneyed ranks in his early 'teens, he has had seventy-five contests, losing only four of them.

During the extent of his entire career, Tom has never had the fatal ten counted over him. He has never suffered the loss of a fight via the disqualification route.

His record will testify that he is ready to go against the best in the game of hit-and-stop. He has boxed a draw with Spider Kelly, the British Empire champion, and beaten on points Johnny King, British and Empire bantamweight kingpin, two very noteworthy victories.

Chief among his other wins are: George Marsden, Nottingham; Jake Carr, Newcastle; Vinnie Elliot, Leeds; Walter Morton, Sheffield; Frank Bonser, Nottingham; Sid Parker, Bolton; Frank Walker, Leeds; and Tommy Tune, Barnsley.

Thus his record shows that he has come out top dog against some of the best competition in Northern England, a section of the country where they bring them up "tough, mighty tough."

Tom is a timber carrier on the Sunderland docks, an occupation in common with the great Jimmy Braddock. This hard labor helps to keep him in fighting trim and makes him as hard as the wood he hauls about. He gives credit for his powerful hitting to this arduous occupation.

Many boxing fans are of the opinion that, having seen young Tommy Smith in action, they have been witnessing a future champion at his work, and judging by his recent performances, the day when Sunderland will have a British title-holder in its midst is not far ahead.

Mick Carney is a young Newcastle Irishman, a lightweight. He is only 22, has been boxing for four and one-half years, and has made himself a proven favorite with the London crowds.

He took up boxing when unemployment hit his home. He had his first fight in a booth, with no idea of taking it up seriously. He impressed himself so much, however, with his natural ability to fight, that he decided to continue.

He has beaten some of the best lightweights in England, including Len Wickwar, Tommy Hyams, Dave Fin, Norman Denny and others, and has met Jimmy Vaughan, George Daly and Billy Charlton, etc.

Besides boxing, he is a gifted footballer, and has been offered professional forms by two well-known league teams, but he feels more at home when punching, than kicking.

* * *

JOHNNY CUNNINGHAM, a lightweight with a sock, graduated into professional boxing via the amateur rings, where he won numerous trophies and contests. He is one of the fast moving, orthodox school, a style which he was taught by his friend, George Cunningham, a son of the old Bethnal Green knuckle fighter, George Cunningham.

Johnny, whose real name is Da Costa, took the name of Cunningham in appreciation of the tutorship George gave him. He is married, and his regular occupation is truck-driving.

He has had many contests as a professional, winning his last eleven on the turn. He won his last bout in double quick time, 45 seconds, to stop Eric Dolby. He is another of the lightweights that seem to be going places in England today.

British fight managers are requested to send to the writer of this column, 10 Gibson Road, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham, England, photos, records and short biographical sketches of their boys. These will be published gratis in The Ring. This is a type of publicity that is worth while, hence get busy now. Send your pictures and stories either direct to me or to The Ring Editor, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

# LETTERS *from Our* READERS

WHILE reading the February issue of THE RING, I came across your answer to the inquiry of Martin Mogelesky, and I certainly am surprised at the way in which you answered his question. You state that six Americans claimed the title, namely, Jimmy Clabby, Eddie McGoorty, Frank Klaus, Mike Gibbons, George Chip and Jack Dillon. That may be quite true, but you err when you say that Jimmy Clabby beat all comers here in Australia and that he was rated by Australians as the best in his class. Clabby came to Australia in 1911, and I will say that he was one of the best middles ever to land on these shores. I have made a list of the main fights he had here, and you will see for yourself where you were wrong.

In 1911, knocked out Arthur Cripps in 15 rounds; lost to Dave Smith, 20; draw, Dave Smith, 20.

1912—Won, Hughie Meighan, 20; won, Hughie Meighan, 12; draw, Dave Smith, 20.

1914—KO, Dave Smith, 1; lost to Dave Smith, 20.

1915—Lost, Les Darcy, 20; lost, Les Darcy, 20.

1916—Lost, Fred Kay, 20; won, Dave Smith, 20.

1917—K.O., Fred Kay, 12; K.O., Dave Smith, 10; lost, Tommy Wren, 20; won, Tommy Wren, 20; won, Tommy Wren, 20; lost Tommy Wren, 20.

1919—Lost, Wren, 20; lost, Wren, 20.

1920—Won, Wren, 20; drew, Wren, 20; lost, Wren, 20; lost, Wren, 20.

Clabby beat a lot of other fighters here, but they were a mediocre lot, and I will say now without hesitation that Les Darcy was the uncrowned middleweight champion of the world. He beat Fritz Holland three times; McGoorty twice; K.O. Brown, Buck Crouse and George Chip, besides the best talent available here.

It is regretted that Darcy was never able to show his wares in the U.S.A. If he had he would have certainly been a great hit.

DAVID JORDAN,
Baradine, New South Wales.

*(I stand corrected—Thank you.)*

* * *

I SHOULD like you to correct a misstatement in the March issue of THE RING. It appears in the Batting Averages of 1938 article.

According to the compiled list, Peter Kane has a defeat marked against his name which lowers his percentage to .833; actually his percentage should have been 1000.

The mistake was made, I think, in the result of his return bout with Benny Lynch on March 24. Kane did not drop the decision —it was a draw over twelve rounds.

I realize, of course, that small errors will crop up no matter how careful one is about compiling records, but I would be very pleased indeed if you would either print this on your readers' page or call attention to this unfortunate error.

Kane's record, I think, you will agree, deserves this correction.

Wishing you all the very best, Mr. Fleischer, and long life to THE RING, the world's best boxing magazine.

EDWARD BRAZIER,
Harringay, London, N15, England.

*(Thanks. The error was caused by putting the draw in the wrong column when setting the type. Our records were correct. We had Kane with 1000 per cent. Hope he continues to win his bouts. When I get to England, I'll bring a belt with me for him.)*

* * *

SINCE we are constant and enthusiastic readers of THE RING, we would like to give you a bit of information which, in our opinion, would be very beneficial to your magazine. It so happens that there is a young fighter, Al Hostak by name, who just a few months back knocked out Freddie Steele in one minute and forty-three seconds of the first round, thus establishing himself as the middleweight champion of the world in every state except "Mike Jacobs'."

He later lost the title to Solly Krieger in a gruelling fifteen-round battle. Injuries to both of Al's hands would have justified his stopping in early rounds of the fight, but on sheer grit, he continued to the end of the fifteen rounds, losing a close decision but winning the admiration of all who witnessed the bout.

The reason for explaining these things is that since you are editor of the world's leading fight magazine, we thought you might be interested in knowing something of the world's leading middleweight.

Do you rate your fighters by drawing names from a hat, or do you really try to pick them according to their ability? Hostak's name was not mentioned in your monthly ratings, but such names as Overlin, Seelig and Yarosz were, until last issue.

This letter may appear a bit on the cynical side, but it is a fact that you are not giving Al half the attention that he deserves. We don't know the reason for this, but we do know that it isn't appreciated by any of your Northwest readers, so for your sake and Al's, let's have a little attention given to this future middleweight champion.

CHARLES ELLIOTT AND BOB CAMDEN,
Olympia, Washington.

*(Al didn't deserve a rating on his idleness. When he returned to warfare, we rated him again.)*

* * *

**No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.**

I HAVE been a regular reader of your world-famous magazine for a number of years, and I sincerely believe that it is the finest boxing and wrestling book printed. It is not only enjoyable but educational and well edited.

It was really through reading your wonderful magazine, THE RING, that I decided to go and see the Joe Louis-Max Schmeling fight at the Yankee Stadium last June. Although it took the Bomber only 2.04 of the first round to hand Schmeling the worst beating ever administered to a challenger, I was more than satisfied with the events of the evening. Especially the middleweight, light-heavy and four heavyweight bouts that preceded the main bout.

Before the World War, I travelled extensively and had the opportunity of seeing in the ring or on the stage, America's best fighters and wrestlers, including Jack Johnson, Sam Langford, John L. Sullivan, Tommy Gibbons, Battling Nelson, Ad Wolgast, Frank Gotch, Dr. Roller, George Hackenschmidt, Sam Anderson, Bull Montana, Young Americus, and several other top-notchers in their day.

It is hard for we Nova Scotians to believe that there ever was or ever will be a fighter like Jack Dempsey, not forgetting our one and only Sam Langford, who was born a few miles from here and ranks second to Dempsey in our rating.

Nat, you may recall that on June 1 I mailed a Money Order to your address, requesting you to select a good seat and forward the ticket to me. Well, I received it three days later by air-mail. After receiving the ticket, I persuaded a friend of mine, Ernest Helphard of Amherst, N. S., to make the trip with me. Mr. Helphard is a regular reader of THE RING and a fight enthusiast and was lucky in getting a seat next to mine.

I wish to say that our most exciting moments were on June 21, the day previous to the big fight. It was then that we decided to see the heart of your great city.

After arriving at Grand Central Station, we strolled up 42nd Street to 8th Avenue, up 8th Avenue to Madison Square Garden, each purchasing a hat. From there we crossed over to Jack Dempsey's main restaurant on the corner of 50th Street and 8th Avenue. After viewing enlarged pictures of nearly every fighter from 1870 to the present day, which we were told you furnished, we left for Jack's new Broadway Bar, located at Broadway and

49th St. It was there we met Tiger Jack, in person. After sampling his "Special" and "punch", we left for Jim Braddock's Corner, 157 W. 49th St. There we met Jimmy, wished him every success and then left for Mickey Walker's, on the cor. 8th Ave. and 49th St. We found the "Toy Bull Dog" still willing to talk on some of his greater battles.

Well the end of a perfect day found my friend and I in the Cocoanut Grove, theatre on Times Square. The night of the fight we managed to shake hands with Maxie Baer, and had a good look at Tommy Farr, Tony Galento, Gene Tunney, Red Burman and good old Arthur Donovan. On the following day when returning home, we spent several hours with Jack Sharkey, at his Ringside Bar, 156 Canal St., Boston. What more could two lovers of the fight game wish to see in so short a time.

In conclusion I wish to say to those who are considering on seeing one of this summer's big battles, not to fail to visit Nat Fleischer's Ring headquarters—the boxing museum unsurpassed.

RAY S. WEBB,
Maccaw, Nova Scotia, Canada.

* * *

IN the "Question Box" in the April RING you said that Pat Killen suffered only one defeat, by Mercine Thompson "the Cleveland Thunderbolt". Pat Killen was stopped by Joe McAuliffe the "Mission Giant" in 7 rounds in his last and biggest fight in San Francisco. The great Peter Jackson sitting at the ringside, said it was the first time he ever saw an Irish fighter show lack of courage.

In THE RING for May in the "Question Box" an error crept in. You stated that the Fitzsimmons-Corbett fight had no preliminaries. Three great fights were carded that day, Martin Flaherty was K.O.'ed by Dal Hawkins in 4 seconds in the first round, and George Green (Young Corbett) stopped "Mysterious" Billy Smith in 12 rounds, and Fitz stopped Corbett. THE RING has mentioned these 3 great fights on many occasions, so it was a mere over-sight.

JAMES P. DUFFY,
Chicago, Ill.

* * *

THE April RING has an article about Gama, written by an Oriental who signs himself P.T.O., in which he claims that Gama is the super wrestler of all time. He also makes claims which are not founded on facts. First of all, how does he know that Gama is the super wrestler of all time?

He also claims that Gama has never been defeated. This may or may not be true, but I have a poster which came from India in which a Deaf Mute claims to have defeated Gama, and I have been told by two Hindu wrestlers that this deaf mute did defeat Gama and was considered by many as being as good or better than Gama. These same Hindus told me that Gama has a brother who is a greater wrestler than Gama, and Emil Klank an old time wrestler who made two trips to India and was at the Zbyszko-Gama match, also told me that Gama's brother is better than Gama.

The article in THE RING also states that Gama has been in over 3000 matches and has never failed to pin his opponent on his back. Another thing which is not true. In his first meeting with Stanislaus Zbyszko in England, when both were in their prime or near it, they wrestled for several hours with neither gaining a fall. You can easily check on this.

While it is true that in their second meeting (Zbyszko was near 60 or over at this time and far past his best day) Gama did defeat Zbyszko in something like a minute or minute and a half, it is also true that Frank Gotch defeated Stanislaus Zbyszko the first fall in their Chicago match, when Zbyszko was in his prime, in six seconds. But that is no reason to say or expect that either Gama or Gotch could repeat again in the quick time they won those falls.

There is no question in my mind but what Gama was a great wrestler. I use the word great, for there is a vast difference between good and great, and I shall always regret never having seen him in action. But, I do not believe that he was the super wrestler of all time, nor do I believe that he was greater than Gotch. In fact I do not believe that he is the greatest wrestler India ever had. For I am told by those who have seen and known both men that Gullaum or some such name, was a greater man than Gama ever was. In one of my many talks with Stanislaus Zbyszko I asked him if he had ever seen Gullaum (probably not spelled right) and he said he had. He also said that he thought him the greatest of all the greats.

In writing this article I am not trying to or even wishing to, take anything away from Gama. But, I do wish to put right many who may have read the article and who would be lead to believe that Gotch would have had no chance whatsoever against Gama.

AN AMERICAN,
J. C.

* * *

REFERRING to your Minneapolis correspondent, and the meeting between Sullivan and Cardiff, it was held at the roller rink on Washington Avenue, and was not a championship fight, as there was only the question if Cardiff could stay. Cardiff ducked into a swing by Sullivan and Sullivan broke his arm. I was doing sports for the Minneapolis Tribune at the time and reported the meeting. The break occurred near the end of the sixth round. Cardiff had been keeping away by side stepping, and circling.

I have been watching fights now for the past ten years in England. Have American rules been altered by changing the size of the ring. In over three hundred fights I reported in the U. S. up to ten years ago, the ring was always 24 feet. In England when a man steps two paces back from the center stance, he is against the ropes which is very aggravating ,and is conducive to much clinching, and knocking through the ropes is very frequent. Seems strange to me that in all reports of transcontinental fights I have never read any mention of rings being of different size. If they are they should tend to cramp styles of both men as being unfamiliar to each.

The strangest fight I ever witnessed was the fight when Tommy Ryan took the championship from Danny Needham at the Twin City Athletic club. It went 76 rounds, and honors were about even. Tommy won because at the end he could lift his hands into fighting position, and Needham couldn't raise his. Another exhibition of youth outlasting an older man.

O. F. G. DAY,
Surrey, England.

*(The ring in U. S. is usually 24 feet square but rules permit 20 to 24 feet.)*

* * *

I HAVE been a regular reader of your most interesting magazine THE RING for the past three years. I have had little fault to find in it till you refused to recognize Al Hostak as the unquestionable middleweight title-holder, prior of course to his defeat at the hands of Solly Krieger who should now be THE MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD and not sharer of the leading contender's post with Apostoli.

I think I can prove my argument. You recognized Freddy Steele as the Middleweight Champion of the World after Thil's abdication. You still did after Steele's K.O. at the hands of Apostoli as the bout was an overweight affair. Till Steele was knocked out by Hostak he was, according to you, still the *World* Middleweight Champion. Yet after Hostak's sensational win you only rate him the *American* and not the *World* Middleweight title-holder, why?

Now you state that Krieger, Hostak's conqueror is not the *World Middleweight Champion* because Apostoli holds a victory over him. Did not Schmeling hold a K.O. over Louis at the time Louis was the *Heavyweight Champion of the World* till the Louis-Schmeling rematch cleared all doubts as to the Negro's supremacy.

OWEN D. LLOYD,
Calcutta, India.

*(You are mistaken. Eddie Borden called Steele the champion, but neither* THE RING *nor the Editor agreed with him.*

## IN CHICAGO
**With GENE ENGEL**

JAMES C. MULLEN again offered three top-headliners in one for the approval of "Windy Cityites," who numbered an approximate total of 8,700 turnstile customers at the Chicago Coliseum, with aggregate gross gate receipts around $16,200.

Tony Musto, Blue Island "Baby Tank" pride, was for the second consecutive time Promoter Jim Mullen's main attraction. He faced the bombastic belting of Lem Franklin, who all but put Tony away in the initial round of their 10-rounder. Musto, as tough and durable as they come survived Franklin's first-round avalanche, and from the second heat on pummeled Lem's anatomy without a letup to gain a unanimous award. Musto's previous headlining appearance was his sensational victory over Henry Wacker.

Milt Aron, Illinois welterweight champion, clashed with the Rumanian champion, Milo Theodorescu, gaining an eight-round triumph. Milo had a deeply cut eye and the bout was stopped.

In the opening 10-round feature, Henry Wacker was fortunate to receive a draw with the light-hitting Paul Hartnek, from Omaha, Nebraska. Wacker hails from Taylorville, Ill.

In the opening jousts, Dick Kist, Danville windmill, stopped Wilbur Dunn in the second stanza and Al Reiss of Detroit, Mich., put the crasher on Mickey Hayes, protege of Tait Littman's, in round two.

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Nate Bolden, Jimmy O'Grady's middleweight contender, beat Oscar Rankin of California, in a 12-round bout tabbed for the world's colored middleweight championship. Bolden's punching spree in the last four rounds gained for him his victory. This was an offering by the debonair Sam Abruscato and Bill Rand of the White City Boxing Club.

In the semi-final, Chester Rutecki, 1936 United States Olympic welterweight champion, who is a professional middleweight, outslugged Johnny Shaw in five rounds of hectic battling. Eu Eulien of Hawaii, after kissing the canvas from Pete Ferrand's fists, in turn, administered the same, winning via a T.K.O. in the third. Meyer Alper, Ontario, Can., puncher, won over the elusive Johnny Balmer, from Peoria, Ill. Jimmy Diamico beat Mario Christopher and Kelly Kohn, Peoria Hebrew, thrashed Kenny Bell of Decatur, Ill., all four-rounders.

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Ken Overlin, globe trotter from Decatur, Ill., flattened Jack Riley in two markers and beat the cagy Jimmy Webb in 10, in bouts at Houston, Texas.

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Billy Celebron, stout-hearted 160-pounder from Rockford, Ill., received another setback, this time at the hands of Al Quaill, Pittsburgh's "Smoky City" husky in 10 rounds.

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Promoters Sam Abruscato and Bill Rand of White City presented a novel card in offering eight four-rounders crammed with action. In the main event of four rounds, Chester Rutecki, C. Y. O. representative, stopped Billy Martin, the bout coming to a halt in the middle of the final stanza due to Martin's lacerated eyes at the hands of Rutecki.

In the other matches, Tony Motisi, welterweight from the C. Y. O., continued his undefeated ways by punching out a clean-cut win over Johnny Balmer of Peoria; Ben Irving, nifty boxer of Sonny Wallace, outpointed Sammy Scully; Luther Brent, 1939 Golden Gloves quarter-finalist, handed Eddie Meleski of the C. Y. O. a brutal drubbing in the first round. Hostilities were ended before the second round could get underway. Orlando Trotter, brother-in-law of Champion Joe Louis, who is a protege of Sol Porter, won convincingly over Sol Robinson; Russell Nyberg won a torrid encounter from Norman Roth, protege of Joey Burman; Joe Law, southside sharpshooter, outshot Kelly Kohn and Perk Daniels, dark clouter from the southside lambasted to the canvas in one "Killer" Jim La Marr, from Washington, D. C.

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Phil Saeli, young lightweight prodigy of James Christopher Flynn, was held to a stirring draw by the Canadian sharpshooter, Meyer Alper.

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The Chicago Coliseum under Jim Mullen, repeated a triple headliner of tenners before 5000 fistic enthusiasts, who contributed the gross gate of $9,000.

The featured attraction of 10 rounds had Sammy Angott, Louisville, Ky., opposite Milt Aron. Angott spotted Milt 10 pounds, but triumphed nevertheless.

In a damaging bout between Jack Hurley's "Express Charges," Billy Marquart and "Irish" Eddie Brink, the former from Winnepeg, Can., and the latter from Scranton, Pa., Marquart dropped Brink for counts on four different occasions and won the decision.

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In the initial 10-rounder, Milo Theodorescu, of Rumania, emerged victorious over Dick Kist, youngster from Danville, Ill.

The scheduled six-rounder pairing Verle Davis, Kankakee Assassin, and Bill Brownlee of Indianapolis, ended in the fifth stanza due to cuts over Brownlee's face. Davis flopped Bill twice with his right-hand thrusts. The opener found Bill Seward of Ingamoor, Mont., a knockout winner over Willie Klein, West side brawler, in round two.

Frankie Covelli, Brooklyn flash, won handily from Henry Huerta of Peoria and knocked out Paul Bello, in four frames at Des Moines, Ia.

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The White City Arena featured two leading 126-pounders: Everette Rightmire of Sioux City, Ia., and Johnny Brown, Catholic Youth Organization representative. From the opening gong to the last action was perpetual. Rightmire lashed with a rapier left-hook, following at intervals with terrific rights to the body. Brown utilized a good left-hand and connected with a stiff right-hand jolt to the jaw. The decision went to Brown.

Tony Motisi, C. Y. O. 147-pounder licked Billy Ross in the five-round semi-feature; Perk Daniels, ebony-hued heavyweight clouter, whiffed Claude Cooper into oblivion with a right-uppercut in just 48 seconds of the first round; Ralph Guagardo, Mexico City, Mex., welter, punched out a win over Louis DePirro of Rockford, Ill.; Sammy Scully drew with Joe Law, Abe Sapperstein's and Bill Margolis' lightweight pride and Joey Russano, Carl Cohn's entry, made an auspicious professional debut by hammering out a decision over Pat (Cocky) O'Brien, featherweights, all four-rounders.

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"Irish" Eddie McGeever, Scranton, Pa., welterweight, put over one good timely right-hand flush on Red Lyons' chin to end the fracas in the opening stanza of a match slated for 10 rounds. Lyons hails from Cleveland, Ohio.

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The semi attraction of five rounds had Billy Gillespie, Stone Lake, Wis., heavyweight, victor over Danny Lamar of South Chicago. In the fours, Norman Roth, West side Hebrew battler, beat Ralph Guagardo, Mexico City 147-pounder; Sammy Scully, Chicago, won a spirited contest from Jackie Nichols, 1939 Gary Golden Gloves champion, in the lightweight class; Pete Ferrand, South Chicago 140-pounder, beat James Parks, colored battler in one round, and Freddie Pope, from the 124th Field Artillery Armory, won a fast engagement from Pat O'Brien, Stock Yards featherweight.

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Al Globe, stout-hearted Mexican from Los Angeles, Cal., lost an eight-rounder to Al Reiss of Detroit, Michigan.

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George Nyberg, Canadian welter, has yet to lose a fight in Chicago. His last out was an easy win over Dean Baker and another Canuck doing all right is Meyer Alper, who in three Chicago appearances has two victories and an eight-round draw—the win not mentioned is the defeat of Bill Reardon, who is attempting a comeback.

## IN SYRACUSE RINGS
**By BILLY SHAW**

AFTER beating Tiger Wade in 10 rounds, and elevating his stocks on the Coast, Ralph De John, Syracuse light-heavyweight, ran into a bundle of dynamite when he took on Newsboy Millich and was technically erased in the seventh round of a scheduled 10 at San Francisco. Should Millich care to meet De John in a return match in Syracuse this summer, the Coast fighter and the local boxer would draw a big crowd. Anybody good enough to stop De John can cash in here anytime.

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Eddie (Babe) Risko, former middleweight king, was scheduled to box Lloyd Marshall at Sacramento, but the bout was postponed because Tony Galento, who was carded for an exhibition on the same program, was banned in California, after an unimpressive showing in San Francisco.

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The Burpers are still going strong at the Arena, giving the mat addicts action and thrills galore. After Gino Garibaldi, Italian champ tossed Walter Podolak, local favorite, and Texas Jack League, he was paired with Cy Williams and thrown after a sensational contest. The next star bout showed Steve (Crusher) Casey, against King Kong Cox. Casey downed the Lodi, Calif., badman.

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Irving Robbins, Syracuse's premier amateur boxing maestro, plans to resume his weekly simon-pure shows here. Robbins knows the amateur game from A to Z and is generally considered top man in this district in that sport.

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LEFT-HOOKS:—Joey Brown is undecided whether or not he will hang up the gloves for all time . . . . The East Side baby bomber who fought Armstrong, Belloise, Paul, Chocolate and other luminaries, hasn't done a tap of work in the gym since Jackie Callura flattened him here . . . . Caveman Fisher, rough, tough middleweight of 20 years ago, is working for the city and is in fine physical condition . . . . Bucky Lawless, Auburn Irish Terrier informs this pillar he weighs only 150 pounds, and not the 200 he was credited with by a New York columnist . . . . Wild Bill Clark, former Central New York heavyweight, is now operating a hotel in Sandy Pond, N. Y., called The Bay View Hotel, and offers training facilities for fighters who really want to get in shape, rent free . . . . Cozy Storace, Rome, N. Y., amateur, won the National 147-pound crown at the San Francisco championships and may turn pro . . . . Cozy is one of the most colorful, crowd pleasing leather tossers we ever saw in action.

## CONNECTICUT NEWS
**By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY**

FISTIC attraction at the New Haven Arena was the 10-round shindig between George Fitch, New Haven, classy Negro light-heavyweight and Ohio's heavyweight Buddy Knox. Fitch weighing 11 pounds less than Knox obtained the verdict with his fine boxing and hard hitting.

George Pepe, welterweight, hammered away with a double handed attack to win the decision over Nat Kadin, of Toronto, Canada in an eight-round semi-final. After having put up a good fight the referee, Jim Peters, declared the Snooks Lacey and Johnny Compo encounter which went the scheduled six rounds even. Al Luciano, New Haven featherweight, was declared the winner in his contest against Art Weinberg in a six-rounder. A triumph on points was gained by Red Moffet, lightweight, over his foe Johnny Warren in a four-round bout.

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At the Foote Guard Hall, Hartford, Conn., Sal Bartola, featherweight from Boston, outclassed Eddie Reed, veteran Hartford boy, all the way in the eight-round main attraction to win the popular verdict. In the opening stanza Bartola spilled Reed for a count of nine. Victory on a technical kayo in the second round was scored by Mario Servo, Schenectady lightweight, over Al Gillete, in what was to have been an eight-round semi-final. Gillete hit the deck three times in the first and once in the second round and was a helpless warrior when the referee intervened. "Big Boy" Joe Carilli, Hartford heavyweight, banged away to a four-round decision over Joe Plouff. "Dusty" George Brown, lightweight, outboxed Harry Gentile to gain the six-round decision. Eddie Elm, middleweight, opened a cut under Paulie Warren's eye in the third round of their billed four-round bout to win on a technical knockout.

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Hartford, Conn., Foote Guard Hall: A fine looking featherweight Bobby "Poison" Ivy from Hartford rang up one more triumph when he knocked out Johnny Radke, in the fourth round of a billed eight-round star bout. In the semi-final of eight rounds Eddie Reed, featherweight, took a popular duke over Frankie Terranova. In the other eight-rounder Jackie Flowers came out winner over Barney Villa middleweight of Albany, N. Y. An eight-round victory was won by Steve Halaiko, N. Y. lightie by outpointing Oscar Suggs. "Big Boy" Joe Corilli, heavyweight, added another conquest to his belt via the technical knockout route in the first round of a slated four-rounder.

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The boxing crowd rates Irish Eddie Dolan as one of the top-notch welterweights in the business and you have to give credit where credit is due for it seems he just can't be stopped. Dolan, during the past month whipped Dewey Anderson in 10, Phil McQuillan in eight, and belted out Nick Pastore in four.

## PHILADELPHIA NEWS
**By MICKEY CANNON**

THE Cambria A. C. has adopted the policy of charging 40c, 80c and $1.10. Jimmy Toppi first started this idea at the Olympia and has had sellouts every show. Toppi has eight four-rounders which is a sure way to develop new talent by giving them all a chance and at the same time brings revenue in to the Commission in the form of license fees.

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Bobby Green, one of the best crowd pleasers among the feathers, won seven of the eight rounds in a fight with Victor Corchado, only to have the referee declare Corchado the winner, at Atlantic City.

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Bob Montgomery, local colored lightweight, finally made the big time and proved he rated it when he boxed a 10-round thriller with George Zengaras, the verdict being a draw.

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Dan Malloy and Benny Damico have opened the Central City Gym at 242 N. 8th Street. It has been equipped up to date and all they need is more room as they have so many boys working out there. This is a good spot which Harry Gordon had several years ago.

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Jim Robinson, 200, beat Wally Sears, 180, twice, 10 rounds; Frankie Zamaris K.O.'ed Charley Robinson in two and Nick Rabin in four; Danny Devlin, 150, beat Frankie Saia in eight and drew with Mayon Padlo in eight; Eddie Cool beat Gene Gallotto in 10 and T.K.O.'ed Young Chappie in seven; Billy White T.K.O.'ed Johnny Cubbins in six; Johnny Rohrig beat Tommy Cross in 10; Bob Montgomery beat Charley Burns in eight, Eddie Guerra in eight, and drew with George Zengaras in 10; Jimmy Tygh beat Tony Canzoneri in 10; Eddie Miller beat Charley Ubele in six and K.O.'ed Vince Pepe in one; Lou Ambers beat Jimmy Vaughn in 10; Eddie Cool T.K.O.'ed Pete Galiano in eight; and Al Reid beat Johnny Marcelline in 10.

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Anyone desiring information about the boxing game around this vicinity get in touch with this writer at the Killarney Club, 32 West Girard Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

## IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO

By SHERIDAN BROWN

"NEWSBOY" MILLICH, a Sacramento Russian who has been kicking around unnoticed for lo, these many years, pulled the upset of the month when he punched out Ralph DeJohn, classy Italian light-heavyweight from upstate New York, in the seventh of a scheduled 10-rounder at the Civic Auditorium. Millich gave the Easterner a fierce, two-handed pasting, dropping him twice before Referee Toby Irwin called a halt.

For three rounds of his meeting with Millich, DeJohn held the upper hand. In the third he dug one into the Russian's middle for a clean knockdown, and seemed well on the way to a conclusive victory. But the Capitol City Cossack pulled the string on a left hook to the jaw in the fifth and DeJohn went down hard, taking the full "nine" and being saved by the bell as the Newsboy was setting his sights again. The stunned Italian receipted for a lacing in the sixth, and in the seventh Millich dropped him again with a right to the head. Up at nine, Ralph was all gone and assimilating a savage, two-handed beating when Irwin stepped between and hoisted Millich's hand.

In view of the surprising events recorded above, Tony Galento's four-round appearance on the same bill was of secondary importance. The burly Jerseyite exhibitioned with one Phil Johnson, a colored traveling companion, and had a tremendous task in keeping Phillip vertical for twelve minutes. The crowd liked it, however, and now Tony can fight with Joe Louis, secure in the knowledge that he has given his fandom in this section a never-to-beforgotten look at Galento I, Lord of the Lager.

Johnny Fasano, the North Beach pisano, copped a questionable duke over district rival, Joe Gavras, the Grecian ex-newsie, in a slambang tenner before as many fans as can be crammed into National Hall, the famous Sixteenth and Mission Streets crackerbox. Johnny piled up a commanding lead in the early chapters but his younger foe was coming strongly in the stretch and Referee Frankie Brown's decision might better have been a draw.

One of the preliminaries saw up-and-coming George Cirimele put the fatal freeze on San Jose's Frank Torres in two. They are lightweights. Cirimele is perhaps the sweetest young prospect in this sector, has won fifteen-odd consecutive starts, most of them rather abruptly. On the Millich-DeJohn bill, George conked Louis Hernandes in two innings.

Bill Radunich, the best amateur heavyweight these parts have known since the day of Louie Nova, is readying for a whirl at the monied end of it, and if his performances as a simon-pure are to be a criterion of his professional possibilities, the handsome Slav is going places, but yes. Radunich's farewell as an amateur saw him win the Pacific Coast Golden Gloves title in Los Angeles last December. John Burdick, one of the very best, is schooling Bill.

For illegal use of the noggin, Ray Price, young Portland colored boy, was ruled out in the fourth round of a slated 10 with Al Citrino, local Italian lightweight, at National Hall. It was a rematch, Price having registered a technical kayo win over the highly-favored Citrino in the original. In this second meeting, Ray was so persistent in trying to ram Al with his top-piece that Referee Toby Irwin, after repeated warnings, awarded it to Citrino on a foul.

HERE 'N' THERE—Joe (Yussel the Muscle) Jacobs, Tony Galento's conniving chaperon, was sporting a glorious shanty twenty-four hours after his arrival in San Francisco . . . . Galento's performance at the Civic Auditorium didn't gain him any new admirers, though at two-twenty tops one can't expect to see Tony's Sunday-go-to-meeting left hook . . . . The talk has it that Ralph DeJohn's condition wasn't all it might have been when he was treated so unceremoniously by Newsboy Millich . . . . Horace Mann, Frank Conway's bantamweight star, is back in harness and to date has done right well, holding the flashy Tony Olivera even in 10 and whipping rugged Donnie Maes over the same distance . . . . Soldier Ed Stanley, Ivan Blaettner's soldier lightweight, had a stormy month of it . . . . He was licked by Chief Evening Thunder in a 10 at Fresno and stopped by clever George Latka in three of a San Jose windup . . . . Tomboy Romero, seasoned Sacramento Mexican, outfought Joe Ybarra, Ed Cerrito lightweight, in a gruelling 10-rounder at Sacramento . . . . Clarence (Babe) Spencer, classy Hollister featherweight, trimmed Oakland's Tony Souza over 10 rounds at Watsonville.

The National A.A.U. tourney was a riot of magnificent fisticuffing, but a bit shy of riot proportions at the box office . . . . Damon Runyon, the peer of 'em all, was in the city for a few days following his coverage of the Louis-Roper quickie at Los Angeles . . . . Harold Blackshear, Hippo Burns' big colored heavyweight, punched out a six-round win over veteran Nash Garrison of San Jose in a National Hall headliner. Blackshear decked Garrison three times . . . . Tony Olivera, sparkling North Beach bantie, shellacked Tony Manini of Butchertown in a six-round added attraction . . . . Little Pancho, the great Filipino flyweight, has returned to these shores after a long absence and he inaugurated another American campaign by trimming Tommy Cobb of San Jose in a 10-round nightcap at Watsonville.

NATIONAL A.A.U. TOURNAMENT—They usually have their fistic baptism as the outcome of a street-corner argument, they decide after a few such encounters that something should be done about their pugilistic prowess, they cautiously try their hands, literally speaking, in a novice tournament when they're terribly hopeful and green as grass and they've a sinking feeling in their middle regions. They're emboldened with first success, or anything approaching success, and they wallop and punch and win and lose and laugh and cry through wins and losses in junior and then senior tournaments as the Golden Gloves and Diamond Belts, and one day, if they have the ability and the ambition and the almighty courage of the American Kid, they wind up in a National A.A.U. tournament, such as the 1939 edition which thrilled San Francisco fans for three consecutive nights of rip-roaring, blood-and-thunder action at the Civic Auditorium.

Over the figures of some 160 hopefuls there were, for inspiration, if needed the shining figures of Louis, Nova, Apostoli, Olin, and many others, products of "the Nationals" of another day. And who is to say that, out of these eight champions of 1939, there may not be another of the Louis or Nova or Apostoli breed? In truth, some of these simon-pures were simply terrific, in every sense of the word. Mark them well, mates, this surviving octette of embryo professional top-flighters.

112 pounds—Jose Mercado of Hawaii.
118 pounds—Bill Speary, Philadelphia, Pa.
126 pounds—Bill Eddy, Flint, Mich.
135 pounds—George Toy, Cleveland, O.
147 pounds—Cozy Storace, Rome, N. Y.
160 pounds—Ezzard Charles, Cincinnati, O.
175 pounds—Jimmy Reeves, Cleveland, O.
Heavyweight—Tony Novak, Chicago, Ill.

Good? I'll tell the living world, they're good! Take, for instance, Jimmy Reeves, a tawny, broad-shouldered 175-pound colored boy. He makes you gasp with his rip-tearing body attack with which he cut down highly-touted Herman West of Mississippi, reputed to have won 146 of 150 starts. Reeves simply blasted West's heart out with his terrific blows to the midsection and they stopped it in the third round of the finals. And then there was Jose Mercado, the little Kanaka Whacker from Honolulu, who was chain lightning, no less, as he trimmed tough Beebe Rich of the Missouri Valley in the 112-pound finals. And Billy Speary and Bill Eddy, both defending champions, both real champions. Speary wiped out the Pacific Coast's last hope for one of the coveted titles when he closed with a terrific rush to defeat smart little Lou Menney, Los Angeles bantamweight. Eddy looked the part of an experienced campaigner as he downed Charley Miegal of Missouri for the featherweight diadem.

Ezzard Charles, a bruising youngster out of Cincinnati, O., was perhaps the biggest surprise of the three-night stand. On the first evening's card he pulled a stunning upset by walloping New York's Bradley Lewis, the 1938 champion, and then proceeded to go all the way through and ultimately trim Leroy Bolden of Missouri in the payoff. A favorite was Cozy Storace of the Empire State, who rough-toughed his way through dogged, two-handed opposition to cop welterweight honors. His final scrap, with James Bivins of Cleveland, was one of the tournament classics. And Georgie Toy, another Cleveland lad, who was the smartest looking orthodox boxer in the whole affair—a 135-pounder with a magnificently developed left hand and a sharp, clean puncher with either hand. Georgie put up a beautiful exhibition to take the measure of Frank Fernandes, Hawaiian star, in the finals. Last, but by no means least, big, good-looking Tony Novak, Chicago behemoth, who scored two one-round knockouts on the last night to breeze off with the heavyweight honors.

It was a tremendous lot of fun, that National A.A.U. tournament. Every kid that came here was a sectional or regional champion of one kind or another, and when, after three nights of elimination by force, they boiled it down from 162 entries to eight champions, it is needless to say that those eight have something. They have a National A.A.U. championship, gentleman, and you don't get those for cigar coupons.

## IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER

By I. Q. GROSS

WILL New Jersey again boast of a heavyweight boxing championship? The answer lies in the fists of Tony Galento, the Orange bartender, who faces the greatest test of his career in his battle with Joe Louis in New York. Regardless of what you hear, remember this: Tony is a puncher and he has an excellent chance to win.

Bucky Jones, former Morristown battler, is now a physical instructor in that town and handles the business of Bunky Wall and Jim Markey . . . . Jim Reilly will promote at Mount Freedom this summer . . . . Allie Wolfe, Newark featherweight, is making good under the management of Frankie Jay in New York . . . . Frank Zamaris is fighting under great form under the management of Johnny Scavone. Izzy Rapaport, the Newark barrister, recently saw his friend Frankie win by a two-round knockout in Philadelphia.

Harry Rapaport expects to open several fight clubs in the South. He can be reached through this writer . . . . Paul Cortlyn, Newark battler, was stopped in the sixth by Kenny La Salle in Houston . . . . Frankie Blair, Camden, stopped Glen Lee in three at New York then lost in New York to Glen Lee . . . . Freddy Cochrane, Elizabeth, defeated Eddie Brink in Newark . . . . Tony Maglione, Trenton, outpointed Mickey Duca, Paulsboro, in an eight . . . . Jerry Rothberg, Irvington sportsman, is looking for a spot to promote.

We can't understand why Gus Lesnevich, Cliffside Park light-heavy, goes unappreciated in his own country while a big favorite in Australia. Joe Vella, the popular young manager of Gus, has one of the best fighting machines in the world and he should get a chance at the title.

Open air boxing is now being held in Newark at Meadowbrook Bowl.

Captain Bill Stucky is a popular figure around Newark amateur boxing circles. He won the national amateur middleweight championship no less than fifty years ago . . . . Wonder whether Andy Watts will conduct any amateur shows this summer . . . . Jimmy Brady's Newark gym is a popular spot with boxers from all over the state.

Tommy Ross, who sold out his gym to Jimmy Brady, has opened a health training school in downtown Newark. He also trains Maxie Fisher.

To Roscoe Manning, somewhere in Australia: Write and tell us how you are making out . . . . Sammy Rapaport, the fighting seaman, is a member of the merchant marine now in Pacific waters . . . . Sonny Banks, local Negro fight manager, is one of the most popular men in the boxing game.

Matt Perfetti, Amsterdam, N. Y., featherweight, lost an eight-round decision to Frankie Conn, Lyndhurst, in Newark. Eddie Pierce, South Africa and London middleweight, stopped Sinclair Potter, Greenville, Texas, in the second of an eight. Bill Ryans, Newark, decisioned Pedro Nieves, New York in a six.

Johnny Rohrig, Clifton lightweight, whipped Tommy Cross in 10 at Philly . . . . Billy Beauhuld, Jersey City, lost a 10-rounder, a no decision contest, to Paul Junior in Portland.

Steve Yasko, brilliant army heavyweight, will soon make his pro debut in Newark. Yasko's home town is Canonsburg, Pa. He has been stationed for the last two years at Schofield Barracks in Hawaii and in Oregon. Yasko is always willing to learn and he should go far.

Commissioner Abe J. Greene recently passed an edict which has caused a great deal of comment. He ruled that referees are now allowed to show their marking cards to newspapermen after a fight. The scribes protested vigorously and it appears that Greene will rescind his order.

Nunzio Bisogno, Newark lightweight, is campaigning in Texas . . . . Bobby Amster, former New Jersey battler, has not been heard from in a long time. He was last heard from making a comeback in St. Louis after many years of retirement . . . . Abie Bain, who once almost reached the heights as a light-heavy in Newark, is making progress as an actor in Hollywood.

Willie Skidmore's manager, Pete Van, has given him a rest after claiming a bad decision in the Frank Bove fight . . . . Joe O'Gatty, Toms River heavy, is doing well in a comeback. He once fought a draw with Lou Nova at Madison Square Garden. That was in the days when both were preliminary fighters. The battle went four rounds . . . . Max Baer missed his many New Jersey friends when training in New York.

It's about time New Jersey boxers became wise enough to organize into a boxers' union for the protection of their own interests. Conditions in some parts of the state are plain rotten . . . . Recommended reading: Joe Donovan's book "Galento the Great," a corking story.

To Lou Rapaport, Denver, Colorado: Your many New Jersey friends hope you are feeling better.

Questions on New Jersey boxing will be answered gladly only if self-addressed stamped envelopes are enclosed.

Steve Dudas, Edgewater heavyweight, turned up—of all places—in Omaha, where he drew in 10 rounds with Paul Hartnek, Kenosha battler. Well do we remember the days when Dudas fought in the amateur ranks at the Newark Athletic Club, putting up stirring battles with Norman Barnett, a protege of Al Thoma, Barnett tried a few professional bouts, didn't do well and went back to playing football for a living.

## UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By TOM EPHREM

MAXIE "BOGIE MAN" COLEMAN kept Jacksonville on the map by virtue of his wonderful showings in downstate Florida and up Georgia. The rough, tough bantamweight is now fighting the best he has ever exhibited and several ring critics, hard boiled, too, heave nothing but praise toward his corner. Managed and trained by George Moye, the little bogie-man is the most improved scrapper since the local days of Tom Sharkey, who is now in Uncle Sam's Navy.

Dave Coffin, popular radio sports commentator, was named manager-director of the Duval Sporting Club, a new boxing organization in Jacksonville.

A good omen is that Jimmy Finley, a former Dixie top-notcher, and Hal Cullen are bringing their stable of scrappers to Jacksonville to make their headquarters. Among them are: Al Reba, Michigan City feather; Buddy Rose, a hard hitting welter; Dummy Robinson, a good middleweight, who has met the best in the business, and several others.

Tampa, on the west coast, is endeavoring to do likewise. The big noise behind this is Joe Rodante. His gym is a bee-hive, buzzing and humming with prominent local cuffers, who aim to place their city on its feet once more. Joe's stable consists of the following fighters: the Raymond brothers, Joey and Henry, lightweight and bantamweight in that order; Gasper Guggino, 135-pounder and kid brother of better known Carl, the Red; Tony Dominguez, 160-pound ace; Rudy Cancella, 165 and younger brother of Tony Cancella, of heavyweight fame; and Gordon Monroe, local lightweight.

Heard from Jack Lofthouse, manager of Henry Huerta and Benny (Indian) Deathpaine. Several of his prize packages will undoubtedly show in Florida rings, probably Jacksonville their first stop.

A return bout with Cliff Greenwood and Chino Alvarez at Benjamin Field, Tampa, brought out the largest gathering in almost two years. Greenwood, a veteran of many battles, hailing from Sarasota, made it two in a row over the clever and hard-hitting Cuban.

Beating Chino in his own back yard is something seldom done, but Cliff, in doing so established himself as a popular favorite with the Cigar City crowd. He previously beat Chino in Sarasota. The first hungry fans, numbering 2500 strong, could have been a much larger one but threats of rain kept many away. Greenwood held an eleven pound advantage.

Old War Horse Tony Dominguez scored a seven round T.K.O. over Young Embry in the semi-final on the Greenwood-Alvarez scrap. Tony has still that zip he displayed in all his battles several years ago. Bob Monin, Tampa swatter, put Red Hogan to sleep in a wild and woolly slugfest that had the fans on edge until the end. The finish came in the fourth. All boys above are middleweights.

Young Gaspar Guggino, kid brother of Carl, went six fast rounds with Jimmy Dundee on the special sixer on the card above. The draw decision was well received. Gaspar shows signs of a coming upper and is ably handled by Joey Rodante.

Irish Jackie Carter, a fighting young southerner, is the most recent addition to the stable of Jimmy Marsh in New York City. Jackie has the distinction of having met three world's champions, Henry Armstrong, Petey Sarron, and Harry Jeffra. Win, lose or draw, the scrappy Irishman is in there always trying and his type of milling will undoubtedly meet with the fans' favor.

Boxing enthusiasts in the Gainesville, Florida, section believe they all have a boy to be reckoned with, in Lefty Burnham. Promoter Goodwin is sure he now has a lad who can halt the winning streak of the Jacksonville Bogie-man, Maxie Coleman.

Elmo Peeples put on a humdinger in Kingsland, Ga., featuring the town favorite, Bearcat Johnson and Bob McEachin, Jacksonville. These middleweights battered each other from pillar to post for a draw verdict after ten hectic rounds. Promoter Peeples will re-match them on his next. (Note:— Do not confuse Elmo Peeples with Captain Peeples of Miami.)

George Perry still has Ole Man Hard Luck on his side. The manager of Tommy Mollis, sensational southern colored welter has a tough time lining Tommy some bouts.

H. S. Cason is Savannah's latest fight promoter, succeeding E. B. Peters. The new head is very confident that Savannah is an ideal for the pros.

Larry Kid Lovett, promising colored Florida heavyweight under B. T. Pate, took not only the duke from Elmer Kid Ray, but the state colored title as well in a hot mixer. This Lovett lad can really sock and how.

Carl Moss, manager of Tommy Kiene, Savannah's bantamweight star, will take his charge to Tampa for a series of bouts. Young Kiene is a splendid prospect, and should climb to the top. Tommy's last found him trouncing Jimmy Webster.

The following news comes from collaboration with J. J. Goss of Picayune, Miss. Vicksburg and Jackson are latest Mississippi fight clubs to open . . . . Elmer Ray won over Obie Walker in 10 . . . . Jimmy Perrin won an easy decision over Johnny Gaudes at New Orleans . . . . Hippo Hipps, former All-Navy light-heavyweight champ in '37-'38 beat Babe Austin . . . . Red Lee is coming along in fine style . . . . Roger Goss lost a closer to Waits Cameron but had Waits down thrice. It was Roger's first go since he was injured in an auto wreck . . . . In their second duel, a draw verdict was given . . . . Nick Camarata, rising New Orleans lightie, won cleverly in his bout with Jimmy Lancaster. This bout topped the Pal Moran benefit card, Pal is seriously ill in the Crescent City. In the semi-final Eddie McGeever, Pennsylvania welter, decisioned Phil Latona . . . . The V. F. W. Arena opened its boxing season in Vicksburg. Georgie Kappler will do the promoting. He would like to hear from fighters and fight managers. Address him at Carrall Hotel, Vicksburg, Miss. . . . New Orleans fight promoters are coaxing Jack Torrance into a ring comeback . . . . Jimmy Perrin is another Crescent City hopeful coming along in great style . . . . Thanks again, J. J.

Leonard Brand, Charleroi, Penn.:—My best advice is to get the Nat Fleischer books, "How to Second and How to Manage a Boxer." Nat is a world authority on boxing from bottom to top, therefore his knowledge is your best teacher. Price is only one dollar. His "Training for Boxers" will also help you in what you wish to learn of the game.

On Warren Magee's inaugural boxing program at St. Augustine, the crowd witnessed two sensational upsets registered against their local leather-pushers. Bogie Man Coleman continued on his winning streak by taking his heavier and taller opponent, Eddie Ponce, into camp in the night's best bout. Then Len Foucart did likewise to the clever veteran Billy Hood. The latter, an Orlandan, is calling St. Augustine, home. A good sized crowd was on hand but as usual, ole man rain kept many customers away.

Jimmy Murdock, who is doing good work in reviving the fight game at his Arena in Jacksonville, enjoyed his largest gathering. Even the baseball game that night could not hamper the attendance. As Jimmy had previously stated, he is only getting fighters who can fight, plus new faces. Results:—

Jimmy Powell, 135, kayoed Aubrey Allen, 132, in the second. This was Powell's second kayo win over the North Carolinian. Tommy Robitzch, 145, T.K.O.'ed Red Vorris, 150, in the third. Eddie Mayhew, classy newcomer from Virginia outpointed Bobby Smith in a featherweight duel.

Marvin Cumbie, THE RING'S best featherweight prospect in the May issue and a Jacksonville boy at that, again put it over on Aubrey Allen. Marvin had too much on the ball and just added another scalp to his win belt.

Jimmy Finley has a youngster destined to go a long way in the profession. Al Reba, featherweight from Michigan City, is the lad whom Jimmy prizes to the extreme.

The South's bantamweight title-holder Tommy Kiene plastered Jimmy Webster all over the ring and took the duke easily. This bout taking place in Savannah drew a large crowd.

About a decade back Pinkie May was Savannah's fistic toast. Now the Georgians are toasting another local boy and are dead fire sure they have a coming champ in Tommy Kiene. His record shows 49 fights, half of which are kayo wins, one draw and no losses. You sure can't blame the seriousness the Savannahns are taking on their latest fistical prodigy.

## SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

FLOYD GIBBONS the husky Columbus, O., heavyweight continues on his merry way. After winning over Charlie Belanger these two were rematched and a 12-round draw was the verdict. In the supporting semi-final, Less Huffman's Russian middleweight, Mashio Pavish won a six-round decision over Tommy Misko.

At Louisville, Ky., Frankie Gilmore, Fred Batsche's crack lightweight ace, fighting at 132 pounds, earned a 10-round draw with Emil Joseph, Louisville's highly touted 134-pounder. Jerry Martin, another of the Batsche stable, was stopped by Rich Gregory, a good looking lightweight in the second round of a scheduled eight-round semi-final.

Columbus, O., Charlie Belanger, Canada, 190, won a 10-round decision over Salvatore Ruggirello, Italy, 201.

Our lids off to Jack Werst, who has brought back the game in Dayton with a bang. Russ Antrim and Eddie Schaaf, other promoters in that city have also helped to bring the game back in that city.

Around Fountain Square with the Punchers and Their Pilots:— Tiger Rosey Grier, Canton, O., Negro lightweight, with a mighty impressive record, will probably make it hot for the so-called claimants to the state lightweight title . . . . Grier is especially anxious to fight Franky Gilmore in Cincinnati or Emil Joseph at Louisville . . . . Jack W. Davis, former lightweight socker hereabouts, is now a salesman . . . . Johnny Denson, Indiana light-heavyweight, made a grand comeback in Indianapolis when he stopped Hubert Bullock in one round . . . . Chuck Vickers, the Indiana welter, is going great guns again . . . . Prince Albert Smith is still looking for the top middleweights to fight his Negro ace, Billy Adams . . . . Adams lost a close one to Billy Bengal in Detroit, but considering the time Adams was out of the ring, and now in shape, Billy could go to town against Bengal in a returner . . . . Sonny Hatsme, Dayton Filipino, who, through his manager, Eddie Shock, claims the flyweight championship of the middle west, remains undisputed at this writing.

Johnny Zan, Morgantown, W. Va., manager, is pointing to some big bouts this summer for his coal miner heavyweight ace, Scotty Riffle . . . . Elza Thompson is now in the east, but will return to Indianapolis . . . . The fight result service this columnist inaugurated over a year ago is clicking . . . . This service affords promoter or manager or independent boxer to check on the results all around the country . . . . This service is semi-monthly and the fee is only $1.00 a year . . . . Complete information through Jimmie Amann, 515 York St., Cincinnati, O. . . . Glenn Young of Frankfort, Ky., has some nice looking amateurs he plans to loosen up in 1940 . . . . Billy Meyer, Cincinnati booking agent and manager, has just signed the sensational Canadian lightweight, George La France, for a series of matches in the United States.

Tommy (Kid) Leeper the Indianapolis manager is pointing his colored Indiana welterweight champion, Tiger Kid Carsonia toward the top rung of the ladder. Carsonia stopped Howard Beaman and beat Dave Williams in his last two starts on the fighting pad.

## FANFARE FROM MISSOURI

By ROBERT D. DANA

ARCHIE MOORE and his long string of consecutive victories were finally brought to book by that defensive master of the middleweights, ex-Champion Teddy Yarosz. After 10 rounds of maneuvering, Yarosz was awarded the unanimous decision. Though the fight was actually much more closely contested than the score would indicate, 54 to 49, the score would have been 51 to 49 had a low blow not been called against Archie—there was no doubt that what edge there was belonged to the Pittsburgher.

Most fans felt that they were witnessing a dull contest as the lines of battle began to string out on a cat and mouse basis. Students of the game, however, realized that they were beholding something of a masterpiece as round after round Yarosz kept the heavy guns of his opponent bottled up. Nor did Teddy fail to keep a flicking, tantalizing left always in the neighborhood of Moore's visage.

Moore, on the other hand, caused Yarosz to be short with a good many of these Rosenbloom lefts, thereby making the officials' job the more delicate. Besides being a deadly hitter, Moore is an artful boxer in his own right and Teddy was forced to summon all his experience and ringcraft to stave off Archie's fast finish.

The semi-final saw Fritzie Zivic dispose of Tiger Walker in less than a round. Zivic scored immediately with a hard right to Walker's eye and followed up with another under the heart. The punch that finished the fight, unfortunately, missed by a foot.

Everette Rightmire defeated Pete DeGrasse in another 10-round preliminary, winning pretty much as he pleased all the way. Peter was awarded but one round and that via a foul though his durable chin combined with Everett's lack of punch to make the fight look closer than it really was.

The best fight on the program from the mayhem point of view was a heavyweight skirmish between Dan Dowling and Li'l Abner, Paul Duke. Dauntless Daniel had Paul down twice in the first round only to have the latter come back in the second and all but decapitate him with right-hand smashes. Though he almost lost his head, Dan kept his feet and weathered the storm. He knocked out Li'l Abner in the third.

HOOKS AND EYES—Ray Arcel was in the corner of Yarosz . . . . Arcel said after the fight that Moore had learned as much in the 10-rounder with Yarosz as he'd pick up in a year versus the average humpty-dumpty . . . . The punch that Zivic plastered Walker with, seemed to paralyze Tigah's left optic, the one that kayoed same paralyzed both of ours . . . . Promoter Larry Atkins saw it and thereby all was not lost to posterity . . . . Attendance at the wrestling exhibitions has approached the vanishing point.

## AUSTRALIA, HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

AFTER nine months absence from New York, it is rather comforting to be back at my desk in the good old U. S. A., even though I enjoyed my Australian trip immensely. Australia is a great sporting country whose people would rather gamble than sleep and their treatment of Americans is highly commendable. At present they are lacking in high class pugilistic material but that condition seems to be prevalent all over the world.

Ron Richards, who holds the middleweight and light-heavyweight championship of Australia, stands out above the rest of his countrymen, as far as his fistic talents are concerned. He is a great hitter, a nice defensive fighter and can adapt himself against style. He can box the fighters and fight the boxers and has the art of countering down to a science.

Ambrose Palmer has definitely retired from the fistic realm. He was a fine exponent of the manly art and in his prime could have been favorably compared with our American light-heavyweights. In losing to Gus Lesnevich in his farewell battle, it was the first decision he had lost in his entire career. He was stopped by Young Stribling and Leo Kelly due to injured eyes but he was never beaten over the distance until the Lesnevich defeat.

Fred Henneberry has seen his best days as a middleweight contender. Lately, he has been suffering from bad eyes and invariably suffers through that handicap in each succeeding battle and it would not be surprising to see him retire shortly. At the crest of his career he was a fine, skillful boxer with science at his finger tips but lately he has ignored boxing for the more strenuous art of slugging. Consequently, he is in more of a position to suffer greater injuries through that mode of battle.

Mickey Miller, the bantamweight and featherweight title-holder, is a corking little club fighter but has undoubtedly passed his peak. He is a dead game, two fisted little fighter but his deficiencies are revealed against real class. Hockey Bennell, claimant to the welterweight title, is a classy boxer but hardly of championship calibre. Dick Humphries, who is making a comeback, is a serious threat providing he can still make the welterweight limit. Humphries is another boy who suffered through injured optics but has had the benefit of a year's rest. Joe Hall, in the featherweight class, has beaten Miller on several occasions and has plenty of ability but seems to fall down in crucial spots, although on two occasions he gave Jackie Wilson very stubborn arguments.

Claude Nichol, Western Australian heavyweight, seems to be alone in that division. There is no competition for him and it is difficult to determine just how good he is. He is expected to make an American tour within the near future and he should be well extended here.

Regarding the invasion of American boxers to Australia, it is almost imperative for their managers to make the trip with them. So many different problems arise and when a boxer is left on his resources, temptation comes to him in many directions. He either flagrantly violates his trust with the managers who is twelve thousand miles away or neglects his training while there is no one to steer him on the proper path.

A manager making the trip with one fighter will find it very difficult to clear expenses and show a profit at the end of the trip. Bringing two or three boys in different weights, that is, those who can really fight, will find this a pleasant change and the opportunity to make some *big* purses. It is wasted energy and effort to bring over mediocre fighters. The fans are keen judges of fistic talent and they can separate the ordinary from the excellent on first sight. Don't get the impression that this is a sucker country. Some of the shrewdest in the world of sport originated from this continent—Australia.

Upon landing in Los Angeles, a New Yorker like myself gets a thrill upon gazing into familiar faces. It is difficult to conceive that you are three thousand miles from home. Here we found Joe Louis in serious training for a world's championship contest with Jack Roper. The fight lasted only two minutes and 20 seconds but it provided the spectators with innumerable thrills and it fully compensated them for the money they had spent for such an abbreviated contest.

Bill Miller assisted by Gene Vinassa and Lee Lewis, did a superlative job on the publicity end. Columns upon columns of ballyhoo were used as a result of their efforts.

Harry Bloomfield, former boxing promoter and ticket agency man, has opened the Black Bull Restaurant in partnership with Jackie Fields at 1467 N. Vine St., Hollywood, and they cater to the sporting, movie and radio world. Faces familiar in all walks of life, especially former New Yorkers, can be found at the Black Bull where good food is their specialty (free ad).

"Daffy" Maxie Rosenbloom is occupied with his movie work and his Slapsie Maxie Cafe. Rosenbloom's chief aim in life is running up gambling debts and giving the bookmakers headaches in trying to collect. It is a foregone conclusion that Maxie will wind up driving a cab at the rate he is going. He doesn't need a manager—he needs a caretaker.

Joe Glick, Sammy Shack, Mickey Phillips, Morty Lewis, son of Ted Kid Lewis, Frankie Carbo, Danny Brown, Joey Green, Eddie Lewis, Lew Burston and Pedro Montanez, Phil Zwick and Mike McNulty are a few of the other eastern figures who can be seen in daily travels.

When George Parnassus brought Nick Peters to New York to engage in six-round preliminary contests on the same card as Ceferino Garcia, he looked nothing more than a fair prospect. At the present time he is the knockout sensation of the lightweight ranks.

In successive order on the Pacific Coast he stopped Mike Belloise in eight rounds, in addition to breaking his jaw; followed up with a two-round knockout over Joey Ferrando and one week later administered the same dose to George Hansford. George is eager for a fight with Henry Armstrong for a crack at the lightweight title and he is given support in many quarters. He has developed a tremendous right hand wallop that comes at the most unexpected time and wreaks havoc on the opposition.

Buddy Baer took on an easy assignment when he flattened Big Boy Brackey in two rounds at the Olympic. Buddy, in spite of his ponderous size, can be developed into a heavyweight threat if he takes his work seriously. Lou Salica came from behind to punch out a ten-round decision over Richard Lemos at the Hollywood Stadium. Lemos captured four of the first six rounds but Lou put on a spurt, winning the last four rounds and the decision.

The Olympic is now in the hands of Tom Gallery and the matchmaker is Jimmy Murray, a well known fight manager from these parts.

George Crouch, a classy looking Los Angeles lightweight, gave Phil Zwick a good licking in their 10-rounder at the Olympic. Phil was dropped twice but was dangerous all the way. He landed a few of his potent rights on Crouch's jaw but this colored lad looks to be the goods and is destined for better things. Zwick, in spite of his years in the ring, must be reckoned a danger against anyone that he can tag. It was a bad break for Mike McNulty who brought Phil here and had touted him to the skies. Plenty of well wishers were rooting for McNulty to come through with a money maker but the gods were against him.

Upon my reurn to New York to resume my work at THE RING, I find it regrettable to see Tony Canzoneri back in the ring. Canzoneri, who will go down in history as one of the ring's great heroes, continues to campaign against opposition that would not have been good enough to act as sparring partners when Tony was at his zenith. The inconquerable fighting spirit that has marked the work of Johnny Dundee, Harry Greb, Jack Britton, Ted Kid Lewis and other great pugilistic names who fought long past their peak, seems to be imbedded in the person of Canzoneri. Another familiar name in the headlines is Jackie Kid Berg who is intent on carrying out his fighting career. Berg is another first class top-notcher of another era who seems to be combatting fate in his efforts to remain in the headlines as an active participant in the difficult game of Swat.

A change was found in the matchmaking staff in New York when Tom McArdle, veteran matchmaker, tendered his resignation and the position was taken by Johnny Attell, long a matchmaker at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club of Brooklyn. Attell is an experienced hand at the promotional game and is a protege of Lew Raymond, one of the greatest matchmakers in the country. Nat Rogers, capable assistant of McArdle's, also goes out with the old regime and Attell will be assisted by Chick Bogad, who aided Johnny in his Ridgewood days.

Joe Gross, who is representing the Sydney Stadium, negotiated with Tony Brown for the services of Johnny Litto, crack Philly featherweight, who is already on his way to the Antipodes. Jimmy Christy, crack C. Y. O. featherweight from Chicago, is making another comeback and will concentrate his endeavors in New York City with Marcus Griffin handling his affairs.

## HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

PROMOTER SAM ROSENTHAL, latest impresario to hold forth at the Arena Gardens, came through with a fine show on May 2. Chief local interest was centered on Don Siegel, University of Michigan football star, who made his pro debut stopping Fred Hollis, Kitchener, Ont., in 57 seconds of the first round. Siegel is being tutored by Harry Baxter, manager of Kayo Morgan.

Two eight-round bouts featured the show. Benny Goldberg, local Jewish bantam sensation, knocked out Georgie Annarino, Akron veteran, in the sixth round of the top half, and Larry Cisneros, young Mexican lightweight, who has won all of his fights here, was awarded the decision over Lloyd Pine, busy Akron, Ohio, star in the other half. The latter bout was a thriller, and few in the audience thought Cisneros had earned the nod. Pine showed himself to be a real battler in his first appearance here.

Charley Parham, hard hitting bantam, had a five pound advantage and carried too many guns for cute little Georgie Kell stopping him in the second. Pepito Santini, Puerto Rican bantam, outpointed Lou Mazie, and Eddie Kozole defeated Stanley Porada in other bouts on the same card, which grossed $1,160.

Marty Simmons, roughhouse Saginaw lightheavy, outgunned Hal Dettman in a bristling 10-rounder at Saginaw. Pat Jezak beat Stan Majeske; Johnny Stoick stopped Mel Shirkey and Ted Barnes decisioned Willie Stoick.

Milton Shivers, Detroit colored middleweight, won the decision in a 10-round battle with Al Quaill of Pittsburgh at Naval Armory in a bout promoted by Nick Londes. This show netted $512 and saw Shivers trounce Quaill severely in the first six rounds, but Quaill came back to win the last four rounds by wide margins and make the bout close.

Henry Gowatch outpointed K. O. Green, Leonard Bennett stopped Johnny Eaton, and Mike Raffa, stablemate of Quaill outscored Eddie Scott.

Billy Bengal, hard hitting Detroit middleweight, went eight rounds to a draw with Frankie Misko, Saginaw veteran, in a terrific battle at the Dearborn Arena.

In preliminary bouts Eddie Cleary stopped Homer Roberts, Frank Wargai decisioned Jack Mathews, and Larry Cisneros stopped Johnny Green.

Mansfield Driskell and Stanley Porada battled to a six-round draw in a headliner for Walter Sharp at Fairview Gardens. Other main bouts at the Gardens the past month saw Steve Kruchko, Pontiac heavy, defeat Wee Willie Williams; Eddie Kozole, River Rouge slugger, pounding out an eight-round decision over Stanley Porada; and Clem Richards triumphing over Buddy Waterman in a middleweight scramble over the eight-round route.

Eddie Cleary and Joe Blair, a pair of colored stars, brought in by the illustrious Pappa Dee, have shown themselves to be strictly O. K. Cleary, a 185-pounder, knocked out Clinton Bridges, Homer Roberts and Spike Franks, in three starts here. Blair, a welterweight, has shown himself to be a real buzz-saw though losing to George Riley and Frank Egan.

A pair of Michigan lightweights were featured in a headliner at Milwaukee when Wesley Ramey, veteran Grand Rapids ace, hooked up with Willie Hodges, Dave Knight's sensational young colored clouter. A right uppercut landed by Hodges floored Ramey for a nine count in the fourth round, but Ramey's experience offset the terrific punching of his young rival, and he won the decision at the end of eight rounds.

Eddie Scott, colored speedster from Ann Arbor, continues to be the busiest scrapper in these parts. During the past month Scott lost to Mike Raffa, drew with Sammy Lombardo and defeated Walter Darze, Henry Gowatch, and Eddie Sedliar. The latter bout marked Sedliar's first loss since turning pro last summer.

Young Kid McCoy, "cute" 140-pounder from Dearborn, chalked up two more victories the past month, both being semi-finals at Fairview Gardens. He knocked out Buster Jackson, Port Huron welter, in the second round and outpointed Johnny Green, Toledo, over the six-round route.

Eddie Moran who is enjoying a winning streak defeated Jack Mathews at Fairview. Tommy Misko drew with Johnny Burrell. Tony Koss stopped Ray Stabneau and lost to Frank Wargai. Pat Carroll stopped Oliver Johnson. Tommy Pallatin outpointed Tom Glaspy. Frank Wargai scored over Jack Mathews and Eddie Sedliar beat Kayo Green. Howdy Mason beat Willie Williams. Billy Noeske kayoed Al Lawrence and Johnny Eaton whipped Johnny Holeski. These bouts took place during the month at Dearborn and Fairview.

Bobby McIntire is training again. The local ace, who has boxed most of the leaders at 135 pounds, announced his retirement a while back, but the boxing bug got him again, and so he is once more ready to meet all comers in the lightweight division. McIntire's last bout was an eight-round win over Mansfield Driskell in a Detroit ring. Besides Bobby McIntire, Manager Johnny McIntire is doing business for Billy Bengal, middleweight; Eddie Kozole, lightweight; and Young Kid McCoy, 140-rounder.

The Dearborn Arena's semi-monthly shows not only bring out the best of the younger talent in this section, but provide a meeting place for well known fight figures of a few years back. Seen there at recent shows—Jack Scarton, former hard hitting Detroit middleweight, Billy Stob, former crack welter, Billy Shaw, star feather of a decade ago, now managing Frank Wargai, Harry Raskin, old light-heavy ace, training Benny Goldberg Young Firpo, roughhouse fighter of 15 years back, Frankie Clore, star middleweigh' of that period—and a host of others. Will list more next month.

# A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

COMING right back into the swing of things after an absence of nine months does not call for any particular amount of hardship—that is, providing the work is exciting enough. And rating the boxers on a monthly basis provides plenty of excitement, particularly when some criticism is offered, whether justified or not.

In taking over the duties which were handled by Nat Fleischer during my absence, we find that there are now two vacant divisions. The middleweight class is without a legitimate leader and the flyweight division is now minus one, since Peter Kane recently abdicated the throne because of weight difficulties.

Thus far we have removed Len Harvey from the heavyweight class, because we feel that he is better situated among the light-heavies. Jock McAvoy has enough trouble in the 175-pound class without being forced to make the middleweight limit. The edict of the Michigan State Commission and the British Board of Boxing Control in refusing him a permit because of a blind condition should cause him to retire. But for the time being, Lewis will still be recognized as the leader of that division.

Among the light-heavyweights, it seems to rest between Melio Bettina, New York State champion, and Billy Conn, the flashy Pittsburgher. Right behind them are Ron Richards, Australian champion, Len Harvey and Gus Lesnevich. They are all equal as far as ability is concerned, and it should be a hot race for the title if Lewis decides to retire.

Joe Louis defended his title against Jack Roper in Los Angeles by finishing the challenger in 2 minutes and 20 seconds of the first round. Billy Conn, in scoring a decisive triumph over Solly Krieger, and Joey Archibald establishing his right to the world featherweight title by whipping Leo Rodak in a fifteen-round titular match, were the high lights of the month.

Johnny Paychek continued his rise by stopping Carl Vinciquerra in the sixth round at Des Moines. Eddie Blunt disposed of Jim Howell in the second session. Willie Reddish kayoed Gus Dorazio in eight rounds. Bill Boyd stopped Murray Kanner in two and Al Ryll in the fifth round. Gunnar Barlund whipped Otis Thomas. Buddy Knox and George Fitch split two decisions during the month. Chuck Crowell lost to Big Boy Bray and kayoed Ford Smith in five rounds.

Jim Robinson turned in two victories over Wally Sears. Eddie Simms finished Tommy Carter in three and was beaten by Clarence Brown. Freddy Fiducia kayoed Leo Tiger Brown in the first. Paul Hartnek drew with Henry Wacker and Steve Dudas. Jack London whipped George James in England. Art Sykes kayoed Young Wills in three. Junior Munsell disposed of Bob Nestell in five rounds. Elmer Ray won over Obie Walker. Salvatore Ruggirello kayoed Jim McVey in five and Henry Cooper whipped Herbie Katz among the heavyweight action.

We find Billy Conn's victory over Solly Krieger the most notable feat in the light-heavyweight class. Tommy Tucker won from Nick Fiorentino. Eddie Wenstob whipped Charley Killer Coates. Ralph De John kayoed Bill Stevens in five and was stopped by Newsboy Millich in seven. Millich also whipped Domingo Valin. Marty Simmons scored over Hal Dettman, but was beaten by Oscar Rankins, who in turn lost to Nate Bolden.

Gustave Roth kayoed Jomme Wagner in eight in Europe. Rudy Stiller whipped Lou Presto and kayoed Billy Flannagan in four. Alabama Kid kayoed Max Raynor in four and was tossed from the ring along with Joe Smallwood in the second round in Australia. Frank Zamoris kayoed Charlie Robinson in two, Nick Rabin in four, and lost to Tiger Red Lewis. Bandit Romero disposed of Frankie Williams in three. Jimmy Webb finished Joey Parks in six. Red Bruce scored over Red Klomp and Buddy Scott bested Maxie Doyle.

Among the middleweights, Fred Apostoli whipped Eric Seelig after a tough scrap and stopped George Nichols in two rounds. Ceferino Garcia disposed of Al Romero in the last round of their ten-round scrap. Frankie Blair turned in a real upset when he stopped Glen Lee in three rounds but was beaten by Walter Woods. Teddy Yarosz won from Archie Moore. Ossie Stewart stopped Roscoe Manning in nine rounds.

Ken Overlin defeated Jimmy Webb and disposed of Jack Riley through the knockout route. George Abrams triumphed over Harry Balsamo. Steve Mamakos kayoed Mickey Makar in two rounds. Ben Brown humbled Freddy Eilers in two sessions. Gene Buffalo scored over Freddy Wallmeyer but was beaten by Eddie Pierce. Al Quaill whipped Billy Celebron but lost to Milton Shivers.

Eddie Maguire won over George Davis and Jack Hyams in England. Bep Van Klaveren scored over Kid Janas and drew with Joe Besselman. Walter Franklin won from Babe Orgovan. Andrea Jessurun defeated Frankie Britt. Harvey Massey scored over Bobby Birch. Jack McNamee stopped Wayne Powell in eight and Joe Smallwood in eleven. Al Bernard whipped Frankie Hughes. Tony Cisco won from Jesse Pierce. Tony Zale kayoed Johnny Shaw in five rounds. Jimmy Jones scored over Mohammed Fahmy.

Pedro Montanez, who is making headway in the welterweight class, scored over Young Peter Jackson. Jackson and Jackie Wilson (the Coast lightweight) went ten rounds before the bout was called "no contest." Wilson kayoed Everett Simington in one round. Sammy Luftspring stopped Larry Anzalone in three rounds. Kenny La Salle defeated Fritzie Zivic and Phil Latona. He stopped Billy McDowell in five and Paul Cortlyn in six. Zivic kayoed Tiger Walker in one round.

Holman Williams whipped Bobby Seaman. Freddy Dixon, Phoenix, Arizona, welterweight, is doing great work in Australia. He kayoed Jimmy Purcell in four and stopped Dick Humphreys in nine rounds. Milt Aron stopped Milo Theodorescu in eight rounds. Milo whipped Dick Kist and Tony Ciola. Ciola scored over Nate Bolden. Eddie Cool stopped Pete Galiano in seven and Young Chappie in five. Paul Junior was credited with no-decision victories over Billy Beauhuld and Eddie Alzek.

Lou Ambers continues to be an active lightweight until his return go with Henry Armstrong. He disposed of Honey Mellody in four rounds and whipped Jimmy Vaughn. Vaughn scored over Pete Galiano. Sammy Angótt turned in wins over Aldo Spoldi and Milt Aron. Wesley Ramey won over Billy Hodges. Tony Chavez whipped Ritchie Fontaine. Nick Peters disposed of Joey Ferrando in the eighth round.

George Crouch whipped Phil Zwick. Paul De Bello scored over "Irish" Johnny Mack. Jimmy Tygh received the award over Tony Canzoneri in Philadelphia—but one that he was not entitled to. Yucatan Kid drew with Tony Marteliano and defeated Norment Quarles and Rayito del Ring. Quarles scored over Tommy Speigal while Tommy bested Maurice Arnault and Johnny Rinaldi.

Red Guggino won from Aldo Spoldi. Billy Marquart trimmed Eddie Brink. Joey Fontana stopped Jack Sharkey, Jr., in six and Emil Cody in seven. Johnny Rohrig defeated Tommy Cross. George Zengaras drew with Bob Montgomery. Lew Feldman stopped Lou Gevinson in the fourth session. Vittorio Tamagnini won from Albert Esser. Jimmy Walsh scored over Johnny Jenkins. Dave Crowley won on a foul from Ronnie James in six.

The featherweight problem was solved satisfactorily when Joey Archibald captured the title from Leo Rodak in a titular match in Providence. Pete Scalzo scored over Vincenzo Dell Orto. Jackie Wilson is going great in Australia. He whipped Henry Moreno, Joe Velasco, Claude Varner, and stopped Joe Hall in ten rounds. Moreno scored a technical kayo over Mickey Miller when the latter injured his hand. Hall, in turn, whipped Henry Moreno and Johnny Hutchinson.

Chalky Wright disposed of Dan McAllister in the fifth round at Liverpool. Al Reid whipped Johnny Marcelline but was beaten by Joey Silva. Mike Belloise stopped Angus Snyder in seven and whipped George Hansford. Young Rightmire scored over Pete De Grasse but was beaten by Johnny Brown. Jimmy Gilligan defeated Al Mancini. Freddy Miller won from Enrique Chaffardet and kayoed Baby Oriental in two rounds.

Frankie Covelli disposed of Tommy De Bello in four rounds. Harry Jeffra whipped Marcus Pitte. Spider Kelly defeated Benny Caplan. Dick Corbett drew with Frank Kenny. George Marsden disposed of Garry Roche in two and Johnny Softley in seven. Nickey Jerome whipped Paul Lee. Allie Stolz scored over Ginger Foran but was beaten by Bobby Ruffin.

Peter Kane, making his start in the bantam class, defeated Baltazar Sangchili. He also kayoed Arnold Legrand in eight rounds. Little Pancho whipped Cris Crispin and Tommy Cobb. Kui Kong Young is making plenty of progress in Australia. He whipped Maxie Richards and kayoed Joe Hall in one and Jack Minihan in three rounds. Lefty Gwynne won over Jimmy Webster but was stopped by Baby Yack in the fifth.

Kid Tanner whipped Colin Warren, Billy Charlton, and kayoed Ken Barrett in six. Pancho Villa whipped Jimmy Perrin and Bobby Siegel. Al Brown, the old-time bantam king, turned in knockouts over Mariana Arilla in three and Christobal Jaramillo in four. Frank Parkes won from Johnny King. Tommy (Tucker) Smith bested Jackie Brown. Jim Hayes whipped Jim Brady. El Hussaine kayoed Sanchez in eight and whipped Bernard Leroux. Billy Passan kayoed Raymond Rodriquez. Manuel Ortiz disposed of Sammy La Porte in seven rounds.

Enrico Urbinati scored over Raoul Degryse in a fifteen-round bout which decided who was the flyweight champion of Europe. Fortunato Ortega defeated Tut Whalley. Young Gonzales won over Valentin Anglemann on a disqualification. Pedro Medina turned in a surprise kayo over Fillo Echeverria in Cuba in four rounds.

**The eight best prospects of the month are:**
**Flyweight—Pedro Medina, Cuba.**
**Bantamweight—Manuel Ortiz, Los Angeles, Cal.**
**Featherweight—Angelo Rodano, Norwalk, Conn.**
**Lightweight—Eddie Marcus, Los Angeles, Cal.**
**Welterweight—Tommy Hoover, Washington, D. C.**
**Middleweight—Freddy Pease, Willimantic, Conn.**
**Light-heavyweight—Marvin Wason, St. Paul, Minn.**
**Heavyweight—Larry Kid Lovett, West Palm Beach, Fla.**

## RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending May 14:

| Heavyweights | Light-Heavyweights | Middleweights | Welterweights |
|---|---|---|---|
| World's Champion Joe Louis | World's Champion John Henry Lewis | World's Champion Title Vacant | World's Champion Henry Armstrong |
| 1—Lou Nova | Melio Bettina | Fred Apostoli | Pedro Montanez |
| 2—Max Baer | Billy Conn | Solly Krieger | Ernie Roderick |
| 3—Bob Pastor | Ron Richards | Ceferino Garcia | Charley Burley |
| 4—Roscoe Toles | Len Harvey | Walter Woods | Sammy Luftspring |
| 5—Tony Galento | Gus Lesnevich | Al Hostak | Kenny La Salle |
| 6—Tommy Farr | Jock McAvoy | Teddy Yarosz | Fritzie Zivic |
| 7—Johnny Paychek | Tiger Jack Fox | Ossie Stewart | Holman Williams |
| 8—Red Burman | Adolf Heuser | Eric Seelig | Freddy Dixon |
| 9—Nathan Mann | Al Gainer | Ken Overlin | Marcel Cerdun |
| 10—Eddie Blunt | Tommy Tucker | George Abrams | Saverio Turiello |

| Lightweights | Featherweights | Bantamweights | Flyweights |
|---|---|---|---|
| World's Champion Henry Armstrong | World's Champion Joey Archibald | World's Champion Sixto Escobar | World's Champion Title Vacant |
| 1—Lou Ambers | Leo Rodak | George Pace | Little Dado |
| 2—Sammy Angott | Pete Scalzo | K. O. Morgan | Tiny Bostock |
| 3—Davey Day | Dave Castilloux | Peter Kane | Enrico Urbinati |
| 4—Tippy Larkin | Jackie Wilson | Lou Salica | Raoul Degryse |
| 5—Wesley Ramey | Chalky Wright | Little Pancho | Jackie Jurich |
| 6—Eric Boon | Simon Chavez | Tommy Burns | Small Montana |
| 7—Tony Chavez | Joey Silva | Kui Kong Young | Paddy Ryan |
| 8—Nick Peters | Mike Belloise | Aurel Toma | Pierre Louis |
| 9—George Crouch | Johnny Brown | Baby Yack | Fortunato Ortega |
| 10—Paul De Bello | Al Reid | Kid Tanner | Young Gonzales |

## IN MINNESOTA RINGS
By DARWIN GOMER

EVERY so often, Jimmy Collins and Henry Schaft put on a free bare-knuckle exhibition for tavern onlookers, and usually end up in a patrol wagon. This isn't doing them any good as far as publicity and their following is concerned. Collins fights so often out of the ring that when he gets in the ring he is all tired out and far from himself in form. Jimmy has lost the punch he once boasted of two years ago.

Minneapolis Palace—Fighting his first main event, Tony Yates, 144½, Minneapolis' hard hitting "Italian bomber," came from behind with a two-fisted rally to score a hair-line decision over St. Paul's clever, hard hitting Don Swenson, 140½, in eight torrid rounds. Yates in winning also won the welterweight championship of Minnesota and is the first fighter to ever hold that title. The northwest Italian was presented with a belt, emblematic of his state crown.

In the semi-windup, Red Bruce, 178, Pittsburgh's red-headed Negro, clowned his way to an easy win over the southpaw novice from Lime Springs, Iowa, Mike Klomp, 185, in six uninteresting stanzas. Bruce could have kayoed his foe anytime, but Red pitied the novice and let him stay the limit. In a sixer, Louis Bell, 140, St. Paul Negro, reversed a previous decision against him when he scored a three-round T.K.O. over Cal McGraw, 149, Sioux City. Referee McDowell stopped the bout when McGraw received a cut optic. Calvin's eye wasn't bad enough to warrant McDowell's action, however.

In fours, Sherwin Bogie, 189, Excelsior, remained undefeated in his last eight encounters when he trimmed the fat Stan Savoldi, 212, St. Paul. Frankie Colburn, 16, wrestler-boxer from Waterloo, Ia., scored a T.K.O. over the defenseless Worth London, 157, Mankato State Teachers' College, in three frames. In the opener, Bud Tibbetts, 142, Rosemount, remained undefeated in his fourth pro bout when he edged the veteran trial horse, Pug Barron, 141, St. Paul. Receipts were below $500!

Minneapolis Armory—In a very uninteresting bout, Gunnar Barlund, 201, now of Minneapolis, really lost to colored Otis Thomas, 209, St. Louis, in the 10-round headliner, but Johnny Sokol called it "Barlund the winner."

In the semi-windup, Earl Peterson, 165, hard hitting Appleton Swede, had an edge over Solly Stark, 162, Deadwood, S. D., in eight hectic rounds, but Referee Sokol called it even. Ebony-hued Webster Epperson, 187, Sioux Falls, S. D., trimmed Joe Lindgren, 186, Roundup, Mont., in six heats, while Curley Martin, 140, Topeka, and Emmett Willer, 140, St. Paul, battled to an uninteresting four-round draw. In the opener, Ray Isaacs, 136, Minneapolis, piled up his sixth straight win by whipping Bud Glover, 134, Minneapolis veteran, again in four rounds. Receipts were approximately $2,000.

St. Paul Auditorium—In Promoter Lennon's do-or-die natural main event, Marvin Wason, 171¼, clever St. Paulite, floored highly touted Billy Miske, Jr., 180½, for a nine-count in the fifth round to go on to score a 10-round decision over the hard hitting heavyweight, despite Miske's rally. Wason is now Minnesota's leading light-heavyweight. In the semi-windup, Don Swenson, 142, St. Paul, outpointed hard hitting Tony Yates, 148, Minneapolis, in eight fast rounds to win the state welterweight championship.

Ray Baker, 126, Grand Forks, pounded out a decisive six-round win over George Feist, 122, Grand Forks. In fours, Cal McGraw, 140½, Sioux City, whipped Everett Vincent, 140, Stillwater. In the opener, Bud Tibbetts, 144, Rosemount, piled up his fifth win in as many starts when he kayoed trial horse Coons Peterson, 145, Chippewa Falls, Wis., in two chapters. A good old-fashioned blizzard held the attendance down, but those present saw a classy Wason pile up his seventh straight triumph. Watch this boy! Receipts were $1,800.

This column will not carry out-of-state fight results any more . . . . thanks to "Spike" McCarthy! Fighters wishing to show here can receive action by contacting Billy Colbert. Just address Billy Colbert, Gibbons' Gym, Hanna Building, St. Paul, Minn.

Minneapolis Armory—Dick Demaray, 145, sensational Bismarck southpaw, continued his winning ways by kayoing Jimmy Collins, 146½, Minneapolis, in the ninth of a 10-round mix. Collins had won 15 straight. In the six-round semi-windup, Solly Stark, 162, Deadwood, S. D., scored a T.K.O. over colored Sherman Edwards, 158, Chicago, in six. Earl Peterson, 165, Appleton, continued his fine work by whipping the colored Jerry Hayes, 162, Milwaukee, in six. In fours, hard hitting Pat Breen, 145, Minneapolis' 1939 Golden Glove ruler, made a very successful pro debut by flattening trial horse Pug Barron, 141, St. Paul, in the first stanza. Curley Martin, 141, Topeka, handed Everett Vincent, 143, Stillwater, another defeat in four, while Ray Isaacs, 133, Minneapolis veteran, and Louis William Bell, 133, a swell Negro youngster from St. Paul, battled to a four-round draw. A crowd of over 5,000 looked on, and the receipts were over $2,500. Demaray now claims the northwest welterweight championship, and is clamoring for a bout with Henry Armstrong.

SHORT RIGHTS—Tony Yates resembles Billy Petrolle in facial likeness . . . . especially his eyes . . . . John Whitson is an ardent RING reader . . . Harry McCarthy, manager of Gibbons' Gym, says he's been reading THE RING for the last 10 years . . . . John Whitson has for five or six years. .

Minneapolis Armory—Cleo McNeal, 144, colored hard hitting Akron battler, surprised by flooring the local favorite, Dick Demaray, 145, Bismarck, several times in their 10-round headlining mix, and was undoubtedly a decisive winner, but Referee Gorman gave Demaray his 16th straight win amid the boos of the crowd. In the six-round semi-windup, rugged Andy "Kid" Miller, 178, Sioux City, whipped a fast-fading veteran in hard hitting Angelo Puglisi, 171, Duluth. Solly Stark, 162, Deadwood, S. D., won a convincing six-round decision over Jerry Hayes, 162, clever Milwaukee Negro veteran. Tough trial horse Curley Martin, 141, Topeka, upset Pat Breen, 146, ex-Golden Glove champ from Mound, in four. Emmett Weller, 138, St. Paul, again trimmed Cal McGraw, 140, Sioux City, in four, while Kelly Ward, 169, Minneapolis, piled up his sixth win in as many starts when he beat Hank Thorson, 167, Breckenridge, in the four-round opener.

When and if the commission okays the bill to have two judges instead of the referee's sole decision, then it will be a great step in the right direction toward pleasing the fans by giving decent decisions which Minnesota has been needing for some time.

## IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

IT was announced by K. A. Murray, owner of the Uptown boxing arena, that he had leased the Sioux City punch bowl to Jimmy O'Grady, well known Chicago boxing promoter and manager. The arena, built in 1935, is located at W. 7th and Bluff Streets and is within walking distance of the business district. O'Grady manages several ranking fighters, including Frankie Covelli, featherweight and Nate Bolden, middleweight. O'Grady plans to offer weekly cards. Managers and boxers would do well to contact him at once.

Hartley, Ia., Orlan Ott, Hartley, Ia., heavyweight amateur boxer won an easy decision over George Dixon, of Omaha. Ott weighed in at 218 pounds while Dixon weighed 206.

Nine interesting preliminary bouts preceded the feature tangle.

O'Neill, Nebr. Results of a boxing card here which featured several fast bouts were as follows: William Ryan decisioned Wayne Bowers; Rex Oberly outpointed John Bellar; Pug Wyant won over Laverne Morrow; Gene Wilkerson defeated Swede Johnson; Bill Perry beat Kid Murray, and Howard Jeffries won over Andy Schacht.

Mitchell So. Dak. Amateur ring champions of South Dakota were crowned here before one of the largest crowds of the season. Though all the matches were packed with action—as the boys who were successful in semi-final bouts early in the evening slugged it out for the championships—there were only two knockouts in the final round of fights the remainder all going three rounds to decisions. Championship finals follow:

112-pound: Hodge decisioned Defender three rounds; 118-pound: McClaren won by technical knockout from Kelly in 1:16 of second round; 126-pound: Tyona decisioned Fielder three; 135-pound: Schulke knocked out Schoenborn in 1:57 of the first round; 147-pound: Dahlberg decisioned Gadbois three; 160-pound: Stahl decisioned Vodden three; 175-pound: Schroeder decisioned Coombs, three; Heavyweight: Jim Keller, Aberdeen, decisioned James Felton, Custer, three.

Vail, Ia. The Trinity College boxing team scored over St. Ann's of Vail. Lack of St. Ann's opponents halted the interschool program. Coach Don Joynt of Trinity then tossed the remainder of his 13-man squad into action against one another and bouts between boys of this section finished out an exciting 16-bout card. Two of the nine clashes ended in draws.

A trio of knockouts marked the team fighting. Ralph Trapp, 135, lost by a T.K.O. to Clarence Corbett of Vail, 132, and Len Warren, slugging Trinity 142-pounder, won the same way over Harold Kruse of Vail, who weighed 139. Dale Sitzmann, 112, stopped Glen Lorenson of Vail in the first round for the surprise of the evening.

Cedar Rapids, Ia. In a slashing bout, Frankie Covelli, 128 pounds, now booking out of Des Moines, Ia., stopped Tommy Debello, of New York in four rounds.

Watertown, So. Dak. Before a sell out crowd, Jackie Bickett of Watertown scored over Russell Morris of Little Rock, Ark., to establish a string of 45 straight wins. Both fighters scaled in around 123 pounds. Results of the other bouts were as follows:

Patsy Riese, 119, Watertown, knocked out Leonard Paul, 118, Sioux Falls, in the first round. B. Bork, 133, Watertown decisioned Ralph Langenfeld, 134, Watertown. Langenfeld was floored for an eight-count in the third round. Bobby Webster, 112, Watertown, promising young fighter, defeated Joey Goldberg, 112, Sioux Falls, on points.

Kid Kelsey, 140, Brookings, knocked out Jerry Leddy, Watertown, 143, in the first round. George Miller, 144, Redfield, knocked out Monk Morgan, 145, Sioux Falls, in the third round. Donnie Coombes, 150, Watertown, knocked out Glen Miller, 155, Milbank, in the first round. Ken Jones, 160, Watertown, was disqualified in the second for taking the floor without being hit by Paul Anderson, 160, Redfield.

Des Moines, Ia. Frankie Covelli, now making Des Moines, Ia., his home outpointed Henry Huerta, Washington, D. C., Mexican featherweight in 10 rounds. Covelli weighed 128, Huerta, 130.

In a six-round preliminary, Eddie Carroll, 150, of Toronto, Can., outpointed George Hoston, 148, of Washington, Ia.

In a preliminary five-rounder, "Little Paychek" of Des Moines, outpointed Ray Butler of Omaha. Paychek weighed 126, Butler 128.

"Little Paychek" floored Butler three times, twice for nine counts and once for a count of six.

In other preliminaries, Don McGraw, 133, Washington, Ia., drew with Kenneth Cockayne, 137, Des Moines, in four; Battling Kingfish, 178, Omaha, knocked out Bob Ford, 175, Perry, Ia., in the third; Buck Buckwalter, 170, Washington, Ia., outpointed Leroy Duncan, 170, Toma, Ia., in five.

Last Minute Sparks:—Everette Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight star, knocked Pete De Grasse, of New York, to the deck twice to gain the decision at St. Louis . . . . Orlan Ott the sensation of the amateur heavyweights in this section was named on the middle western squad that fought the European champions in Chicago . . . . Ott was a quarter-finalist in the national Golden Gloves meet, and champion of this year's Sioux City *Journal's* team.

The Last Bell:—Earl Coughlin, 42, sports editor of the Cedar Rapids *Gazette* for nearly 20 years died recently of pneumonia, having been ill only three days. Coughlin was well known to boxers and managers throughout the country.

Babe Daniel, Negro middleweight from Los Angeles, would like to show his wares around the middle west. In one of his most recent bouts, Daniels gained a draw with Chief Ballard.

Omaha, Nebr. Paul Hartneck, Omaha, Nebr., former Creighton University football star, came back to hold Henry Wacker, to a draw in 10 rounds at Chicago.

Remember our address is 2206 N. Lafayette St., Sioux City, Ia., or care of the Sioux City *Tribune* Sports Dept.

# BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

THE RING'S OBSERVER

A FEW days after the Walter Woods-Frankie Blair contest at Madison Square Garden recently, staged by Mike Jacobs' 20th Century Sporting Club, Tom McArdle, veteran matchmaker, announced his resignation from his post as matchmaker. In his place, Promoter Mike Jacobs signed up Johnny Attell, for the past ten years affiliated with the Ridgewood Grove Club in Brooklyn. Attell brought with him as assistant, Chick Bogad, who took the place of Nat Rogers, who had been McArdle's aide.

McArdle became head of the Twentieth Century matchmaking department when the organization was formed about four years ago. He occupied that post until September, 1937, when he stepped down to allow Al Weill to become head matchmaker. McArdle then was given the status of matchmaker emeritus.

A year ago last April, Weill resigned to return to managing boxers. McArdle thereupon resumed active charge of the matchmaking department, which post he held until his recent retirement.

Attell brings to his new job many years of experience. He was formerly a fighter himself, but quit after thirty fights to become a manager of Benny Valgar and Pepper Martin. During the war he served in the Navy, but after receiving his honorable discharge, he became assistant matchmaker to Lew Raymond at the Pioneer A. C. on 24th Street.

His first job as a matchmaker on his own was at Dexter Park when he was twenty years old. He occupied that position for several years. From Dexter Park, Attell moved to the Broadway Arena, the Queensboro Stadium, Manhattan Casino, St. Nicholas Rink, Dyckman Oval, and finally, in 1929, he became affiliated with the Ridgewood Grove. He has been there since. He claims his ten years with the Grove represents the longest period any matchmaker has occupied the same post in New York in recent ring history.

GOTHAM GLEANINGS—Almost the first move made by Johnny Attell when he took over the matchmaking duties at the Twentieth Century Sporting Club was to contact managers of leading young boxers throughout the country . . . . Attell hopes to bring in such young stars as Billy Marquart of Chicago; Nick Peters from California; Al Bernardo, New York middleweight now boxing in Texas; Carl Vinciquerra, Chicago heavyweight; Steve Mamakos, Washington, D. C., middleweight, and other promising boxers who have built good reputations in other parts of the country.

Shortly after Lou Brix had returned from Puerto Rico, where Sixto Escobar successfully retained his bantamweight title from Kayo Morgan, Brix received a cabled offer from Australia for a title match between Escobar and Kui Kong Young in Sydney . . . . But Brix is reluctant to make so long a trip . . . . Jack Sharkey, Jr., is considering a campaign in England in the near future . . . . Pete Lello, Chicago lightweight, transferred his field of activities to the New York area temporarily while his manager, Izzy Klein, conditioned Max Baer for his meeting with Lou Nova.

Paul Damski, manager of Gunnar Barlund and Eric Seelig, has brought over from Finland a new welterweight named Bruno Ahlberg . . . . But instead of having him box around New York, Damski took Ahlberg to Stone Lake, Wis., where he has Barlund and Seelig training . . . . Following his return from a tour of Europe and South America, Jimmy Christy, Chicago lightweight, settled down for a while in New York from which point he is planning his summer campaign . . . . A party of 35 newspapermen and cameramen visited the training camp of Lou Nova on the day he officially opened his preparations for his meeting with Max Baer . . . . The camp was located at South Nyack, N. Y., on the estate of Dr. Pierre Bernard, known as Oom the Omnipotent . . . . It was perhaps the most unusual training camp in ring history, with elephants, lions, monkeys, a chimpanzee, and various other specie of animals roaming around the place . . . . Al Nettlow, Chicago welter, under the management of Al Weill, is rapidly recovering from his appendicitis operation and expects to get back into action in a few weeks.

The State Athletic Commission granted a license to Jim Slattery, permitting him to box again . . . . But the solons restricted the former light-heavy ace to four- and six-round bouts . . . . He has been training at the Pioneer gymnasium for his comeback . . . . Pete Scalzo wore his left hand in a cast for several weeks following his victory over Vince Dell Orto at the Garden . . . . Another who carried a cast was Fred Apostoli when he returned to New York after his close call with Eric Seelig in Cleveland . . . . Bobby Gleason, local manager, is back in action following a hernia operation . . . . Gleason is managing Julie Ortenzio, Bronx heavyweight.

FIGHT RESULTS: Despite a strong rally by Pete Galiano in the closing stanzas of his eight-round bout with Jimmy Vaughn at the St. Nicholas Palace, Vaughn managed to come up with the decision. It was a hard fought fight throughout, witnessed by a crowd of 1,500. The scheduled eight-round semi-final ended after 2:10 of the fourth with Mohammed Fahmy, Egyptian middleweight, the winner over Enzo Ianozzi, the latter suffering a bad cut under his right eye. A flock of four-rounders made up the balance of the program.

Following his victory over Johnny Rohrig at the Broadway Arena, Maxie Berger came back a week later to put a quick finish to Buster Carroll in the same ring. Berger, who aspires to a meeting with Pedro Montanez, halted Carroll in 1:50 of the second round of a scheduled eight. A crowd of 4,500 saw the show. A hard right to the jaw early in the second dropped Carroll for a nine count. When he arose, Berger swarmed all over him and floored him once more, the referee halting the proceedings. The six-round semi-final brought Tommy Zano, substituting for Tommy Houston, a decision over Ernest Robinson. In another six, Frankie Terry and Yussel Goldstein battled to a draw.

Leonard Del Genio resumed his ring activities after a long layoff caused by a hand injury. He opposed Frankie Wallace in the feature eight at the New York Coliseum and captured the verdict after a hard fought encounter. Wallace gave Del Genio plenty of trouble but Leonard carried the heftier weapons. Mickey LaMarr registered over Angelo Santorella in the semi-final, the referee halting the bout in the fifth. Another scheduled sixer saw Vincent Vines the winner via a knockout over Pete Stewart, the end coming after 1:46 of the opening stanza. At the Rockland Palace, Al Brown, former bantamweight champion, knocked out Cristobal Jaramillo in 1:24 of the fourth round of a scheduled eight. Harvey Massey outpointed Bobby Birch in the six-round semi-final.

Frankie Blair added another to the many upsets he had been registering in local rings by halting Glen Lee in the third frame of a 10-round match at the New York Hippodrome, only later to get a shellacking from Walter Woods in the Garden. Blair got the Lee match when he defeated Cal Cagni, who was scheduled to oppose Lee. In an eight-rounder on the Hipp program, Tommy Spiegal repeated a previous triumph over Johnny Rinaldi. Henry Maselli outpointed Mike Angeri in a six.

Demonstrating that he must be regarded as a genuine threat for light-heavyweight honors, Tommy Tucker turned in a highly impressive performance in outpointing Nick Fiorentino at the St. Nicholas Palace. Although Tucker, at 178½, had to give away 28 pounds to his Philadelphia opponent, he did plenty of mixing with his heavier foe and clearly earned the verdict. Following the main event, Silvio Zangrillo and Mike Matrinez went six rounds to a draw. At the Ridgewood Grove Club, holding its first Monday night show after switching from Saturdays, Izzy Jannazzo had little trouble besting Vincent Pimpinella in eight rounds. It was Jannazzo's first start since his return from Europe a few months ago. In the semi-final six, Danny Temple stopped Tony Morelli in the final round.

Sammy Luftspring made short work of Larry Anzalone in a scheduled eight at the New York Coliseum. The Canadian welter floored Anzalone and continued to belt him severely until the referee finally intervened, late in the third session, to stop the proceedings. The six-round semi-final went to Mario Servo on a decision over Lloyd Laskey. In another scheduled six, Chester Rico finished Larry Esposito in one round.

Still showing marked improvement with every start, Joey Fontana scored a technical knockout victory over Emil Cody in the seventh round of an eight at the Broadway Arena. Fontana floored Cody three times before Referee Young Otto stopped the fight. The semi-final was slated for eight rounds but ended in the fourth with Julie Kogan the knockout winner over Jack Carter. Frankie Conn outpointed Pete Bonito in a six. At the White Plains County Center, Vinnie Vines came through with a grand last round rally to earn the decision over Victor Troisi in eight rounds. Vines was dropped for a nine-count in the second heat but from there on he managed to pull up even and then move in front by staggering Troisi with a volley of rights in the closing stanza. Yoshio Yakamura defeated Dom Barone, and Joe Baynes topped Joe Casper in sixers.

Georgie Abrams, Washington, D. C., middleweight, scored another hit in metropolitan circles when he triumphed over Harry Balsamo in eight rounds at the New York Hippodrome. The bout was the first for Balsamo in several months and he clearly showed the results of his long layoff. Abrams held the upper hand throughout and dished out plenty of punishment to the Harlem Hammerer whose vaunted right-hand wallop was rendered impotent by Abrams. Tommy Spiegal triumphed again in the semi-final, also of eight rounds, when he outpointed Maurice Arnault. In sixers, Oliver White halted Gene Gregory in three, and Carlos Cuebas won from Allie Wolfe.

Making his New York debut, Jimmy Jones of Baltimore trounced Mohammed Fahmy in the main eight at the St. Nick. Fahmy, in his first start since kayoing Enzo Ianozzi, looked slow and sluggish and Jones took every round but the second and fourth. The semi-finalists, Dennis Deegan and Jackie Stewart, staged an exciting tussle with Deegan winning the verdict. Stewart went down for a nine-count in the third.

Substituting for Maxie Shapiro, Paul Lee suffered a defeat at the hands of Nickey Jerome at the Ridgewood Grove Club. Shapiro proved far too busy for the Indianapolis lad and in the sixth round knocked Lee through the ropes. Jerome won a unanimous decision. In the scheduled eight-round semi-final, Pete Koloff kayoed Nick Pastore in the seventh. Koloff, too, was a substitute. He filled in for Joe Mulli.

Coming back nicely after his setback by Cal Cagni, Walter Franklin defeated Babe Orgovan after eight hard rounds at the New York Coliseum. Ralph Vona triumphed over Jack Murray in the six-round semi-final. In another six-rounder, George Karkella outpointed Jerry Hall.

An upset was turned in at the Broadway Arena when Norment Quarles scored over Tommy Spiegal before a crowd of 4,000. Spiegal had lost only one out of seventeen matches in New York rings and had registered several important victories at the New York Hippodrome. The bout was a 10-rounder. Julie Kogan made short work of Angelo Cali in the semi-final scheduled for eight when he gained a technical knockout after 1:20 of the opening stanza. Kogan dropped his man with a hard smash to the jaw.

Two eight-rounders on the Garden Blair-Woods program which Woods easily won were sizzling scraps. In one of these Allie Stolz took the verdict from Ginger Foran, just back from a trip to Australia; and in the other Joey Fontana halted Jack Sharkey, Jr., in the sixth. Sharkey had previously beaten Fontana three times, but Fontana, displaying vast improvement, swarmed all over Sharkey from the opening gong and was far in front when Sharkey suffered a cut over the eye which forced the referee to intervene. In a third eight, Pete Scalzo won from Vince Dell Orto. The latter took the place of Al Mancini, out with the grippe.

Panama Al Brown, former world's bantamweight champion, gained his second successive kayo triumph since returning to these shores when he halted Mariano Arilla in the third round of a scheduled eight at Rockland Palace. Arilla offered Brown some trouble for two rounds but in the third Brown connected with a hard right cross which dropped Arilla for the count. The semi-final eight was won by Eddie Alzek at the expense of Darcy White.

Adding another conquest to his long string, Paul DeBello scored easily over Johnny Mack in the feature eight at the St. Nick. DeBello clearly outpointed his foe, flooring him for a count of eight in the third session with a right to the jaw. Antonio Carrico bested Don Giovanis in the six-round semi-final. At the Ridgewood Grove Club, Joe DeJesus gained the upper hand at the outset and moved to a decisive victory over Harold Valan.

## CONTINENTAL NEWS
**By GEORGE FARMER**

CLETO LOCATELLI, Italian welterweight battler, gave a performance reminiscent of his old-time greatness in outpointing Paul Rebel, ranking French 147-pounder. In spite of a nasty gash over the left eye, sustained in the fourth heat, the Italian flailed away like a whirlwind, never giving the opposition a chance to settle down and at the final bell both men were still hard at it throwing punches at each other from all angles—a 100 per cent hectic brawl.

In the semi-final, proceedings were short and sweet—for one fellow. The bout featured Heavyweights Robert Belkeir of France and Guiseppe Sanga of Italy and the contest lasted exactly 50 seconds, including the count, a wicked left hook dropping the Italian like two tons of bricks.

At the Elysee, Montmartre, Paris—Jean Beslay won on points from Roger Cadot, a decision that flattered the former. Cadot was handicapped by a bad cut that he got over his left eye in the fifth round.

Fiume, Italy—Mario Casadrei, Italian light-heavyweight king, won on points over Aldo Menabeni.

In Brussels, Belgium—Valentin Anglemann, former I.B.U. world's flyweight champion, lost on points to Arnold Legrand of Belgium.

At Odense, Denmark—Hans Hodlt, Danish middleweight title-holder, whipped Prilleux of France. Hirsch Demsitz, Danish featherweight champ, outpointed Chiappini, France, and Carl Anderson, brilliant Danish lightweight king, won from Nick Xiaropoulos, Greek battler.

Stuttgart, Germany—Werner Selle, young German heavy, drew with his countryman, Paul Walner, after having all the run of the fight, Selle taking plenty of points by the use of his straight left.

In supporting bouts, Ernst Wagner drew with Curt Bielsky in a lightweight bout. Hermann Remchied, former German bantamweight king, beat Joe Albert of Vienna on points, and Carl Maier whipped Nico Droog in a light-heavyweight contest.

At Berlin—Bep Van Klaveren, former world's welterweight title contender and recently holder of the I.B.U. European middleweight crown, drew with Jupp Besselman, German middle, after 12 rounds of hectic milling.

Supporting bouts featured Van Vebeeren of Belgium, who was knocked out by Arno Koblein, former I.B.U. European heavyweight king, in four heats. Vittorio Tamagnini of Italy, another ex-I.B.U. champ, narrowly outpointed Albert Esser, ex-lightweight champion of Germany.

Gustave Eder, German socker and welterweight king, decisioned the Italian welter, Alessandrini, at Koenisberg, Germany. It was a socking bout, with both lads full of attack all the way.

In the supporting bouts, Johann Kreitze, Germany, won again, this time from Alfredo Oldoini, Italy. Rinaldo Paris of Italy stopped Fritz Knorr of Germany in four heats. Gaston Matta, Italy, won from Hubert Offermans, ex-flyweight king of Germany, on a T.K.O. in round three, and Carl Beck, German featherweight leader, split the verdict with Gino Cattaneo, Italian feather.

Enrico Urbinato, Italian holder of the I.B.U. European flyweight crown, retained his title by cleverly outpointing Raoul Degryse, belting Belgian midget, over 15 rounds at Rome. Degryse, who packs a potent wallop in his right mitt, recently knocked out the Italian in a non-title fight, and in another recent bout in Britain had the great Peter Kane down for long counts in the opening round.

The writer wishes to thank Daniel Maurer of Astoria, L. I., and Heinz Volkmer of Germany for their letters. Any mail to the writer will be answered. Questions about the sport on this side are welcomed and any information will be gladly given.

To I. Q. Gross: We like your column and are looking forward to hearing from you some time. If anyone can give the whereabouts of Jackie Polvino, former Rochester, N. Y., simon-pure, we shall be hapy to have the information. Also, any photos of U.S.A. fighters if sent to the conductor of this column will be greatly appreciated. We have a private collection of boxers' pictures from all over the world, flyweights to heavies, champs and near champs. The writer's address is: 10 Gibson Road, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham, England, where all your mail will be greatly welcomed.

The eagerly awaited return to the ring of Max Schmeling is due to take place in July. The former world's champ has been fixed up to meet Adolph Heuser, the belting Boche from Berlin, who holds the light-heavyweight championship of Germany, also the cruiser and heavyweight crowns of Europe. Heuser himself is somewhat of a veteran, but we predict no easy passage for Herr Maxie when this row comes off.

To Emile Scholz, German heavy campaigning in U.S.A.: We should be glad if you would write Heinz Volkmer, your old sparring partner, care of this column. He would very much like to hear from you.

Arnold Kolblein of Germany, former I.B.U. heavyweight champion, pulled off something that Walter Neusel failed at, by whipping Santa de Leo, heavyweight king of Italy, on a decision at Hamburg, Germany. Kolblein tried hard to land his right hand on the Italian but without success and he had to be content with a points verdict.

The supporting bouts were as under: Amadeo Deyana, Italian middle, licked George Sporer, Germany, on points; Erwin Bluch, Berlin middleweight, whipped Pavolik of Yugo-Slavia; and Richard Vogt, German cruiser, steamed through Walter Sabottke in five stanzas.

At Munich, Bavaria—Jacob Schronath, German heavy, provided his usual smash and grab fight when opposed to Curt Haymann of Bavaria. The point featured the fine left hand work of the latter, who put Jacob on the deck in the second for a short count. Haymann won by a narrow margin of points.

Other contests featured: Burgin, Swiss heavy, who lost to Carl Maier; Carl Balcowitz, Austrian light-heavy, who fought a draw with Hein Mayer of Germany; and Schmidt and Kolhorn, middles, who fought a fast battle with the verdict reaching the former.

Kael Sys, belting Belgian, who recently lost on points to Heinz Lazek, former I.B.U. heavyweight king, has given up the light-heavyweight crown of Belgium and has cast in his chips with the big boys, which should mean some renewed action in European heavyweight circles.

Many thanks to the following who have kindly written this correspondent: Frank L. Sutton, Macclesfield, Cheshire, England; A. M. Henderson, Dingwall, Scotland; Leslie Johns, Kolar Goldfields, South India.

The anticipated bout between Lou Brouillard, former world's champion, and Antoine Christoforidis—Christo for short—took place before an eager and packed house at Jeff Dickson's Palais de Swat, Paris, France. Though the fight was a needle affair, it failed to turn out a battle of the century, as many thought it would.

The gorgeous Greek had the edge in speed and cleverness plus about five pounds in the weights, and Brouillard after taking a few of the Greek's flashing punches, decided upon close quarters. The contest was waged at a fast pace, with Christo scoring with right-hand punches at will and in the sixth cut Lou's left eye.

The French-Canadian put in some rough stuff on the blind side of the referee and the contest was waged at a fast pace right up to the last heat which was a glorious slam, both men giving everything, throwing punches from all angles.

At the close, the referee, Georges Carpentier, raised the mitt of Christo with no dissenters, the Greek having won a well earned verdict.

The semi-final brought together Jean Despeaux and Assane Diouf, holder of the middleweight championship of France. The bout was a close affair until terminated by the champ getting disqualified for hitting below the plimsoll line when just a nose in front on points and just about getting the upper hand.

Pen picture: Adolph Heuser, light-heavyweight champion of Germany and Europe, heavyweight kingpin of Europe. Thirty years of age and has been fighting for 14 years. Won the I.B.U. cruiserweight title and went to America where he met Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom for the world's championship proper, and was cuffed around for 15 stanzas to lose the verdict. Won the German title from Adolph Witt, the I.B.U. light-heavy crown from Gustave Roth of Belgium and knocked out Heinz Lazek of Austria to annex the European heavyweight bauble. Is Max Schmeling's first comeback opponent.

Of all the literary masterpieces turned out by our editor, Nat Fleischer, we can think of nothing better than that great series relative to the Negro fighters, "Black Dynamite." These books are an achievement of biography and have to be read to be really appreciated. No lover of the game of fisticuffs should be without this series of books.

At Cologne—Jean Kreitz, the fast improving German lad, won a decision from Nico Droog, light-heavyweight champion of Holland. On the same card, Curt Bielski fought a draw with Albert Esser, former lightweight kingpin of Germany.

Ulm, Germany—Rudolf Kretzschmar, ex-light-weight champion of Germany, won from Hans Dietrich on a six-round technical knockout. Both men are more at home swapping punches than indulging in the fancy stuff and it was following a melee of leather that Dietrich retired owing to a badly gashed left eye.

In a supporting bout, Carl Balcowitsch of Austria whipped Arthur Polter on points over ten heats, after a fast bout devoid of knockdowns.

Gustave Roth, veteran Belgian fighter and former holder of the I.B.U. light-heavyweight championship of Europe, won the Belgian title at that weight by stopping Jomme Wagner in eight stanzas at Brussels.

Milan, Italy—Carlo Orlandi, former European lightweight champ, batting for Cleto Locatelli, won a narrow points verdict over Al Baker, colored belting Belgian. The semi-final featured Gino Cattaneo, Italian bantamweight king, who won a fast points decision over Bogaert of Belgium.

Roger Barbary, No. 1 Belgian lightweight, knocked out Herault, French 136-pounder, in two rounds at Ostend, Belgium.

Beb van Klaveren, Dutch middleweight and former European title-holder, won on points from Kid Janas, ex-middleweight champion of France, the fight taking place at Rotterdam, Holland.

At the Salle Wagram, Paris—El Houssine, bantamweight flash from North Africa, gave almost half a stone away to Bernard Leroux and a thrashing for extra measure.

It was expected that Leroux, former French bantam king, who had once held Peter Kane to the full distance, would give the stormy African a close bout, but instead Houssine blew over his opponent like a monsoon, flooring his man with a terrific right in the third round.

In the chief supporting bout, Mac Perez, lightweight champion of North Africa, was outpointed by a fairly unknown Negro lad from the Sudan, who fights under the picturesque name of Omar le Noir. Perez was very lax in ring work and whatever stuff he did it lacked his customary fire and brilliance.

At the Elysee, Montmartre, Paris—Valentin Anglemann, former I.B.U. flyweight champion of the world, blew a decision owing to using his head as an extra hand. His opponent was Young Gonzales, Spanish battler, and after a scrimmage Anglemann caught his adversary a crack with his "loaf of bread" that gashed the Spaniard's eye. Instead of warning the Frenchman or throwing him out on the spot, the referee stood waiting for something else to happen, while Gonzales' manager, seeing his man helpless and being pounded unmercifully, threw in the wipe, which, however, got caught on the ropes. The ref not seeing the towel, had by this time thought things over and he ruled out Anglemann for using his head.

From our mail bag: Miss Calloway, Andover, Conn.—Johnny Holt, undefeated bantamweight champion of South Africa, also holds a points verdict over Kid Tanner.

The writer thanks the following for their letters: A. C. Parish, Dartford Kent, England; Charles Benn, East Newark, N. J.; and Mr. Boletine, Greenock, Scotland. All correspondence is greatly welcomed and this writer is always at your service. Owing to heavy mail, a stamped envelope will be appreciated. The address is: 10 Gibson Road, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham, England. That's all for this month, pals, see you soon.

## CANADIAN TOPICS
**By LAWSON BAMPTON**

HARRY HURST, Montreal lightweight, was the standout performer in the two major amateur ring tourneys, the Quebec Golden Gloves meet and the Canadian Amateur Championships, staged at the Montreal Forum. This dynamic youngster displayed the most lethal punching prowess seen in years in local rings to blast his way to the lightweight title in both meets. He dynamited three of his rivals in a round each and scored two easy decision victories to capture the Golden Gloves laurels, then blasted his two opponents in the national tourney to regain the Canadian lightweight crown he wore in 1937.

Hurst is a lad who packs a terrific wallop in both hands. He has a crushing left hook. He flattened Frankie Williams, defending champion, stiff as a board and the punch was so terrific that the victim had to be taken to the hospital for a few days suffering from shock and concussion. The 20-year-old Hurst is a pleasant, popular boy outside of the hempen square and trains religiously.

Pro boxing will be off to its latest start in years in Montreal when it does get underway. Hockey playoffs until well into April messed up plans and with other good dates filled with other attractions, boxing was crowded out for a while.

Smart promoters could make money in Montreal with such local talent available as Al Shank, unbeaten middleweight, Oliver Shank, heavyweight, Maxie Berger, Canuck lightweight title-holder who has established himself in New York; Dave Castilloux, Canuck featherweight king who ranks among leaders and possibly Harry Hurst, if the amateur sensation could bring his terrific punch into the pro ranks, make up good Canadian material at this writing.

STRAY SHOTS—Gordon Sauve, former amateur bantam champ, has a flourishing auto parts store on St. Lawrence Boulevard . . . . Al Decarie is anxious to get on the Commission staff of referees for pro bouts here . . . . He handles himself okay . . . . would be a good idea for the amateurs to use him, too . . . . Cheerio till July.

## TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

WELSHMEN singing "Land of My Fathers," spurred Tommy Farr of Tonypandy on to victory over his recent American conqueror, Clarence "Red" Burman of Baltimore, in their 12-round contest at Harringay Arena, London.

It was a feather in the cap of Promoter Syd Hulls to get Farr to box once again in Great Britain and Farr was extremely pleased to show the British fans that his defeat in New York by Burman was all wrong.

Farr won nine of the 12 rounds, two were even and one could be credited to Burman.

Arthur Danahar of Bethnal Green was lucky to receive the decision over Harry Craster in his first contest as a welterweight over eight rounds.

George Odwell of Camden Town and Jim Lawlor of Lowestoft fought a scrambling eight-rounder to a draw.

Frank Kenny, featherweight champion of Scotland, fought well to outpoint Harry Silver of Clapton over six rounds.

George Markwick of Cuckfield won comfortably over Joe Quigley of Ireland in a hard hitting four-round heavyweight contest.

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Harry Mizler, ex-British lightweight champion, boxed in his best form against George Odwell of Camden Town and won a clever and clean contest on points after eight rounds.

Dave McCleave of Battersea gained a clear cut win over Eddie McGuire (late of South Africa, now from Slough), in a spirited eight-round contest.

Maurice Holtzer of France and Dave Finn of Stepney fought a scrambling eight-rounder with the decision as a draw.

Wally Pack of Hoxton defeated Ted Barter of Kingston when the latter was well beaten and retired at the end of the fifth.

Battling Parkin of Mansfield won over Jack Powell of Sheffield when the latter was ruled out in the third round for an alleged low blow.

Bob Ramsey of Stepney won with ease over Ronnie Lush of Euston on points over six rounds.

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Jerry Brady of Poplar defeated Ernie Ward of Kingston when the latter was disqualified for a low delivery at The Ring, London.

Wally Davis of Notting Hill outpointed Bob Savage of Islington in a spirited 10-rounder.

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Roy Mills of Sunderland outpointed Miles Connelly of Middlesborough in a 10-round contest at Newcastle.

Jack Hansborough of Leeds defeated Sexton O'Keefe of Newcastle on points over 10 rounds.

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Ben Valentine of Fiji Isles won on points over Elie Petersen of Rumania at the end of 10 rounds at Herne Bay.

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Aurel Toma, bantamweight champion of Europe, was beaten by Tommy Burns of Stockton in a 10-round contest at Leith.

The Stockton lad won eight of the 10 rounds and proved a better boxer than the Rumanian.

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Eddie "Kid" Jones of Blackburn knocked out Johnny Hughes of Worthing in the sixth of a 12-round contest at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, with a right-hand punch under the heart that put the Worthing boy down and out.

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Two rounds were enough for Eric Jones, flyweight champion of the Southern Area, to defeat Wally Knightley of Sunderland at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

A right to the chin put Knightley down with a bang and his head hit the canvas with such force that the referee called a halt.

Jake Carr of Stockton outpointed Leo Lee of Canning Town in a good eight-round bout.

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Benny Lynch made a welcome return to the ring at Clydebank when he boxed a three-round exhibition with Frank Kenny. Later in the evening Kenny went on to win an eight-round decision over Pat Lee of Glasgow in the feature bout.

Jim Reilly of Glasgow revealed his fine boxing skill when he outpointed Jack Harding of Newcastle in a 10-round contest at Edinburgh.

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Johnny Clements of Glasgow fought hard to outpoint Billy Andrews of Dundee in a hard hitting 10-rounder at Dundee.

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A large crowd at Kings Hall, Belfast, saw a new champion of Northern Ireland at the welterweight limit when Tommy Armour of Belfast knocked out the holder, Jack Walsh of Belfast, in the third of a 15-round contest.

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Dan McAllister of Belfast gained a clear cut points win over Jimmy Lester of Dagenham after eight rounds.

Jack Mussen of Belfast outpointed the rugged southpaw, Tut Whalley of Hanley, over eight rounds.

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In a grimly fought 10-round contest, Jack Darkley of Portedown won narrowly over Manuel Quinn of Belfast.

Nel Tarleton of Liverpool was declared the winner over Billy Charlton of Gateshead in the third of a 10-round contest at the Stadium, Liverpool, when Referee C. B. Thomas disqualified Charlton for a low blow.

Another disqualification in the supporting bout between Martin Miller of Widnes and Billy Phillips of South Wales when in the fourth of an eight-round contest, Miller had knocked Phillips down for a count. On rising, Miller dashed in to finish the contest, but Referee C. B. Thomas waved him to his corner for resuming before he was told to "box on" by the referee.

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Jackie Rankin of Southall proved too forceful for Jack Treadway of Battersea in their scheduled eight-round contest at The Ring, London, and after three rounds the latter retired.

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Jack Fitzpatrick of Wales and Jim Gully of Cheshire fought six rounds to a draw at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Phil Palmer of Leyton gained a narrow points win over Bob Nicolle of Guernsey at the end of 10 sparkling rounds.

Bob Ramsey of Stepney won a hard contest against the seasoned Bob Lamb of Sunderland over six rounds.

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Sammy Shaw, the ex-jockey boy from Hull, fought at a fast pace against Garry Roche of Ireland and dealt out some heavy body blows that stopped the Irish lad in his tracks. In the sixth of the 10-round contest at Hackney a right damaged Roche's eye, and the referee stopped the bout in Shaw's favor.

Joe Davis of Smithfield fought strongly to gain a narrow points win over Willie Smith of Margate after eight rounds in the chief supporter.

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Kid Tanner of British Guiana won with ease over Ken Barrett in the chief bout at Bristol.

The contest, scheduled for 10 rounds, ended in the sixth when the referee stopped the contest when Barrett was put down for a long count.

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Mick Miller of Mansfield proved beyond doubt that he is the master of Eddie "Kid" Melgram of Leeds when he again defeated him by the short route at Alfreton, by ending the contest in the fifth of a 10-rounder.

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The final show at the Empress Stadium, Earls Court, of the N.S.C. season, was a huge success for the club's financial year.

Matchmaker Jack Harding staged a spectacular affair which was thoroughly enjoyed by the 9,400 paying fans.

Peter Kane, flyweight champion of the world, made his first appearance in London since his operation and easily outpointed Baltasar Sangchili, ex-world's bantam champion, over 10 rounds.

Tommy Martin of Deptford is about the fastest cruiser in his division and the colored boy outpointed Jean Motte, French heavyweight champion, over eight rounds.

Tom Reddington of Salford confirmed a previous win over Frank Hough when he gained the decision at the end of eight rounds.

Frank Kenny, Scottish featherweight champion, outpointed Billy Walker of Stratford over eight rounds. An unusual incident happened in the fifth round of the contest between Johnny Ward of Ireland and Tommy Hyams of Kings Cross, their contest being scheduled for eight rounds. These two battering rams met head-on, and resulted in Hyams receiving a badly cut scalp. At the end of the round, the referee, Ted Waltham, stopped the bout in Ward's favor.

In the last contest of the season, George Davis of Notting Hill and Southern Area middleweight champion, and Eddie McGuire of South Africa met over eight rounds and McGuire won on points.

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A large crowd filled the Assembly Rooms, Belper, when the chief bout between Bryn Morris of Wales and Ginger King of Glasgow ended in Morris winning on points over 10 rounds.

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Eddie Jones of Blackburn beat Butcher Clements of Mitcham in the 10th of a 12-round bout at the Stadium, Holborn, when the latter retired.

In another 12-round contest, Billy Mawson of Newcastle K.O.'d Bill Fuller of Bournemouth in the ninth with a one-two punch to the jaw.

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Jack London, the hard hitting West Hartlepool heavyweight, well beat George James, holder of the Welsh heavyweight title, in a 12-round contest at Mountain Ash.

Billy Bird, veteran Chelsea welter, won with ease over Stan Anderson of Greenwich in a 12-round contest at Plumstead Baths.

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Johnny Buckley of Bermondsey gave a capital display of skillful boxing when he outpointed Young Chocolate of Jamaica in a 12-round contest at Deptford.

"Evergreen" Fred Bullions of Deptford won a good bout over Jack Hopwod of St. Johns Wood, whom he outpointed after 12 rounds.

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Johnny Clarke of Highgate did well to outpoint the aggressive Tom Richards of Wales over 10 rounds at The Ring, London.

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Jack Millburn, the Bletchley middleweight, added to his recent successes, when he outpointed Johnny Blake of Chelsea in a spirited 12-round contest at Northampton.

Jim Wicks, the genial proprietor of "The White Swan," Deptford, staged a successful boxing show at the Deptford Arena in aid of the building fund of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic School, Deptford.

In the chief bout, Manuel Abrew, the colored Scottish heavyweight, defeated Danny Paul of Canada in the sixth of a 10-round contest when Referee Moss Deyong stopped the one-sided bout.

Tommy Windsor of Peterborough brought one out of the bag in the sixth of a 10-rounder when after being the receiver throughout he swung a heavy right to the jaw of Bill Wainwright which put the Swadlincote heavy down and out.

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"Ginger" Stewart, the 19-year-old motor driver from Hamilton, won the Scottish lightweight championship when he knocked out Jim Cameron of Glasgow in the ninth of a 15-round contest at Kelvin Hall, Glasgow.

Bert Gilroy, Scottish middleweight champion, defeated Paul Schaefer of Canada in every round of the 10 that were fought, and was a good winner over a game opponent.

Teddy O'Neil, Scottish bantamweight champion, outpointed Alex Knight of South Africa in a 12-round contest.

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Harry Craster of Middlesborough gained an easy points win when he outpointed Felix Gorny of Luxemburg over 10 rounds at Middlesborough.

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Benny Sharkey of Newcastle fought under a severe handicap when he met Johnny Jones of Jarrow in a 10-round contest at North Shields.

Sharkey sustained a damaged eye in the very first minute of the first round and continued to box with the closed optic throughout. He could not get on terms with the Jarrow lad, who was given the decision.

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Kid Tanner of British Guiana outclassed Colin Warren of Hanley in a 12-round contest at Hanley.

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George Gale, the young protege of Jimmy Wilde, scored another splendid K.O. win when he put George Batterham of Crowland down for the full count in the second of a 10-round contest at Wisbech.

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Jimmy Griffiths of Barnsley defeated Dick Turpin of Warwick in a 10-round contest at the Drill Hall, Coventry.

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Frank Bonsor of Nottingham won by a T.K.O. over Angel Garcia of Spain at Leicester when the referee stopped the bout in the last round of 10 when the Spanish lad had taken several counts and was in no fit condition to continue.

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A good crowd at the Casino, Rochester, saw "Boy" Bessell of Bristol and Syd Parker of Bolton box a fast 10-round contest to a draw.

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George Davis of Notting Hill had no difficulty in defeating Ted Carroll of West Bromwich at Bournemouth.

Davis floored Carroll several times before Referee Billy Smith of Plymouth stepped in and stopped the bout in the fifth round and declared Davis the winner.

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Norman Rees of Abergavenny knocked out Ben Smith of Croydon in 65 seconds of the first round of what was to have been a 10-round contest at Abertillery.

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Nat Josephs staged a successful show at the Ulster Hall, Belfast, in aid of the Local British Legion funds.

Jackie Saunders of Dublin lost narrowly on points to Jim Palmer of Consett over eight rounds.

Tommy Stewart of Belfast received the decision over Billy Tansey of Middleton after a hard hitting eight-rounder.

Dave Warnock of Belfast won over Billy Sheldon of Newcastle after a tough eight-rounder.

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I did not see eye to eye with Referee Jack Hart's decision in the contest between Billy Tansey of Middleton and Frankie Bonsor of Nottingham when they fought a thrilling eight-round contest at the Devonshire Club, Hackney. Tansey seemed to have a lead by his two-handed hitting to the body and a snappy left to the face in the first five rounds, but Bonsor made up ground in the last three rounds which influenced the referee to give Bonsor the decision. It was a close fight.

George Howard of Finsbury Park lasted better than Eddie "Kid" Jones of Blackburn in their eight-round contest which was full of thrills with the former winning on points.

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Frank Parkes, the young Nottingham featherweight, scored an impressive points win over Johnny King, bantamweight champion of Great Britain, after 10 thrilling rounds at Sutton-in-Ashfield.

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Fine weather at Crystal Palace open air boxing staged by Syd Hull made it a huge success.

Fred Pursey of Whitstable won the featherweight competition when he K.O.'d Ivan Roberts of Melton Mowbray in the second round of the final.

Syd Hart of Mitcham K.O.'d Tommy Rigby of Deptford in the third of a six-round contest.

Pat Day of Canning Town outpointed Charlie Jordan of Croydon in a 10-round contest.

Harry Farr of Canning Town and George Darlow of Highgate stood toe-to-toe for 12 rounds at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, and gave the fans an exciting treat with Farr winning on points.

Ernie Woodman of Battersea had to fight hard to earn the decision over Tommy Moran of Bournemouth.

Billy Bird, the evergreen welterweight from Chelsea, stopped Pat Cassidy of Kilburn in the seventh of an eight-round contest when the referee intervened when Cassidy received a bad cut eye.

George Marsden of Nottingham knew too much boxing for Johnny Softley of Poplar in their scheduled 10-round contest at the Devenshire Club, Hackney.

In the seventh round Softley was behind on points and receiving a bad beating was compelled to retire at the end of the round.

Joe Davis of Smithfield outpointed Al McCoy over eight rounds.

Dave Crowley of Clerkenwell was declared the winner over Ronnie James of Swansea in the sixth of a 15-round contest at Swansea for an alleged low blow after an even contest.

Rex Cartwright of Tipton boxed well to outpoint Johnny Boom of Stratford in a 12-round contest at the Stadium Club, London.

Mickey McGuire, the Canadian welterweight, showed good fighting when he knocked out Johnny Hughes of Brighton in the ninth of a 12-round contest.

One of the fiercest fights took place at the Deptford Arena when Jack Croly of Millwall won over "Red" Pullen of Wales in a cruiserweight contest over eight rounds which kept the crowd on its toes throughout the bout.

Glan Evans of Smithfield won easily over Pat Limerick of Ireland in a 10-round contest at The Ring, London.

Ron Hatton of High Wycombe won over Frankie Taylor of Slough in an exciting 12-round contest at High Wycombe.

Lefty Flynn, the colored welter from Jamaica, won over Paddy Roche of Eire when the latter was forced to retire at the end of the fourth of a 10-round contest, the latter having no chance, at the Oxford Town Hall.

Butcher Gasgoine of Rotherham had a big pull in weights when he defeated Johnny Clements of Glasgow on points over 10 rounds at Middlesborough.

Jack Ansborough of Leeds accomplished a nice piece of work when he defeated Jim McCarthy of Sunderland, scoring a K.O. in the fifth of a 10-round contest at Sunderland.

Danny Mack of Liverpool gave a sterling performance when he decisively defeated Dennis Chadwick of Bridlington on points over 10 rounds at Leeds.

Elfryn Morris of Birmingham won a hard hitting contest at Bournemouth when he beat the local, Fred Mills, over 10 rounds.

Dan McAllister of Belfast was in sparkling form for his contest with Johnny McManus of Glasgow in an eight-round contest at Belfast and won well on points.

Al Lyttle, Irish lightweight champion, won over Johnny Cunningham of Bethnal Green in another eight-round contest.

Cal Rooney of Canada won over Jack Fitzpatrick over six rounds.

Jim McCann of Belfast and Benny Jones of Hanley drew in a hard hitting six-round contest.

Chris Cole of Mullinger was disqualified in the fifth of a six-round bout when he struck his opponent, Al Robinson of Leeds, after the bell. Cole had been cautioned three times for the same offense.

Three days later, Chris Cole won a thrilling contest when he knocked out Butcher Howell of Cork in the third of a 10-round contest at Cork.

Tommy Armour, Ulster welterweight champion, registered a knockout win over Cyril Johnson of Nottingham in the fourth of an eight-round contest at Belfast.

Jimmy Walsh of Chester, ex-lightweight champion of Great Britain, had little difficulty in winning over Johnny Jenkins of Glasgow in a 10-round contest at The Stadium, Liverpool.

Walsh scored several knockdowns and showed that he will soon be back among the challengers for the title he once held.

A clever performer is Jimmy Stubbs, the young Runcorn bantamweight, who beat Jim McCann of Belfast over eight rounds.

Frank Hough of Battersea and Len Rowlands of Dagenham fought a hard hitting battle over 10 rounds before a good house at the East Ham Palais with a fitting result of a draw.

Seaman Bradshaw of the Royal Navy retained his welterweight championship of Hampshire when he defeated Ted Sherwood of Bournemouth over 12 rounds at Portsmouth.

George Pook of Horquay added to his sequence of quick wins when he stopped Billy Pleace of Portsmouth in the first of an eight-round contest.

A fight worth going miles to see was that between Billy Tansey of Manchester and Frank "Kid" Bonsor of Nottingham, who fought over eight rounds at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Tansey won on points by his non-stop body attack, which was just a shade better than Bonsor's. Both these flyweights scored a distinct hit with the packed house for their brilliant battle.

George Howard of Finsbury Park and Jackie Potts fought a slashing eight rounds to a draw.

Harry Lazar of Aldgate put up the best performance of his young career when he outpointed Johnny Ryan of Kilburn over six rounds.

Lazar sported a good left to the face with a snappy right and scored frequently on Ryan's face and body and although he took some nasty rights to the jaw he was a popular winner and showed the makings of a champion.

Jackie Brown of Manchester met a tartar in "Tucker" Tom Smith of Lancaster, who came in as a last minute substitute to box 10 rounds at Belle Vue, Manchester.

Brown was met by stinging lefts every time he got near enough to Smith and the latter kept up his good start to win a clear cut points decision.

Pierce Ellis of Manchester outpointed Jack Kiley, flyweight champion of Wales, over 10 rounds, and Frank Hough of Battersea retired in the seventh of a 10-round contest against Cal Rooney of Canada when he received a blow on his left ear, which swelled.

Eddie Kid Jones of Blackburn won on points over Syd Williams of Oxford at the end of 12 rounds at The Stadium Club, London.

Jeff Smith of Wellingborough defeated Johnny Boom of Stratford on points over 12 rounds.

Ginger Sadd of Norwich outpointed Paul Malapa, colored middleweight from Paris, in a 10-round contest at Norwich.

Kid Tanner of British Guiana showed some of his best form at Leeds when he readily outpointed Billy Charlton of Gateshead in a 10-round contest.

Battling Jim Hayes of Leeds, boxing well at all times, won a points decision over Jim Brady, Southern Area bantamweight champion, over 10 rounds.

Harry Craster of Middlesborough was unlucky to receive a draw in his contest with Lefty Flynn of Jamaica as he seemed to be well in front at the end of the 10th round.

Darkie Ellis of Bridlington outpointed Len Munden of Bristol in a 10-round contest at Paignton.

Boxing in Great Britain shows promise of a bumper open air season, as Wembley Stadium is spoken of as the place where Joe Louis may be defending his title against Tommy Farr; Harringay Arena, with Johnny Best at the helm, are all set for Armstrong and Roderick, followed by John Henry Lewis and Len Harvey. Syd Hulls is being kept busy with shows in Wales, Crystal Palace, Harringay Arena and in conjunction with Jack Harding of The National Sporting Club, hope to stage the biggest indoor show at Earls Court Exhibition Hall, which has a capacity of 24,000 seats.

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## WISCONSIN NEWS
**By MATT DOUGHERTY**

CLEVER Wesley Ramey, the Michigan "Phantom," nearly struck a snag when he risked his ranking against Billy Hodges, young Negro comer from Detroit. Promoter Lane gave Billy his big chance in an eight-round windup but in the final analysis Hodges lost by a mile.

Ramey came out and boxed circles around Billy for the first three rounds. Wes got careless in the fourth, however, and Hodges tagged him with a right, flooring him for a nine count.

In the six-round semi, Larry Cisneros took the starch out of Jackie Simmons, Milwaukee colored 130-pounder, by throwing a steady stream of leather at him.

The fastest bout on the card brought together two former amateur foes in Joey Spiegel and Annunzio Ferraro. The two lightweights put up a speedy battle, with Spiegel getting the decision. Both fighters proved themselves to be likely prospects and showed their ability to please.

In the prelims, Willie Hayes showed his punch was nothing to joke about by stowing away Walter Wiken of Eau Claire in the second and after getting rid of his mouthpiece, Garry Rossett of Grand Rapids put the crusher on Tiger Marcos, LaCrosse lightie, in the first.

Despite the appeal of the show, it failed to draw properly and disgusted Ed Lane is ready to call it quits.

Izzy Sorce and Bob Presser settled their Golden Glove feud on Curtis Brown's Eagle card with Sorce again being nominated the victor. Their fight was as thrilling as their first engagement with Sorce's left jabs catching the judges' eyes. In the remaining bouts, ace Milwaukee amateurs drubbed a Chicago team, 4 to 0.

FROM THE PRESS ROW—Johnny Gaudes finally tried on the wrong shoe in his ring campaign, receiving a trouncing from Jimmy Perrin in 10 rounds at New Orleans. Johnny has been jumping up into the feather division frequently, due to his inability to get matches with leading bantams, and this time he paid for his audacity. Too bad Pete Bass can't get his boy in with the top-notch 118-pounders. Gaudes could give the best of them a run for their money . . . . Ernie Valente climbs on the shelf, after his Chicago appearance, with three broken ribs, a souvenir from his last amateur brawl, he claims . . . . Tony Bruno pops in from the Lone Star State, expecting to get action at home . . . . Hodges, who claims to have put Henry Armstrong on the floor while sparring with him at the Chocolate Bar in Detroit says, "I'd like to get a match with Armstrong. He's easy to hit. The first fighter he meets who can really punch will beat him." That's trying to chew quite a mouthful, Billy. Day and Garcia weren't exactly cream-puff punchers.

George Black is as inconsistent about his comeback as he was in his ring career. First he is, then he isn't . . . . Eddie Metrie, busy little second, wants to bring in Henry Chmielewski, Polish middle champ of Europe (amateur) in 1937 and winner of 17 consecutive bouts around Boston . . . . Tony Cianciola made his New York debut, winning a six-rounder under the monicker of Tony Ciola. In the future Gothamites and Milwaukeeans will know him as Tony Martin for he is changing his name again . . . . Paging the hottest sparring bouts of the month: Ned Hewitt and Izzy Sorce at the Eagles.

## CALGARY HOOKS AND JABS
**By HUGH A. MACLEAN**

JIMMY RIMMER, 128 pounds, of Edmonton and Buddy Loftus, 125 pounds, Lestock, Saskatchewan, fought six rounds, Loftus winning on points in a hard battle. This was Buddy's first pro fight, he is a younger brother of the famous Johnny Loftus, ex-welter champion of western Canada.

Johnny Loftus K.O.'ed Silent Dafoe in the second round. Johnny should get a crack at Gordon Thompson's welter title.

Gordon Grayson, 160 pounds, and Lidsay Gill, 160 pounds, fought eight rousing rounds to a decision for Grayson.

King Kong Clayton, dusky speedster from Alabama, who fought in the States under the name of Jack Barry, and who has been wrestling in western Canada for the past few months, came to the ring wars in Calgary against Medicine Hat's favorite son, Eppie "Young Tunney" Lust. Clayton won on a K.O. in the third.

In a return bout starring the Thompson-Martin fight, Jimmy Rimmer lost in six rounds to Buddy Loftus. This was their second meeting. Both boys gave a fine display.

Johnny Loftus had little trouble with the Portland Kid. Johnny won by a K.O. in the second. Both boys weighed 150 pounds.

The semi-final brought to the Calgary ring two fine young heavyweights: Joe Lingren, Montana, and Leo "Red" Bruce, of the U. S. A. Not only were the fans treated to the sight of a red-headed colored boy, but one with freckles, and as sweet a fighter as has come to these parts since the prewar days. After eight rounds of fast boxing, a draw was given.

Gordon Thompson, met Curly Martin in a 10-rounder. Thompson won on points after a close battle all the way. Gordie weighed in at 136, Martin at 139. The western Canadian lightweight title was not at stake.

Here and there:—Curly Martin, clever lightie has had over 70 pro fights, and has a host of friends in Calgary . . . . Get your RING magazine at any newsstand after the 18th of each month . . . . Eddie Wenstob fought back from an early knockdown, no count was taken to win an unpopular decision over Charlie "Killer" Coates, Los Angeles colored boy. Wenstob weighed 173, Coates 168 . . . . Jimmy Chapman, Vancouver, K.O.'ed Harvey "Flash" Bailey, Edmonton, in the seventh round . . . . Lindsey Gill K.O.'ed Leo Janitzen in the second.

## IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY E. WINKLER

THE most important event in boxing in Southern California during the month of April was, of course, the championship bout between Joe Louis and Jack Roper, staged at Wrigley Field, Los Angeles, on April 17, which attracted 21,125 paid customers and totaled a gate of $87,697. The result was pretty much as was expected by most everyone, but the tough old veteran went down fighting and although the bout lasted less than a round, the crowd was treated to some real action.

In the semi, Big Boy Bray, 217, won over Chuck Crowell after six bloody rounds of fighting. Crowell had Bray groggy in the second, but received a cut eye that seemed to handicap him from then on.

The prelims: Buddy Holzhauer, 183, floored Bobby Yanes, 172, twice in the opening round, to garner a six-round decision; Holman Williams, 149, was awarded the duke over Bobby Seamon, 151, after six rounds of fast milling, but there was much booing over this decision; Odell Polee, 187, scored a T.K.O. over Gene Garner, 198, in three rounds, Referee Johnny Indrisano stopping it after Garner had made four trips to the canvas; Silent Joe Hill, 203, won by T.K.O. over Charlie Johnson in the first round, the referee stopping it to save Johnson further punishment; Harry Azanoff, 194, received a cut eye in the second round of his bout with Jack Stanley, 185, and the bout was stopped and declared a draw.

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Tom Gallery, well liked promoter of the Olympic Auditorium, has appointed Jimmy Murray as the matchmaker to take the place of Joe Waterman, who has transferred his activities to Oakland. Murray has long been a manager of first class boxers, is well known and should be capable of lining up some good cards for the Olympic.

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It has been years since Southern California has had as many good "prospects" among the preliminary fighters as are now performing in Southland rings. Among the more prominent youngsters who are attracting special attention are Eddie Marcus, Ray Lunney, Red Green, Gene Mock, Johnny Shumway, Lee Orey, Babe Antuna, Wesley Sellers, Billy Moyer, Tommy Garland, Bobby Seamon, Chuey Vargas, Turkey Thompson and the Hogue Twins.

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Tony Chavez, 137, that good Mexican lightweight of Albuquerque, N. M., took seven of the ten rounds from Ritchie Fontaine, 138, of Montana, in the main event at Hollywood Stadium on April 14. It was a fast, furious setto all the way with Fontaine continually tearing in, but Chavez' educated left was too much for the tough French-Canadian.

In the semi-windup, the popular Red Green, 141, Los Angeles, scored an easy six-round decision over tough Don Brooks, 140, Pismo Beach.

In the preliminaries, Babe Antuna, 122, two-fisted Mexican, scored two knockdowns over Sammy LaPorte of Baltimore to win a four-round decision; Frankie Rodriguez, 130, defeated Rudy Oden, 129; Billy Moyer, 151, stopped Nick Masiello in the first round; (this Moyer is a terrific puncher and will be heard of before many months); Harold Bell, 120, won over Nash Diaz, 122, in the opener.

As usual, the Stadium was well filled, and as usual, the program was a dandy from start to finish. Matchmaker Charlie MacDonald can always be depended upon to present a well balanced card with bang-up action.

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Buddy Baer, young Livermore giant, added nothing to his prestige in scoring a two-round knockout over Big Boy Brackey of Buffalo, in the main event of a very brief card staged at the Olympic Auditorium. The bout was stopped after the "washed up" Brackey was floored the fourth time. Baer weighed a mere 255. Brackey weighed in at 218.

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Elza Thompson, giant Negro of Sacramento, stopped Hugh Glass, beanpole heavy of Fort MacArthur, in the second round of the semi-windup, which was about as bad as the main event. Other preliminaries: Charles Mikelson lost via T.K.O. to Charlie Johnson in the first round; Jim Egnotoff decisioned Al Nostrom in four; Cal Delaney went to a draw with Don Metz in four; the curtain-raiser between Fred Morris and Al Hogan was called a draw when Morris received an eye cut from a butt.

A small house witnessed this all-heavyweight show. The entire card lasted but 14 rounds.

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Big Boy Hogue, 146, Jacumba, scored his eighth consecutive win when he decisioned the veteran Kenny Reed, in the six-round main event at San Diego, on April 14. Hogue, the smaller of the famous twins, won five of the six rounds. In the six-round semi-windup, Sammy O'Dell Mason, 160, Los Angeles, stopped Dick Ritchie, 156, San Diego, in the third round.

In remaining preliminaries: Jack Rainwater, 155, Idaho, defeated Karl Lester, 155, Pacific Beach, in four; Baby Razo, 133, San Diego, won decision over Kent Martinez, 127, Los Angeles in four; Jim Lane, giant Long Beach Negro, defeated Don Metz of Los Angeles; and Valentino Murillo of San Diego won over Billy Kratovil, a clown fighter of Milwaukee, in the curtain-raiser. A crowd of 3000 witnessed the show.

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Eddie Marcus, Art Martell's hard hitting featherweight, appears to be about the best prospect in local boxing ranks, basing such a prediction on past performances. Marcus has won all his ten fights since entering professional ranks, seven of these wins being scored by knockouts. Eddie, winner of a national tournament in 1937, is a terrific puncher.

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Georgie Crouch, poker-faced Negro lightweight of Los Angeles, won an easy 10-round decision over Phil Zwick, veteran Wisconsin boxer, in the main event at the Olympic Auditorium on April 11. The Black ice cube won seven of the 10 rounds, scoring two knockdowns over Zwick, yet Crouch was far from in his best form, as Georgie was fighting with a very heavy heart, his kid brother having died the day before, and Georgie had little zest in his work.

Chester Parks, Negro light-heavy, looked very good in whipping Bobby Yannes in the six-round semi. Art Gonzales and Nick Masiello fought a torrid four-round special, which was declared a draw; Uli Harris K.O.'d Jack Darcy in two; Benny Wilson won decision over Milton Kells in four; while Nash Diaz and Jerry Winters went to a draw in the opener.

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Bobby Pacho, veteran welterweight, knocked out Carlos Garcia in the fourth round of the scheduled 10-round main event at the Mission A. C. of Santa Barbara on April 3. In the semi, Lou Gomez, Los Angeles, stopped Carlos Chipres, Fresno, in four rounds. In remaining prelims: Angus Smith, Santa Barbara, won an easy four-round decision over Al Jiminez, Los Angeles; Tony Ramirez, Santa Barbara, won in four over Benny O'Neill, San Diego; Indian Joe Castro, Ventura, won decision over Hugh Armstrong in four; and Lou Robles, Los Angeles, defeated Billy Kratovil, Milwaukee clown, in the opener.

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Ceferino Garcia, hard punching Filipino, has served notice to the leaders of the middleweight division that he is a serious threat to the 160-pound throne by the manner in which he won over Al Romero, Los Angeles Mexican, in the main event at Hollywood Stadium on April 21. Garcia won on a T.K.O. in the final round but only after a furious battle. Romero made a fight of it all the way and probably would have been still throwing punches at the last bell had he not received a badly cut eye at the beginning of the 10th, which caused Referee Abe Roth to stop the bout. Both fighters injured their hands during the clash. Garcia came in at 155, Romero weighed 157.

In the semi-windup, Gene (Spider) Mock, 140, Burbank, received his first setback in 12 starts when beaten by Rico Martinez, 136, rugged Indian of Oklahoma. The highly touted Mock was a big favorite to win, but he could not keep the rugged Martinez off of him and lost by a wide margin.

In the prelims: Eddie Marcus, 129, kept his good record intact by scoring a third round K.O. over Joey Chizar, 130. This was Marcus' 10th victory. Andy Vasquez, 123, and Sammy LaPorte, 122, battled four rounds to a draw; Johnny Verdusco, 139, outpointed Joey Wilson, 143, in four; Carlos Garcia, 150, won over Ken Lambert, 150, in the opener.

A packed house witnessed the show, which was crammed with action from start to finish.

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Jimmy Murray, newly appointed matchmaker of the Olympic Auditorium, put over his first show with a bang and it was enjoyed by the largest crowd seen at the Olympic in many weeks. The main event of this card, which was staged on April 25, was between Pedro Montanez, Puerto Rico, and Young Peter Jackson, colored veteran of Los Angeles. Montanez forced the fight throughout and occasionally landed hard rights that made Jackson's knees wobble, but Pedro bled profusely from old cuts, opened by Jackson's short uppercuts, a blow that Petah had little trouble landing on Montanez. The Puerto Rican was credited with seven of the ten rounds, but the fight was closer than that, for Jackson fought stubbornly all the way and made his best efforts in the latter half of the bout.

In the semi, Jackie Wilson, colored beanpole of Cleveland, made short work of Everett Simmington, rugged slugger of Iowa, knocking him cold in the first round. Wilson is a worthy opponent for the best in the country.

In the prelims: Johnny Verdusco, Joe Williams' hard-hitting Mexican, caused a mild sensation by flattening Oats Zaidy, rugged Syrian battler, in the second of another six-rounder; Ray Lunney, classy San Francisco lightweight, scored a four-round decision over Roger Whitaker, colored gamester of Santa Monica, and in the curtain-raiser, Rudy Oden, Hebrew southpaw of the East Side, punched out a one-sided victory over Jimmy Liddell, sepia-hued featherweight. This preliminary card was one of the best seen in the Olympic this year. Good work, Jimmy Murray. About 7000 attended the show.

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Once again Bob Nestell, Los Angeles heavyweight, has been turned back and in this case it may be his last attempt, as Commissioner Everett Sanders, who was at ringside at the Hollywood Stadium on April 28, when Junior Munsell, Indian southpaw, belted out Bomber Bob in the fifth round, stated that he would recommend that Nestell's license be suspended. Not that Nestell is lacking in ability, for, fact is, Bob is a terrific puncher and boxes well, but he is cursed with a "glass" chin and the Commissioner fears that the handsome heavyweight might some time suffer a serious injury if he were to continue.

The Nestell-Munsell scrap was a sensational one, with the Oklahoma Indian furnishing most of the fireworks. Nestell was floored five times, the bell saving him in the second round. Referee Charlie Randolph did not bother to count when Bob was flattened in the fifth and it was minutes before Nestell could be revived. Nestell weighed 191; Munsell, 184.

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Mike Belloise of New York, but now located in Hollywood and boxing under the colors of Gus Wilson, won by a K.O. over Angus Smith, colored boxer of Santa Barbara, in the main event at San Diego on April 21. The bout was fairly close up to the sixth round. This was Belloise's first start since his jaw was fractured by Nick Peters at Hollywood two months ago.

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Those famous fighting Hogue Twins, Shorty and Big Boy, who first won fame when they garnered national Golden Gloves titles last winter, are the best cards that Linn Platner, San Diego promoter, has had since Lee Ramage was at his peak. The San Diego arena is packed every time the Twins go to the post.

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Jack Rainwater, elongated Indian battler of Idaho, upset the dope when he punched out a ten-round decision over Bobby Yannes of Los Angeles in the main event at the Mission A. C., Santa Barbara, on April 24. Rainwater climbed off the floor three times to go on and score a smashing victory over Yannes, who greatly outweighed him. A packed house witnessed the show.

In the semi-windup, Indian Joe Castro, Ventura, set a new record for quick knockouts in the local ring when he rendered Al Jiminez of Los Angeles *hors de combat* in 31 seconds of the first round.

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The writer may be reached at 1231 N. June St., Hollywood, Calif.

## IN HAWAII

By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

CLEVER HENRY took a 10-rounder over Umio Gen, of Japan. Outweighed almost ten pounds Gen nevertheless put up a grand show and impressed the gallery by his gameness and unlimited courage. He took all the best Sunday punches of the Clever One without any sign of backing away but the decision was clean cut for Henry.

Preliminaries were:—Eddie Salazar took a close one from Richard Miyashiro up coming former simon-pure . . . . Jimmy Joseph took a lucky win over Peter Reyes . . . . Kid Waianae beat Hitoshi Tanaka . . . . Abe Konaaihele won from Joe Grand and Delphine Augustine T.K.O.'ed Al Silvano.

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In Hilo a new promoter appeared in the person of Sanji Abe a well known local business man. The first smoker he staged was between Clever Henry and Otto Blackwell, a 10-rounder which was won by the clever Filipino. The fans were divided on the verdict. Henry scored the only knockdown in the eighth round for a seven count.

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In the semi-windup Johnny Dias of Honolulu won on a T.K.O. win over Harry Katsumoto, local pride, in the third round. Watch this boy, Toy Tamanaha, who made good in Honolulu two or three years back. Now he's at it again and in the first bout here finished Julio Rosario . . . . Buddy Kawasaki put away Guillermo Bollianday in one round . . . . Domingo Santiago flattened Alfred Pauline in the first and Justo Aquilon kayoed Johnny Basco in one.

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Little Pancho, brother of the late Pancho Villa is now in the States. We islanders believe that should Pancho be given the title shot he has an even chance to beat Escobar. He has beaten all the best men here. Promoter Mark Choo wants to bring Escobar to Hawaii to fight Pancho for the title and offers to bring Nat Fleischer out as referee or judge.

A crowd of over 4,000 fans took in Promoter Choo's card at the Civic Auditorium. Welterweight Champion Clever Henry at 139, beat Tommy Jones who came in at 145, in a 10-round glove fight. Henry took the fight by his cleverness and hard punching.

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Little Pancho, local bantam champion, beat his fellow countryman, Cris Crispin, in the eight-round decision bout. Pancho hit too hard and rocked Crispin several times . . . . Fighting Carlos knocked out Jimmy Joseph in the third round . . . . Johnny Ladao won from Abe Konaaihele . . . . Victor Gega beat Jerome Summerford . . . . Eddie Salazar beat Richard Miyashiro. This looked like a draw to many ringsiders.

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At Hilo's second smoker Kid Salvador beat Richard Miyashiro . . . . Harry Katsumoto beat his old rival, Bulldog Emillio . . . . Kid Alexander beat Henry Feliciano . . . . Toy Tamanaha scored again. His victim was Leon Inson who went out in the opening round.

## FLASHES FROM "DOWN UNDER"

By VINCE J. CARRICK

ELEVEN thousand fans who packed Sydney Stadium to witness what looked like being the "fight of the year," the return Atilio Sabatino-Ossie Stewart 12-round contest, left the arena disappointed when Referee Joe Wallis stopped the fight in the seventh round and awarded it to Stewart after Sabatino's left eye had risen to the size of a pigeon's egg.

On the morning of the fight, the wagering was five to four on Stewart, and remained the same till the fighters entered the ring.

Both began cautiously, Stewart not taking any risks, one of which brought about his downfall in their first encounter.

Sabatino had a nice points lead by the end of the third round, and later caused a sensation in the fifth when he connected with a hard right to the Negro's jaw. For the moment Stewart, with a glassy stare, sagged at the knees, but he quickly regained his poise and was jabbing nicely at the bell.

Sabatino's eye began to close tight from stiff left jabs and short jolty rights, and at the end of the fifth it was practically drum tight. Stewart continued his jabbing campaign in the sixth and began to make up the leeway slightly as he worked away from the Puerto Rican's right hand. Sab, too, was fairly hard to hit on account of his side-on stance.

Midway through the seventh the referee called a halt and crowned Stewart winner on a technical knockout. It was a disappointing ending to what looked like developing into a real thriller.

As to the actual stopping of the contest, I think the referee might have let it go another three rounds or so. There was always a chance that Sab might land one of his devastating rights and sit Stewart down like he did when they met some months back.

It was not that Sabatino had taken severe punishment. Except for Sab's "stinker," both boxers were unmarked. There was rarely a hard punch delivered by either man. Sabatino's right to the chin in the fifth was the best.

Perhaps Referee Wallis thought that by letting the contest progress further, permanent injury to the optic might result. If that was in the back of his mind, his stopping of the battle was justifiable.

There is talk of another bout between the pair, but more about that later.

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Johnny Hutchinson, the American Negro featherweight, showed Melbourne fans just how classy he is when he technically knocked out Irving Eldridge of New York in the seventh of a scheduled 12-rounder at West Melbourne Stadium. At the end of the second session, the writing was on the wall as far as Eldridge was concerned. In those first two rounds, the Negro didn't let up one iota and connected with beautiful straight lefts, left hooks and short half-arm jolts to his opponent's chin and body.

It was only in spasms that Eldridge revealed the form he displayed at the same arena when he clearly outpointed Claude Varner a fortnight or so before. But it was Hutchinson's persistency and accurate placing of his punches that upset Eldridge's plans.

At the beginning of the seventh, Hutchinson swarmed all over Eldridge and jolted his head back with beautiful uppercuts, and when he went down from a two-fisted barrage it was obvious that he was all in. On his form in this fight, Hutchinson revealed himself in world class, but I doubt whether he could safely make the featherweight limit and be strong at the same time. He tipped the Toledos at 130 for the Eldridge fight, while the latter came in at 132.

---

Flash—Ron Richards, national middle and light-heavyweight champion, has severed connections with his former manager, Jack Fennell, and is now being managed by Jack Munro, a former Sydney Stadium manager.

Munro has signed up Richards for three fights under Stadiums Ltd. banner, the first against Syd Brown of Jamaica, the second with the American Negro, Roscoe Manning, and the third with the U. S. A. shock puncher, Ossie Stewart.

Munroe has received lucrative offers for Richards to fight for the British Empire middleweight title in England, but while he can make good money in Australia, I don't think Richards will be leaving. Not for a while, anyhow.

---

Badly in need of a warm-up fight, Dick Humphreys, second only to Jack Carroll when the latter was welter king, went under gamely to "Kingfish" Freddie Dixon at Leichhardt Arena, a halt being called at the end of the ninth round.

The American fought magnificently throughout the journey and displayed ring technique of a high order. Dixon usually beat Humphreys to the lead or to the punch when the Australian jabbed or hooked first. Then the wily Negro would coax his adversary into a one-sided clinch and snipe him from all the half-arm angles.

Humphreys' best were a few neat left jabs and under and over left rips and hooks to body and head.

But Dixon gradually wore the game Australian down and cut him to pieces as the fight wore on. Except for a desperate rally in the eighth, when Humphreys threw everything he had into a desperate last-minute attack, the Australian met his master in every round. At the end of the session, it was plain to behold that Hum fighter had shot his bolt. His seconds signalled the re and Dixon was crowned victor.

---

At the end of the seventh of a scheduled round bout at Newcastle Stadium between Young Gildo (Philippines) and George Elliot (Australia), the referee, Joe Wallis, crowned the visitor winner on a technical knockout. It was plain to behold that the game Elliot was all in from a severe body beating from Gildo, who took everything that Elliot gave him without flinching.

For the first three rounds Elliot boxed magnificently, and using the ring to its best advantage, picked the visitor off with sniping lefts and rights to the head and body. But Gildo never took a backward step and it was this factor that broke Elliot's heart. He knew that his hardest punches didn't inconvenience Gildo to any extent whatever.

---

Gildo walked right into Elliot's fire in the sixth and slammed the Sydney boy to the canvas with a two-fisted body attack, from which Elliot never fully recovered. Out on his feet at the bell, Elliot took a severe lacing in the seventh, at the end of which round Referee Wallis stopped the fight and awarded it to Gildo on a technical knockout.

Elliot needs a complete overhaul. He is obviously weak and until he builds up his body, should keep well out of the gymnasium.

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It was not at all surprising that the spectators at Brisbane Stadium hooted when Referee Pat Hill crowned Jackie Wilson (New York) winner on points over Sammy Garcia (Boston) at the end of twelve drab rounds. The hooting was not on account of the decision, which was the only one possible, but for the dull, uninteresting fight the principals turned on. The "fight" had every aspect of a gymnasium workout about it, and it was only spasmodically that Wilson displayed the brilliant form he showed when he outpointed Joe Hall and knocked out Mickey Miller.

Garcia, several pounds lighter than the Negro, was generally on the receiving end throughout the contest, although he displayed a certain amount of cleverness at close quarters early in the piece.

For the most part, both were inclined to loaf and only on the rarest occasions did they attempt to make a fight of it. It looked so bad that it was obviously a ridiculous match. The crowd was quite justified in hooting the fighters out of the ring.

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Allan Westbury, Newcastle welterweight, climbed another rung of the fistic ladder when he technically knocked out Hockey Bennell in the fifth of a scheduled 12-round contest.

Westbury came out at the opening gong throwing punches from all angles and had Bennell back pedalling for the full three minutes of the session. Bennell, however, regained his poise in the second and scored nicely with stiff left jabs to the face. In the third, Bennell turned in a good boxing performance and looked a real champion as he sent stinging blows to the head and body. Short right jolts in close hurt Westbury, and the Sydney boy boxed nicely at long range.

But Bennell's work was only a momentary flash, and Westbury, stung into action, increased the tempo in the fourth and sent over a terrific body barrage when he cornered Bennell on the ropes. Bennell was a badly beaten man when he returned to his corner at the end of this round, and it was obvious that he would be knocked over, provided, of course, Westbury kept up such a terrific pace. The Novocastrian did this with a vengeance, and at the conclusion of the fifth, Bennell's seconds called the referee, Joe Wallis, to the angle and after a short examination of the injured dook, crowned Westbury winner on a technical knockout.

The logical match at the moment is a Westbury-Dick Humphreys return. The pair have met once previously, Humphreys winning on a technical knockout. But that was when Westbury was in the novice stages and a return would be worth going miles to see.

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Mick Lacey, the well-known Sydney referee, has resigned his position as third man for Olympia Sports Pty Ltd. He made this announcement the week after he had declared the bout between Alabama Kid and Red Farmer at the Sports Arena a no-contest.

Mick's action will be regretted by followers of the noble art. He was indeed in love with the sport and his honesty has never been questioned.

His place will be taken by one of Australia's most promising young referees, Les Pearson. Lacey, however, will continue to referee at Leichhardt Stadium.

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Stadiums Ltd., one of the head boxing controlling bodies in Australia, stole the march on their rivals when they signed up Texan featherweight, Claude Varner, for twelve months. He is to have a minimum of twelve fights, and a stipulation states that none of his opponents are to come in over 130 pounds at 2 p. m. on the day of a fight.

---

Kui Kong Young, Chinese-American bantamweight, added more lustre to his already impressive record when he scored a technical knockout win in the ninth round over Sydneysider, Ray Haddigan, at Sydney Sports Arena. In four starts, Young has returned four knockout victories.

He is such a smashing puncher with both hands and so relentless in attack that he doesn't give his opponents a minute's respite. Adopting the southpaw stance against Haddigan, he banged away to

## What Every Boxer Needs

is just [illegible] was far too inexperienced to have been put in with such a seasoned fighter as Young.

Haddigan lost no prestige by his defeat. In fact, there were many who thought he wouldn't go as far as he did. His best punches were hard rights to the body, but he inevitably backmoved instead of advancing to beat Young to the punch. It was this backmoving that brought about his downfall.

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After taking some heavy punishment from Henry Moreno, Mickey Miller, Australian bantam and featherweight champion, left the ring at Brisbane Stadium at the end of the fourth round, claiming that the injury to his right hand, sustained in the first round, was too severe. For the four rounds Moreno had done most of the fighting and was well ahead on points at the cessation of hostilities. He connected frequently to Miller's face with stinging straight lefts and swift right crosses. Miller's best punch was in the fourth when a chopping short right landed flush on the Mexican's chin, but it had no effect on the tough little visitor, who then drove Miller to the ropes and held him up with a rain of blows.

Miller's advisor, Freddie Burr, said that the champ would have a two months' spell before returning to the ring.

---

Roscoe Manning had to retire at the beginning of the ninth round against Ossie Stewart before a packed house at Sydney Stadium. Manning, on the retreat throughout, took terrific punishment about the head and body, and at the end of the fifth his right eye began to close.

From then till the end Stewart pursued a relentless jabbing campaign, and frequently shot his short right but somehow Manning inevitably ducked under this punch. Twice in one round Stewart connected with vicious left hooks, but he couldn't put Manning on the floor. When Stewart made the pace too hot, Manning always sought the safety of a clinch where he had Stewart at a disadvantage.

There is talk of a Stewart-Richards match at Sydney Stadium, but it is doubtful whether the arena would hold the crowd. If they meet, the fight may have to take place in the open air.

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Jack Read, the great Australian lightweight of a few years back, who toured America when he was in his prime, is starting on a new venture. He is editing a new magazine devoted to boxing and wrestling. By the way, Jack claims he is the only ex-fighter in Australia who edits a newspaper . . . . Joe Hall, the brilliant Sydney nine-stoner, made a sensational recovery after hitting the deck several times, to earn Referee Jack Carroll's pat against Negro Johnny Hutchinson at West Melbourne, which makes it two for Hall against the Negro . . . . Wally Hancock, former Australian welter champion, made a comeback, beating Gil Allen (Queensland) on points in twelve rounds . . . . On the same program Bobby Clarke boxing nicely won a points decision in ten against Tommy Vincent . . . . The latter was down in the first but saw it out a long way behind on points.

---

Filipino featherweight, Joe Velasco scored an easy points win over Maxie Richards, brother of the national middleweight and light-heavyweight champion . . . . New South Wales amateur bantam champion, Liam Wilson, impressed Brisbane fans with his fast, accurate and deadly punching. Won three straight in Northern capital . . . .

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The week after Eddie Borden left Australia, the Olympia Sports staged two "Search for Talent" nights, one on the Wednesday and the other on Friday night. Over 400 entries were received that week . . . . Jack McNamee, tall Victorian welter, won on a T.K.O. against American, Joe Smallwood, the referee stopping hostilities in the eleventh round . . . . As early as third, Smallwood's face was tomato red . . . . Australian cut Smallwood's nose and kept feeding the wound with straight lefts . . . . McNamee down for three in the third from looping right-hander . . . . American best in close . . . . McNamee, with his long, straight left, should have kept his opponent at bay most of the time.

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Claude Varner, Texan featherweight terror, was outpointed by Negro Jackie Wilson at West Melbourne . . . . Varner did all the fighting, while Wilson backed away most of the twelve rounds . . . . Big crowd demonstrated against decision . . . . Alabama Kid and Joe Smallwood fought a "no-contest" at Carlton Stadium. Referee Wallis stopped it in the second round.


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## NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

BRINGING to a climax several years of bitter rivalry, dynamic Jimmy Webb, St. Louis light-heavy, punched out a six-round knockout victory over his fellow townsman, Joey Parks. It was sweet revenge for young Webb, who had dropped a close duke to Parks early in his career, and he made the most of his opportunity by handing his arch rival an unmerciful beating. For Joey, perhaps the most popular figure in the history of Houston's fight game, it meant the finish of a career that for a time was most brilliant. Like most of the fans, the writer, while hailing the new king, felt a pang of regret at the passing of the old and sincerely hopes that Parks continues to make his home here among us.

To Manager Tommy Concannon goes credit for bringing back Kenny LaSalle, who for a time seemed on the verge of fistic oblivion. After a month's hard conditioning on the beach at Galveston, Kenny came back with a bang to stop Punching Paul Cortlyn in six heats and flatten Wild Bill McDowell in five. LaSalle appears to have abandoned his cautious style for a wide open brand of milling that has caught the fancy of the fans in a great big way.

Al Bernard, Max Ross' rough middleweight, exploded the bubble of Maxie Long when he flattened the Dallas pride in three sessions. Bernard was in complete command at all times and finished his foe with a terrific right to the mid-section that left Long helpless on the canvas.

Fred Apostoli, recognized in some states as middleweight champion of the world, sojourned in our fair city some two weeks, where he made a host of friends. Local fans who watched him belt out the veteran George Nichols in two heats are convinced that he is the best 160-pounder in the business today, and are solidly pulling for Fred and his affable mentor, Larry White, in their future battles.

Ken Overlin, who recently scored a tremendous hit in decisioning Al Bernard, found himself on the receiving end of a boxing lesson, the instructor being Teddy Yarosz, former champion. Be it said for Ken, he made the fight and his very aggressiveness may well have cost him the decision. Overlin stopped Jack Riley in his latest local start.

Art Lind, protege of Overlin's, looked most impressive in turning in knockout victories over Les Darby and Tony Marks. His bout with Marks was a thriller and was Tony's first K.O.

Tony Bruno, durable Italian middleweight, made four pleasing efforts in two weeks. At Galveston, he handed Tiger Pelon (Augie Arellano) a lacing, gave the same medicine to Sweeney Byars at Ft. Sill, Okla., and dropped one of those "home town" things to Maxie Long at Dallas, though apparently an easy winner. Paul Cortlyn, at Houston, was the last victim, with Tony winning decisively.

OTHER RESULTS—Sammy Musco beat Kid Cervantes of Mexico and drew with Nunzio Bisogno . . . . Kenny LaSalle decisioned Phil Latona in a swell scrap . . . . Buddy Millard beat Tiger Jack Wright . . . . Buffalo Barcus flattened Henry Fisher . . . . Frankie Hughes K.O.'ed Sebastian Gonzales and lost to Wild Bill McDowell . . . . Gonzales trimmed Jimmy McNeil and Kid Brunette . . . . Manuel Azteca, Frank Padron, Jesse Williamson and Johnny Ramos, recent recruits from the simon-pures, each got off to a good start among the money earners . . . . Azteca drew with Spider Martin, Padron stopped Wayne Mixon and Jack Bell, Williamson beat the veteran Eddie Flores, and Ramos K.O.'ed Clyde Morris.

Red Hutchins and Bobby Siegel turned in notable performances against the Mexican 118-pound champion, Pancho Villa, both dropping very close and unpopular decisions to the southpaw puncher . . . . Siegel showed a lot of class in trouncing Alex Cupiano, giving away some fifteen pounds . . . . Sammy Musco did likewise against Cupiano . . . . Paul Cortlyn handed Gabriel Rocha, Mexican importation, his first setback here, winning handily . . . . Fighters and managers wishing to show in Texas should contact Promoter Hugh S. Benbow, 110½ Travis Street, Houston, Texas . . . . The writer's address: Houston *Press*, Houston, Texas.

## KANSAS CITY AND VICINITY
By DICK CARTER

PROFESSIONAL boxing, too long dead in this area, was revivified by the enterprising Bus Breese, former Manhattan, Kansas, lightweight star. Breese presented a dazzling all-star show in Memorial Hall, air-conditioned pride of the Kansas City, Kansas, Chamber of Commerce.

Featured on this program were Kansas's favorite fistic sons, Quentin Babe Breese and Pat Kissinger. Breese, known from coast to coast as the Kansas Wildcat, squared off with the veteran Mex, Joey Alcanter, while Kissinger, probably the hardest punching 140-pounder in the game, took on Young Billy Gardner, a sensation around Hutchinson, Kan.

The preliminaries put such rising Kansans as Elmer Carson and Baby Lou Alcanter on display. Alcanter, the youngest of that fighting family, is a flashy featherweight who can be expected to do big things within the next year. Carson, a Negro and former student at Pittsburg State Teachers College, is a one-time holder of the Missouri Valley AAU Middleweight Title, and considered hereabouts as the next big thing in the 160-pound class. He is handled by Lou Cole, czar of local amateur boxing.

Breese plans to run regularly throughout the summer months, and hopes eventually to bring in outstanding Eastern and West Coast boys to meet native talent.

SHORTS: This area boasts the finest crop of amateurs-about-to-turn-pro in the world. Among them are Chester Ellis, Tony Novak, National AAU heavyweight king, and Charley Miegel, runner-up for the National 126-lb. crown.

Frank Gilleece, secretary of the Kansas Boxing Commission, bears the unique and almost unheard-of distinction among boxing poobahs of being a true and valued friend to every boxer, manager, and promoter in the State—which is sump'n.

Skeets Weems, veteran feather who holds wins over boys like Pee-Wee Weghorn and Emery Cricket Helms, is making a singularly successful comeback around Missouri and Eastern Kansas.

Featherweights, lightweights, and middleweights desirous of action might get same by contacting the local promoter, Bus Breese, Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas.

## MARYLAND, VIRGINIA, WASHINGTON
By LES SPONSLER

CAPT. W. H. PEEPLES got off to a fine start at Richmond, Va., with Yucatan Kid taking the nod from the hometowner, Norment Quarles. Richmond at the present has more good looking prospects than Baltimore and Washington put together, with Red Lewis, a rough and tough middleweight, winning his last four starts including a good win over Frank Zemaris and a young kid by the name of Jack Hatcher, who took Baltimore fans by storm last week at the Coliseum by beating rugged Jimmy Leto.

Peeples did very good in Miami last Winter and if the opening show is a good sign he has the right start at Richmond with boys like Yucatan Kid, Bobby Britton, Red Lewis and a half dozen lesser lights to work with.

There has been a lot of talk about a second Club going in Washington, D. C., and although they do have a great spot to go in they have failed to apply for their license up to this writing. Ray Alvis will promote, with Eddie Ross doing the matchmaking.

Goldie Ahearn continues to give the natives a show each week at Turners Arena and will go outdoors with Steve Mamakos and an opponent to be selected the latter part of May.

Baltimore's new $200,000 fireproof Coliseum opened Thursday with Steve Mamakos and Mickey Makar on top backed up by a great under card and although it was not a sellout it was the largest fight crowd in months in Baltimore. Mamakos won on T.K.O. in the second round to climax a card that was fire from start to finish. Every celebrity within hearing and riding distance was there and with the new portable bleachers and the electric time clock and other new devices that Baltimore fans have never seen before it looks like the National A.C. Inc. promoters are there for a long stay.

The Century A.C. continues to draw good crowds at Carlins Arena each Monday night and with two fight clubs and two wrestling clubs going each week they all seem to be getting their share.

Lou Gevinson, of Washington, has been going great lately, having beat Johnny Pena, Felice Garcia and Pete Galiano, and meets Lew Feldman at the Coliseum, Baltimore.

At Baltimore—Steve Mamakos T.K.O.'ed Mickey Makar in two, Bucky Taylor beat Toby Tobias in ten, Frankie Litt got the nod over Charley Gilley in ten, Harry Jeffra easily whipped Mureo Pitts in ten, Vic Finazzo took the duke from Bob Wilson in ten, Norm Cardora over Woody Buchanan in six, Jack Hatcher over Jimmy Leto in six, Russell Tucker over Harry Birchfield in six, Eddie Finazzo over Joe Perry in eight, Billy Bullock over Ernie Kahler in six, Billy Selvage over Lee Rosen in six, also over Billy Pickerell in six.

At Washington—Joey Silvas the nod over Al Reid in ten, Red Lewis a good win over George Zemaris in eight, Eddie Alzek a win over Chico Romo in eight.

Fighters and managers wanting to break in in this territory can get in touch with the writer at the Gayety Theatre Building, Baltimore, Md.


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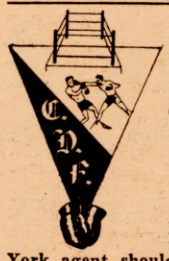


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## MAINE MITT MORSELS
By CHARLEY MILLER

PAUL JUNIOR, Maine's lightweight champion, came from behind to earn a draw with Billy Beauhuld, of Jersey City, at the Exposition building at Portland. Junior didn't achieve complete revenge for the defeat he suffered in New York two years ago from Beauhuld's fists. The Jersey man started away in the lead, then Junior flashed rallies in the third and fourth, which gave him an edge. The fifth and sixth were the Jersey boy's rounds and Junior's best round was the seventh.

Other results were:—Jimmy McDougal, of Augusta, decisioned Bobby Fisher in six heats while Leo Mayo, of Augusta, decisioned Everett Ladd, of Westbrook. K.O. Blouin, of Lewiston, beat Tommy Lemieux, of Biddeford. Johnny Lawless, of Bangor, beat Sailor McRoberts, of Augusta, in four rounds while Charley Loring, of Portland, stopped Jack Neault, of Biddeford, in two and Paul Herrick, of Portland, beat Jimmy Sargent, of Portland. About 4500 fans attended these bouts.

For the out of state promoters and fight managers:—You will be glad to know that the boxing commission bill has passed and will go into effect about August. Just who will be appointed for that job I do not know, but I am sure that the governor of this state will appoint the right party as a commissioner. There are only three clubs going good in this state—Augusta, Portland and Bangor.

Danny Peal, a 170-pounder from New York, is in Bangor and promoter Eddie Comier is finding it hard to get opponents for him. Peal is spending the summer training at a camp near this city. If he can take on 15 pounds during the summer the writer believes he can connect with the light-heavyweight title in a very short while.

Al Sinibaldi, 175, of Berlin, N. H., knocked out Roy Kelly, of Boston, in nine rounds with a right to the jaw at the Exposition building at Portland. Kelly was down twice before and Jim Feeney, the referee, stopped the bout.

At the Colonial at Waterville Babe Quirion of that city stopped Young Bishop in two rounds. The Babe packing too much power for his youthful adversary. In the semi-final Gordan Gould, of Hickley, edged Young Vigul in six rounds; Babe Dennis put the K.O. onto K. O. Ferris in two rounds; Newsboy Smith and Joe Jackson drew in the opener.

REAL MAINE CAMPING AROUND—Roy Worcester, the Bangor heavyweight, is very discouraged these days as he has returned home from Boston with a bad bruise on his side . . . . Jimmy Gomerly, of Bangor, is the best prospect in these parts (Northern Maine) . . . . he has K.O.'ed eight out of 10 opponents . . . . Henry Mullens is his manager . . . . Billy Batry, of Bangor, one time great lightweight, has opened up a real hotel at Milbridge and would like to meet his old friends there . . . . Good luck, Billy . . . . Coley Welch is the best looking prospect at Portland and he ought to go places with the proper training.

## HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

WILD Bill Boyd won over Al Ryll of Southwick, Ct., in the sixth round when Lou Brown tossed in the towel to stop the bout. The fight was fast for heavyweights.

Jackie Tompson, Albany, N. Y., welter, won a T.K.O. over Johnny Sullivan, of New Haven, Ct., in the fifth. Joey Gals of Marlboro, Mass., won a T.K.O. over Sal Canata, of Holyoke, owing to a bad eye. Tony Benito, of Worcester, won a decision over Joe King, of New Haven, in a four-rounder. Lenny Isrow, of Athol, Mass., won by a T.K.O. over Pete Herman, of Boston; Pat Martino, of Brattleboro, Vt., K.O.'ed Al Mifflin, of Springfield, in the first round.

Jerry Maloni, of Springfield, K.O.'ed Billy Campanelli, of Worcester, in the second round. Sal Canata of Holyoke, Mass., won a decision over Frankie Young, of New Haven, in six; Richie Gibbons of Springfield, punched out a decision over Jimmy Bell, of New Haven, in six; Johnny Dugwillo, of Marlboro, Mass., won a close one from Joey King, of New Haven; Dave Duval, of Springfield, and Carlo Daponde, of Springfield, boxed a four-round draw; Roger "Tuffy" Lavallee, of Holyoke, knocked out Joey Corrio, of Brattleboro, Vt., in the first round of a three; Bomber Remillard, of Marlboro, Mass., won by a T.K.O. over Chick Kelly of Easthampton, Mass.

Jimmy Bell, of New Haven, won a six-round decision over Ritchie Gibbons of Springfield . . . , Al Castanquay, of Holyoke, and Pat Casey, of Hartford, put on a stirring battle for six rounds at the Valley Arena.

Unknown Morgan, of Hartford, scored a K.O. in the second round over Al Panaco, of Albany . . . . Doug Murchie, of No. Adams, won by a T.K.O. in the second round . . . . Frankie Allen, of Holyoke, won a close decision over Bucky Carlo, of Hartford . . . . Carl Doughmaine, of Holyoke, and Walt Andrews, of Hartford, boxed a thrilling three-round draw.

## RHODE ISLAND NEWS
By FRED SPETRINI

JOEY ARCHIBALD of Pawtucket, R. I., was crowned the featherweight champion of the world by outpointing Leo Rodak of Chicago in a close fifteen-round bout before a crowd of 2,677 which paid $9,116 at the Rhode Island Auditorium last month.

As a whole, the bout was a tame one up until the 15th and last round. Before that, it was a cagy, seesaw affair, although Archibald was the more aggressive of the two throughout the fight. It was this aggressiveness, especially in the fifteenth, that enabled Archibald to capture the featherweight diadem. The fifteenth stanza was really the deciding one in this world's title bout and Archibald came tearing out of his corner in the last round and from then on belted the Chicagoan with hard lefts and rights to the head and body until the bell rang. Nat Fleischer was present and he awarded the winner with the featherweight championship belt. Archibald weighed 123¾ and Rodak 125.

Babe Synnott of Fall River won over Freddie Cabral of Cambridge. Larry Bolvin of Providence stopped Bobby Martinez of Waltham in 30 seconds of the first round. Jimmy Bell of New Haven defeated Lou Fico of Providence. Abe Denner of Boston outpointed Vernon Cormier of Worcester.

ODDS AND ENDS—Promoter Manny Almeida is trying to bring Leo Rodak back to Providence and this time a meeting between the Chicago boy and Al Mancini . . . . Managers of both boys seem to agree on the terms laid down . . . . World's featherweight champion Joey Archibald has been offered $15,000 to defend his title against Spider Kelly, British champion, at Belfast, Ireland, during the first week of June . . . . The featherweight championship bout was so even that both Rodak and Archibald landed approximately one hundred punches each . . . . Bobby Viti, former manager of Ralph Zannelli has just been reinstated and will have his boys in action soon.

## BOXING IN LIMA, PERU
**By PROF. WILFRED STEPHENSON**

EDUARDO CARRASCO, who a few weeks ago defeated the featherweight champion, Jose Alejos, also won the lightweight belt from Roberto Carrillo after twelve fast rounds at the Manco Capac Boxing Arena. Carrasco has been nicknamed "the Peruvian Armstrong."

Domingo Zocco, the fast-hitting Argentine lightweight, made his first appearance here against Mario Verano, Peruvian lightweight, in a 10-rounder that was called a draw.

Fresh from his trip to Ecuador, Zacarias Flores, local welterweight, scored two decisive victories over two veteran Italians here, Armando Foglio and Luis Marfurt.

José Coronado, ex-South American amateur champion, won from the Argentinian, Domingo Zocco, in his second fight in Lima. The scrap was over the 10-round route.

Another Argentinian, Angel Sabastian, who fights in the lightweight division, fought a draw with Mario Verano. The Stadium was packed and the fans had a very good treat as the program was first rate. The Argentinian was cut over the left eye and bled profusely. The decision was not very popular.

## BOXING IN CUBA
**By MILT BARON**

PEDRO MEDINA, Cuban flyweight and bantamweight champion, scored a four-round knockout over Fillo Echeverria of Spain. Medina, tipping the scales only at 110 against 125 for Echeverria, outboxed and outpunched his opponent at ease. The end came at the end of the third round when Medina broke Fillo's jaw and the plucky little Spaniard was unable to come out for the fourth. This Medina boy is certainly a sensational ringster, and in the writer's opinion Cuba has probably another phenomenon like Kid Chocolate, Cuba's glorious bon bon. Medina is an extraordinary lad for his poundage, as he measures 5 feet, 8.

Yucatan Kid, 136, of Mexico, scored heavily in the last two rounds to win from Rayito del Ring, in an eight-round contest.

Sixto Morales won in 10 rounds from Joe Pedroso in what was scheduled as an elimination bout to decide the runnerup for Cuba's lightweight championship. The bout was an evenly contested one, and Morales' harline victory does not make him look like a probable winner over Joe Coego, the title-holder.

Young Souval, hard punching lightweight, who at one time held the Cuban title, came back after a year's rest, and scored a three-round knockout over Manolo Gomez.

Kid Bradad, local welter of note, after a long absence returned to Havana and knocked out Rene Rodriguez in the second canto with a neat left hook.

Sergy Napoles, 105-pound Golden Glover, is attracting wide attention. Sergy, known as the "Guarina Kid," is a real gamecock with a terrific wallop. His windmill attack gives his opponents little time for boxing, and once he starts punching it's all over but the shouting. Napoles is only sixteen years old.

Golden Gloves opened up the 1939 inaugural program at the Cristal Arena in Havana. A packed house madly applauded the promising looking ringsters, including divisions from 95 pounds up to 160.

Luis Guitierrez of the Cuban Boxing Commission, in charge of the G. G.'s, reports nearly 2,500 boys registered, and that's a job for any man to handle with care. Mr. Guitierrez predicts a good crop of boys will finally come to the top after the present tournament is ended.

Golden Glove results follow: Manolo Sanchez, 135, beat Hilario Rojo; Filiberto Vargas, 95, beat Mario Garcia; Roberto Martinez, 147, beat Antonio Martinez; Sergy Napoles, 105, beat Rene Blanco; Martin Capote, 118, beat Jose Moreno; Orlando Ramill, 112, beat Juan Villalna; Delfin Mera, 135, won from Alfonso Torres; Cuban Mickey Rooney, 95, won from Mike Plasencia; Jorge Santana, 108, won from Luis Pluma; Humberto Sierra, 105, won from Jose Luis Pena.

Miguel Bahamonde, 95, beat Miguel Cherino; E. Cardenas, 158, beat Bartolome Zulueta; S. Hernandez, 126, beat Pedro Sedano; Jose Martinez beat Mario Antunes, 156; Nicolas Icebaum beat Pablo Medina, 95; Carlo Chrino won from Reynaldo Reyes, 157; Pablo Roca, 117, won from Rolando Herrera; and Armando Valdes beat Joe Exposito, 117.

Emilio Falero, 119, won from Rogelio Rapallo; Domingo Goya beat Ramon Castillo, 110; Baby La Torre, 112, won from Angel Delgado; and Armando Rodriguez, 112, won from Baby Caceres.

Angel Diaz the little soldier featherweight, who held the Cuban title a few years ago, holds a good position at the offices of the Cuban Sports Palace.

Santiago Sosa holds the honor of being the first Golden Glover of Cuba to win THE RING Magazine belt which was donated by Nat Fleischer, the Editor. Mr. Fleischer personally presented Sosa with the belt, emblematic of the Cuban featherweight championship, and also donated six other belts to winners of the other divisions.

Guillermo Barrios, outstanding boxer of the G. G.'s for 1938, will no doubt be seen in action during the 1939 tournament, and it's going to be a mighty good man who'll take the bantamweight honors away from Barrios.

Jaime Marine, president of Cuba's Sports Division, is preparing some exceptionally excellent cards for the summer season. Noted boxers from the U. S. A. will be imported for Pedro Medina, Joe Coego, Barrios, Pedroso and some of the other good professional boxers the Island boasts of.

## "FISTICUFFS" FROM BARBADOS, B. W. I.
**By CLIFFORD P. NURSE**

THE Yankee Stadium promoted a fine contest when Mike Rawson and Sylvan McClean of Speightstown were brought together in a 12-rounder. McClean, a promising youngster, won convincingly, but Rawson's gameness was the highlight of the evening. McClean impressed the crowd with his fast one-two punches. A youngster of only 18, McClean bears watching.

Kid George won a disputed decision from Kid Arthur, and Radio Kid, after suffering two knockdowns, came back to stop game Will Browne in the final round of a scorching battle.

Some fine amateur contests were witnessed at the Barbados Volunteer Drill Hall, when a tournament was staged between members of the Volunteer force and members of the Y.M.P.C. They are as follows: Priv. C. Barker (B.V.F.) and L. Goddard (Y.M.P.C.) fought a gruelling draw; Priv. C. Hope (B.V.F.) defeated R. Chandler (Y.M.P.C.) on points; O. Marshall (B.V.F.) whipped C. Hart (Y.M.P.C.) on points; V. Robinson (B.V.F.) beat D. Gill (Y.M.P.C.) on points; L. Spooner (B.V.F.) defeated F. Smith (Y.M.P.C.) by T.K.O.; J. Nurse (B.V.F.) beat H. Forde (Y.M.P.C.) on points; F. Parsons cleverly outpointed J. Garnes.

Gunboat Wills, popularly known as the "Gunning Gunner," and light-heavyweight champion of the Island, will try to keep his crown when he steps into the ring at the Yankee Stadium on May 15th. The "Gunner" is quite a big favorite.

Bertico Herrera, middleweight champion of Gaudeloupe and Santo Domingo, arrived here from Gaudeloupe. He will meet double-crown champion Jack Hontelle.

The most talked of battle in the annals of local fistic history came off with a bang. Al Browne won the easiest battle of his career when he faced Fearless Babe, known as the "Portuguese Terror," of British Guiana. Browne, the feather and lightweight champion of the Island, entered the ring weighing 126 pounds. Babe weighed 144 pounds. The fight: Al Browne jabbed fast and regularly to Babe's face, and crossed with his right. These clever tactics were kept up for 12 rounds, with Browne winning every round.

Browne's speed and cleverness to offset an 18-pound advantage, was miraculous. He is now invited along with Yours Truly to tour Europe. And here goes my prediction: A new world's champion! Believe it or not. In 24 battles, Browne never saw the other fellow's hand raised. He was proud owner of the flyweight and bantamweight championships, but outgrew both.

Bill Tate and Jeff Clarke tossed every known punch in the book. Bill tossed a few more than Jeff, and the result was a T.K.O. in round five. Bill is an aggressive chap who can toss 'em high and low.

Clever little Lightfoot Kid broke the undefeated string of Joe (Kingfish) Dalton by outpunching his sturdy adversary. Only 16 years old, Lightfoot Kid is a pocket edition of the famous Jimmy Wilde. He has far to go and with proper handling he can work wonders. Good luck to you, Lightfoot.

Buddy Saunders won by a T.K.O. from Young Stribbling, and Colin Fields administered a few hard wallops to the head of Frank Howard in the second round and the K.O. was okayed.

Tiger Flowers, Trinidad: Sorry, but can't do anything for you at present.

Tony Vairo, Liverpool: Considering everything. Adios, until next month.


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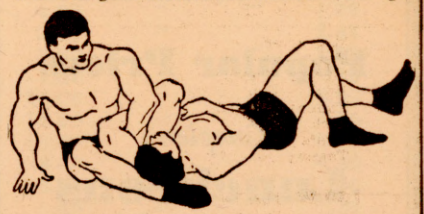

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## BUFFALO, N. Y.

By HUGH SHANNON

AL MANCINI, little bearcat from Providence, R. I., was out in front for seven of the ten rounds in his setto with Jimmy Gilligan at the Auditorium but was given a "raw deal" and Gilligan got the verdict, which he didn't earn.

Mancini's two-handed fighting made a hit with the crowd as he forced the issue throughout and kept Gilligan backing away. At times the Hamburg lad was completely bewildered. In Providence a few weeks back Mancini had stopped Gilligan in eight rounds. He didn't really have Jimmy close to a K.O. at any time, but Al battered the little Celt all over the ring. It was one of the poorest decisions ever rendered in this city.

Gilligan deserves plenty of credit for his gritty battle and his willingness to trade punches against a better and stronger opponent. The fight was a stirring one and pleased the big crowd present. (But the decision sent them home booing.)

Rudy Stiller, game East Side lad, fighting his first bout in over a year, knocked out Billy Flanagan, New York, in the fourth round. Stiller was a bit slow in starting after the long layoff, but once he got warmed up his blows had plenty of power. He is the best ring prospect around these parts.

To Stiller goes the credit for putting in the biggest gate of the season. His friends turned out en masse and unless he runs into more tough luck he should make plenty of money. A year ago after Rudy had given Lou Presto a pasting, Rudy was in line for a lot of dough. He might have made as much as $10,000 during the year if he hadn't been unfortunate and broken a bone in his foot. This injury forced his manager, Tommy (Gray Eagle) Timlin, to cancel half a dozen matches already made.

"We're after the best in the light-heavy division now," said Timlin, after the Flanagan bout.

Other matches on the O.A.C. card resulted as follows: Howell King, Detroit, defeated Ralph Gizzy, Pittsburgh, six rounds; Harris Blake, Negro, Buffalo, won from Paul Doucet, Niagara Falls, six rounds. They are featherweights. Billy Nitchey, 175, Pittsburgh, beat Lou Presto, Buffalo, 171, six rounds. Joe (Methuselah) La Tone, Buffalo, 151, scored over Billy Wynn, Lackawanna, four rounds.

Officials were: Referee, Jimmy F. Goodrich; judges, George Needham and Harry McCoy; timer, Ike Klipfel; announcer, Manny Weitz. Judge George Needham was the only official to give Al Mancini the verdict, which is to his credit.

HERE AND THERE—George Nichols of Sandusky, Ohio, who formerly made Buffalo his headquarters, was sopped in two rounds by Fred Apostoli at Houston, Tex. . . . . George was once a tough ringman but has reached the end of his rope . . . . He should hang 'em up . . . . Steve Halaiko has a new lease of life and is fighting in pretty fair form around New England rings . . . . "Uncle Bert" Finch predicts that Rudy Stiller will be pulling down real money within six months . . . . And Finch knows the fight game like a book.

FISTIC MISCELLANY—Ralph De John's knockout at the hands of Newsboy Millich on the Coast was somewhat surprising . . . . Not that Ralph is invulnerable but he's pretty handy with his dukes and has been winning consistently . . . . Jimmy Slattery is now living in Bangor, Maine, where he has a good position with a hotel . . . . Lou Scozza once a near-champion among the light-heavies, has a bowling alley and tavern combined and is prospering . . . . Bert Finch, ye olde tyme heavyweight manager, is handling Mike Martyk, St. Catharines youngster . . . . Uncle Bert will teach the Canadians how to win some fights.

Jack Herman's wrestling shows continue to jam 'em in. Don Evans threw King Kong Cox in 14 minutes in the headliner of the Buffalo Sporting Club's show. Evans is coming along nicely and has matches in prospect with Ed George and Iron Talun. Other bouts on the same card resulted as follows: Gino Garibaldi tossed Danno O'Mahony; Dutch Heffner pinned Cliff Theide; Leo Numa threw Jim Coffield; Jack League won over Dave Johnson. Officials were: Referee, Willie Brennan; judges, Art Scott and Willie Meyers; timer, Ike Klipfel; announcer, Manny Weitz.

GRAPPLE GOSSIP—Hans Furst is doing well at Syracuse . . . . The former Buffalo promoter is staging weekly shows at the Arena in that city and is using the wrestlers from the Bowser group . . . . Jack Herman is planning at least two big open air carnivals this summer . . . . One of these may be the Ed George-Iron Talun return go . . . . Last time out George won . . . . George, by the way, may open a tavern in a nearby town, soon.

A boxing boom is on its way and Buffalo is second to none as a fistic center . . . . Good boxers of all weights with ability as punchers should write Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Ave. Buffalo, N. Y. Boxers should be free from managerial tieups and contracts.

## ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES

By SAM PORCELLI

AL TRAINO, the Toy Bulldog, won the Central and Western New York junior welterweight championship by defeating Joe Boscarino in a twelve-round bout. Traino looked very good and won eleven out of the twelve rounds. Again Traino fooled the smart bettors that were betting 8 to 5 on Joe.

Following are the results of the last pro fights: Al Traino, 143, Rochester, outpointed Joe Boscarino, 141, Rochester, 12 rounds; Henry Smith, 126, Rochester, and Ossie Sussman, 132, drew, 6 rounds; Davey Paul, 128, Toronto, scored T.K.O. over Joe Gerace, 128, Buffalo, 2:25 fifth round; Norm Cordaro, 145, Batavia, and Joe DeCarlo, 147, Rochester, drew, 6 rounds; Mike Dempsey, 138, Rochester, and Hughie Smith, 138, Rochester, drew, four rounds.

Ellison Kosoff is trying to get Henry Armstrong or Davey Day to open his outdoor season at the ball park, where the seating capacity is over 15,000.

Following are the results of the better amateur bouts at the Elks Club:

Tony De Carlo, 147, Rochester, decisioned Ernie Peicia, Monaco, Pa., five rounds; Mike Raffa, 126, Monaco, knocked out Jackie Taylor, Binghamton, Pa., in second round, time 1:12; Tilly Bellucci, Rochester, knocked out Harry Davis, Monaco, in the fourth, time, 1:15; Jimmy Dennis, Binghamton, decisioned Earl Hart, Monaco, five rounds; Jerry Spalma, Rochester, knocked out Varrell Tatoo, Binghamton, in second, time, 56 seconds.

Manuel Rosa, 135, N. Y. C., decisioned Nello Nuccelli, Rochester, five rounds; Oscar Boyd, 160, decisioned Steve Sloan, Niagara Falls, five rounds; Johnny Flynn, 190, Rochester, decisioned Dave Mercer, Buffalo, five rounds; Jerry Spalma, Rochester, scored T.K.O. over Jim Holland, Lackawanna, in second round.

Jack Matheson, 160, Hamilton, decisioned Gene Pinter, Philadelphia, five rounds; Joe Kiddish, 160, Tamaqua, Pa., decisioned Oscar Boyd, Lackawanna, five rounds; Ken Horton, 126, Binghamton, decisioned Joe Stefano, Rochester, five rounds; Jerry Spalma, 135, Rochester, decisioned Johnny Denning, Hamilton, five rounds; Kolby Paul, 135, Rochester, decisioned Don Horton, Binghamton, three rounds.

FISTIC MORSELS—Tony DeCarlo and Eddie Smith have just returned from the Pacific Coast where they competed in the National A.A.U. Both boys are in the pink of condition and are anxious to get back in the ring.

Joe DeCarlo, Henry Smith and Ossie Sussman are three local favorites that have recently turned pro and are going great guns, having won most of their recent encounters.

Jimmy Stanton, manager of the Smith brothers, is back in the harness again after recuperating from a serious eye operation.

Mike Dempsey fought a four-round draw in a recent pro show and in our opinion he should hang up his gloves. Although Mike was a good fighter in his day, age is slowing him down and it seems a shame to see the younger lads punch him around.

Abe Lichenstein, who was a great favorite here and who has been fighting out of Baltimore, is now training daily in the Rochester gym and is looking for local matches.

Jerry Spalma is going great, winning 15 straight by kayoes. Matchmaker John Burba is having a hard time finding opponents for him.

Jules Bauman, the local wrestling promoter, is doing a fine job in this city, drawing capacity crowds at his weekly shows. Following are a few of the results:

Ali Baba, 210, Kurdistan, and Don Evans, Texas, drew, no fall. Bout ended by 11 p.m. state curfew; Cy Williams, 232, Florida, defeated Cliff Theide, 225, California, 25:48; Hal Rumberg, 230, Washington, and Gino Garibaldi, 225, Missouri, drew; Don Evans, 220, Texas, and George Koverly, 218, drew, 30 minutes, no fall; Hal Rumberg, 230, Washington, and Gino Garibaldi, 225, Missouri, drew, state curfew at 11 p.m.; Ed Don George, 235, North Java, threw Jim Coffield, 232, Missouri, in 11:16.

Johnny Burba, matchmaker of the weekly amateur shows at the Elks Club, has closed the doors after a successful season and will reopen early in the fall. If Johnny's plans are successful we will see three or four big amateur shows at our local ball park this summer.

Promoters, managers, fighters and fans wishing any advice, work or information in regard to fights or fighters in and around Rochester, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Sam Porcelli, 181 N. Union Street, Rochester, N. Y.

THE RING Magazine appears on local newsstands on the first of each month.

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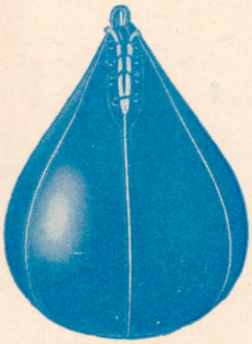

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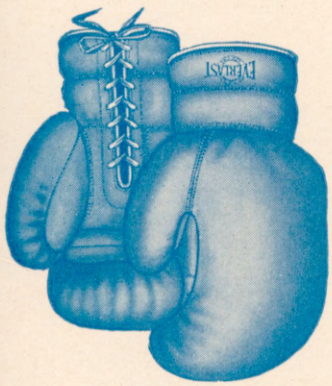

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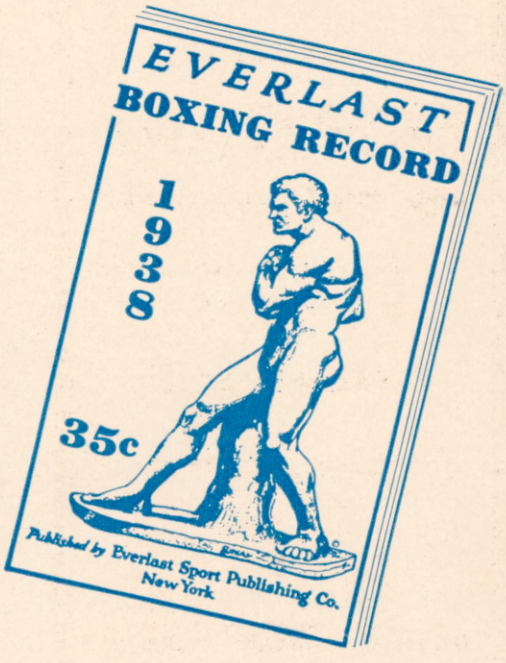


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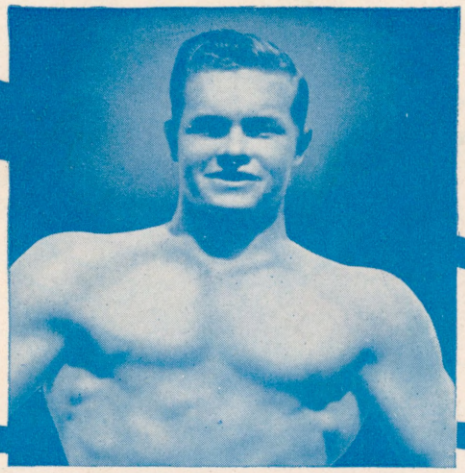

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